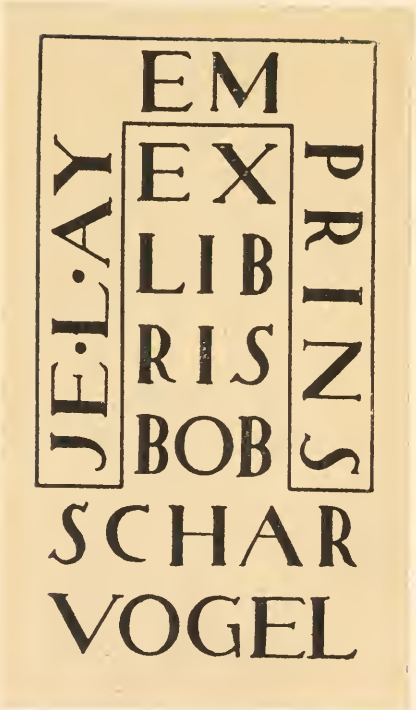

EM
JE·L·AY
EX
LIB
RIS
BOB
PRINS
SCHAR
VOGEL

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/worksofshakespea10shak

THE LARGER

TEMPLE SHAKESPEARE

By the kind permission of Messrs Macmillan & Co. and W. Aldis Wright, Esq., the text here used is that of the "Cambridge" Edition. In the present issue of the "Temple Shakespeare" the Editor has introduced some few textual changes; these have been carefully noted in each case.

Philippi Massinger.

THE WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

ISRAEL GOLLANCZ

VOLUME TEN

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS,
ANTIQUARIAN AND TOPOGRAPHICAL

LONDON
J. M. DENT & CO.
ALDINE HOUSE
29 & 30 BEDFORD STREET, W.C.
1904

PR
2753
G58
v.10

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH.

Preface.

The First Edition. *Macbeth* was first printed in the *First Folio*, where it occupies pp. 131 to 151, and is placed between *Julius Cæsar* and *Hamlet*. It is mentioned among the plays registered in the books of the Stationers' Company by the publishers of the Folio as "not formerly entered to other men." The text is perhaps one of the worst printed of all the plays, and textual criticism has been busy emending and explaining away the many difficulties of the play. Even the editors of the Second Folio were struck by the many hopeless corruptions, and attempted to provide a better text. The first printers certainly had before them a very faulty transcript, and critics have attempted to explain the discrepancies by assuming that Shakespeare's original version had been tampered with by another hand.

"Macbeth" and Middleton's "Witch." Some striking resemblances in the incantation scenes of *Macbeth* and Middleton's *Witch* have led to a somewhat generally accepted belief that Thomas Middleton was answerable for the alleged un-Shakespearian portions of *Macbeth*. This view has received confirmation from the fact that the stage-directions of *Macbeth* contain allusions to two songs which are found in Middleton's *Witch* (viz. "*Come away, come away*," III. v.; "*Black Spirits and white*," IV. i.). Moreover, these very songs are found in D'Avenant's re-cast of *Macbeth* (1674).* It is, however, possible that Middleton took Shakespeare's songs and expanded them, and that D'Avenant had before him a copy containing additions transferred from Middleton's cognate scenes. This view is held by the most competent of Middleton's editors, Mr A. H. Bullen, who puts forward strong reasons for assigning the *Witch* to a later date than *Macbeth*, and rightly resents the proposals on the part of able scholars to hand over to Middleton some of the finest

* The first of these songs is found in the edition of 1673, which contains also two other songs not found in the Folio version.

passages of the play.* Charles Lamb had already noted the essential differences between Shakespeare's and Middleton's Witches. "Their names and some of the properties, which Middleton has given to his hags, excite smiles. The Weird Sisters are serious things. Their presence cannot co-exist with mirth But in a lesser degree, the Witches of Middleton are fine creatures. Their power, too, is in some measure over the mind. They raise jars, jealousies, strifes, *like a thick scurf o'er life*" (*Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*).

The Porter's Speech. Among the passages in *Macbeth* that have been doubted are the soliloquy of the Porter, and the short dialogue that follows between the Porter and Macduff. Even Coleridge objected to "the low soliloquy of the Porter"; he believed them to have been written for the mob by some other hand, perhaps with Shakespeare's consent, though he was willing to make an exception in the case of the Shakespearian words, "*I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to let in some of all professions, that go the primose way to the everlasting bonfire.*" But the Porter's Speech is as essential a part of the design of the play as is the Knocking at the Gate, the effect of which was so subtly analysed by De Quincey in his well-known essay on the subject. "The effect was that it reflected back upon the murderer a peculiar awefulness and a depth of solemnity . . . when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds; the knocking at the gate is heard; and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced; the human has made its reflex upon the fiendish; the pulses of life are beginning to beat again; and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them."

The introduction of the Porter, a character derived from the Porter of Hell in the old Mysteries, is as dramatically relevant, as are the grotesque words he utters; and both the character and the speech are thoroughly Shakespearian in conception (*cp. The Porter in Macbeth, New Shak. Soc.*, 1874, by Prof. Hales).

* The following are among the chief passages supposed to resemble Middleton's style, and rejected as Shakespeare's by the Clarendon Press editors:—Act I. Sc. ii., iii. 1-37; Act II. Sc. i. 61, iii. (Porter's part); Act III. Sc. v.; Act IV. Sc. i. 39-47, 125-132; iii. 140-159; Act V. (?) ii., v. 47-50; viii. 32-33, 35-75.

The second scene of the First Act is certainly somewhat disappointing, and it is also inconsistent (*cp.* ll. 52, 53, with Sc. iii., ll. 72, 73, and 112, etc.), but probably the scene represents the compression of a much longer account. The introduction of the superfluous Hecate is perhaps the strongest argument for rejecting certain witch-scenes, viz.: Act III. Sc. v.; Act IV. Sc. i. 39-47; Act IV. i. 125-132.

Date of Composition. The undoubted allusion to the union of England and Scotland under James I. (Act IV. Sc. i. 120, gives us one limit for the date of *Macbeth*, viz., March 1603, while a notice in the MS. Diary of Dr Simon Forman, a notorious quack and astrologer, gives 1610 as the other limit; for in that year he saw the play performed at the Globe.* Between these two dates, in the year 1607, "*The Puritan, or, the Widow of Watling Street*," was published, containing a distinct reference to Banquo's Ghost—"*Instead of a jester we'll have a ghost in a white sheet sit at the upper end of the table.*" †

It is remarkable that when James visited Oxford in 1605 he was "addressed on entering the city by three students of St John's College, who alternately accosted his Majesty, reciting some Latin verses, founded on the prediction of the weird sisters relative to Banquo and Macbeth." The popularity of the subject is further attested by the insertion of the *Historie of Makbeth* in the 1606 edition of *Albion's England*. The former incident may have suggested the subject to Shakespeare; the latter fact may have been due to the popularity of Shakespeare's play. At all events authorities are almost unanimous in assigning *Macbeth* to 1605-1606; and this view is borne out by minor points of internal evidence. ‡ As far as metrical characteristics are concerned the comparatively large number of light-endings, twenty-one in all (contrasted with eight in *Hamlet* and ten in *Julius Cæsar*) places *Macbeth* near the plays of the Fourth Period. § With an early play of this period, viz. *Antony and Cleopatra*, it has strong ethical affinities (*vide Preface* to *Antony and Cleopatra*).

The Sources of the Plot. Shakespeare derived his materials for *Macbeth* from Holinshed's *Chronicle of England and Scotland*, first published in

*The Diary is among the Ashmolean MSS. (208) in the Bodleian Library; its title is a *Book of Plaies and Notes thereof for common Pollicie*. Halliwell Phillipps privately reprinted the valuable and interesting booklet. The account of the play as given by Forman is not very accurate.

† Similarly, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, produced in 1611:—

> "*When thou art at the table with thy friends,*
> *Merry in heart and fill'd with swelling wine,*
> *I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,*
> *Invisible to all men but thyself.*"

‡ *E.g.* II. iii. 5. "*expectation of plenty*" probably refers to the abundance of corn in the autumn of 1606; the reference to the "*Equivocator*" seems to allude to Garnet and other Jesuits who were tried in the spring of 1606.

§ Macbeth numbers but two weak-endings, while *Hamlet* and *Julius Cæsar* have none. *Antony and Cleopatra* has no less than seventy-one light-endings and twenty-eight weak-endings. It would seem that Shakespeare, in this latter play, broke away from his earlier style as with a mighty bound.

1577, and subsequently in 1587; the latter was in all probability the edition used by the poet. Holinshed's authority was Hector Boece, whose *Scotorum Historiæ* was first printed in 1526; Boece drew from the work of the Scotch historian Fordun, who lived in the fourteenth century. Shakespeare's indebtedness to Holinshed for the plot of the present play is not limited to the chapters dealing with Macbeth; certain details of the murder of Duncan belong to the murder of King Duffe, the great grandfather of Lady Macbeth. Shakespeare's most noteworthy departure from his original is to be found in his characterisation of Banquo.

(A full summary of theories of The Legend of Macbeth is to be found in Furness' *Variorum* edition, which contains also an excellent survey of the various criticisms on the characters.)

The Macbeth of Legend has been whitened by recent historians; and the Macbeth of History, according to Freeman, seems to have been quite a worthy monarch (*cp.* Freeman's *Norman Conquest*, Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, etc.).

Shakespeare, in all probability, took some hints from Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (1584) for his witch-lore. It should also be noted that King James, a profound believer in witchcraft, published in 1599 his *Demonologie*, maintaining his belief against Scot's scepticism. In 1604 a statute was passed to suppress witches.

There may have been other sources for the plot; possibly an older play existed on the subject of Macbeth; In Kempe's *Nine Days' Wonder* (1600) occur the following words:—"I met a proper upright youth, only for a little stooping in the shoulders, all heart to the heel, a penny poet, whose first making was the miserable story of Mac-doel, or Mac-dobeth, or Mac-somewhat," etc. Furthermore, a ballad (? a stage-play) on Macdobeth was registered in the year 1596.

Duration of Action. The Time of the Play, as analysed by Mr P. A. Daniel (*New Shakespeare Soc.*, 1877-79) is nine days represented on the stage, and intervals:—

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i. to iii. *Day* 2, Act I. Sc. iv. to vii. *Day* 3, Act II., Sc. i. to iv. *An interval*, say a couple of weeks. *Day* 4, Act III. Sc. i. to v. [Act III. Sc. vi., an impossible time.] *Day* 5, Act IV. Sc. i. *Day* 6, Act IV. Sc. ii. *An interval.* Ross's journey to England. *Day* 7, Act IV. Sc. iii., Act V. Sc. i. *An interval.* Malcolm's return to Scotland. *Day* 8, Act V. Sc. ii. and iii. *Day* 9, Act V. Sc. iv. to viii.

"I REGARD *Macbeth*, upon the whole, as the greatest treasure of our dramatic literature. We may look as Britons at Greek sculpture, and at Italian paintings, with a humble consciousness that our native art has never reached their perfection; but in the drama we can confront Æschylus himself with Shakespeare; and of all modern theatres, *ours* alone can compete with the Greek in the unborrowed nativeness and sublimity of its superstition. In the grandeur of tragedy *Macbeth* has no parallel, till we go back to the *Prometheus and the Furies* of the Attic stage. I could even produce, if it were not digressing too far from my subject, innumerable instances of striking similarity between the metaphorical mintage of Shakespeare's and of Æschylus's style,—a similarity, both in beauty and in the fault of excess, that unless the contrary had been proved, would lead me to suspect our great dramatist to have been a studious Greek scholar. But their resemblance arose from the consanguinity of nature. In one respect, the tragedy of *Macbeth* always reminds me of Æschylus's poetry. It has scenes and conceptions absolutely too bold for representation. What stage could do justice to Æschylus, when the Titan Prometheus makes his appeal to the elements; and when the hammer is heard in the Scythian Desert that rivets his chains? Or when the Ghost of Clytemnestra rushes into Apollo's temple, and rouses the sleeping Furies? I wish to imagine these scenes: I should be sorry to see the acting of them attempted. In like manner, there are parts of *Macbeth* which I delight to read much more than to see in the theatre. . . Nevertheless, I feel no inconsistency in reverting from these remarks to my first assertion, that all in all, *Macbeth* is our greatest possession in dramatic poetry."

CAMPBELL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, *king of Scotland.*
MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, } *his sons.*
MACBETH, BANQUO, } *generals of the King's army.*
MACDUFF, LENNOX, ROSS, MENTEITH, ANGUS, CAITHNESS, } *noblemen of Scotland.*
FLEANCE, *son to Banquo.*
SIWARD, *earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.*
Young SIWARD, *his son.*
SEYTON, *an officer attending on Macbeth.*
Boy, *son to Macduff,*
An English Doctor.
A Scotch Doctor.
A Sergeant.
A Porter.
An Old Man

Lady MACBETH.
Lady MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE.
Three Witches.
Apparitions.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

SCENE: *Scotland; England.*

The Tragedy of Macbeth.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

A desert place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly 's done,
When the battle 's lost and won.
Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.
First Witch. Where the place?
Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.
Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
First Witch. I come, Graymalkin.
All. Paddock calls :—anon!
Fair is foul, and foul is fair.
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A camp near Forres.

Alarum within. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the sergeant

Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

Ser. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all 's too weak:
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carved out his passage
Till he faced the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Ser. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this

Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Ser. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks; so they
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell—
But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons.
[*Exit Sergeant, attended.*
Who comes here?

Enter Ross.

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the king!

Dun. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

Ross. From Fife, great king;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,

The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness!

Ross. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colme's inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

Sec. Witch. Killing swine.

Third Witch. Sister, where thou?

First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd. 'Give me,' quoth I:
'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

Sec. Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

First Witch. Thou 'rt kind.

Third Witch. And I another.

First Witch. I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.
Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.
First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*
Third Witch. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm's wound up.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Ban. How far is't call'd to Forres? What are these
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can: what are you?

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter!

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Sec. Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.
[*Witches vanish.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd? 80

Macb. Into the air, and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads 90
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,

And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor.
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet,
But under heavy judgement bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. [*Aside*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's

In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. [*Aside*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
[*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes to my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.
Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.
Macb. [*Aside*] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.
Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.
Macb. [*Aside*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.
Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.
Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.

Think upon what hath chanced, and at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Forres. The palace.

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There 's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow

To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so: let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not used for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;

So humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Inverness. Macbeth's castle.

Enter Lady Macbeth reading a letter.

Lady M. 'They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me "Thane of Cawdor;" by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with "Hail, king that shalt be!" This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what

greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart,
and farewell.'
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou 'ldst have, great Glamis,
That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Mess. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou 'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mess. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending;
He brings great news. [*Exit Messenger.*

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep pace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,
Wherein your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,

Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. He that 's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Before Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff, Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasure seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun. See, see, our honour'd hóstess!
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you

How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where 's the thane of Cawdor? 20
We cursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him. 30
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We 'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgement here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?
Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.
Lady M. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage?
Macb. Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.
Lady M. What beast was't then
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you

Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail?

Lady M. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbec only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Inverness. Court of Macbeth's castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance bearing a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take 't, 'tis later, sir.
Ban. Hold, take my sword. There 's husbandry in heaven,
Their candles are all out. Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword.
Who 's there?
Macb. A friend.
Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king 's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices:
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.
Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.
Ban. All 's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.
Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind'st leisure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.
Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.
Macb. Good repose the while!
Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you!
[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*
Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.
[*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There 's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The same.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire. Hark! Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:

The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within*] Who's there? what, ho!

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked
And 'tis not done: the attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.

Enter Macbeth.

My husband!

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried 'Murder!'
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.
Macb. One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands:
Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'
When they did say 'God bless us!'
Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.
Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep'—the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—
Lady M. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more: Macbeth shall sleep no more.'
Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.
[*Exit. Knocking within.*
Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour, but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear
a knocking
At the south entry: retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*] Hark!
more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us
And show us to be watchers: be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.
[*Knocking within.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou
couldst! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The same.

Enter a Porter. Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on th' expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock! Who's there, in th' other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.

[*Opens the gate.*

Enter Macduff and Lennox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him and it mars him; it sets him on and it takes him off; it persuades him and disheartens him; makes him stand to and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me: but I requited him for his lie, and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my leg sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Enter Macbeth.

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him: I had almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;

But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [*Exit.*

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatch'd to the woful time: the obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee.

Macb. } What's the matter?
Len. }

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak;

See, and then speak yourselves.

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.*

Awake, awake!
Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror. Ring the bell.

[*Bell rings.*

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. What 's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macd. O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo!
Our royal master 's murder'd.

Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel any where.
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox, with Ross.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for from this instant

There 's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?
Macb. You are, and do not know 't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.
Macd. Your royal father 's murder'd.
Mal. O, by whom?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't:
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows:
They stared, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood,
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!
Macd. Look to the lady.
Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?
Don. [*Aside to Mal.*] What should be spoken here, where our fate,
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?
Let's away;
Our tears are not yet brew'd.
Mal. [*Aside to Don.*] Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.
Ban. Look to the lady: 130
[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.
Macd. And so do I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let 's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.
All. Well contented.
[*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*
Mal. What will you do? Let 's not consort with them: 140
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.
Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are
There 's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,

The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that 's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: there 's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself when there 's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Outside Macbeth's castle.

Enter Ross with an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday last
A falcon towering in her pride of place
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and certain—
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,

Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.
Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.
Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon 't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good Macduff.
How goes the world, sir, now?
Macd. Why, see you not?
Ross. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?
Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Ross. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Ross. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
Macd. He is already named, and gone to Scone
To be invested.
Ross. Where is Duncan's body?
Macd. Carried to Colme-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
And guardian of their bones.
Ross. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No, cousin, I 'll to Fife.
Ross. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you and with those
That would make good of bad and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Forres. The palace.

Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised, and I fear
Thou play'dst most foully for 't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—
Why, by the verities on thee made good.
May they not be my oracles as well
And set me up in hope? But hush, no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth, as king; Lady Macbeth, as queen; Lennox, Ross, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me, to the which my duties

Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desired your good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this day's council; but we 'll take to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon 's.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. [*Exit Banquo.*
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you!
[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and an Attendant.*
Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?

Attend. There are, my lord, without the palace-gate.
Macb. Bring them before us. [*Exit Attendant.*
To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus: our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares,
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and under him
My Genius is rebuked, as it is said
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then prophet-like
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them, and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance! Who 's there?

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.
[*Exit Attendant.*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
First Mur. It was, so please your highness.
Macb. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
That it was he in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference; pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion crazed
Say 'Thus did Banquo.'
First Mur. You made it known to us.
Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd,
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave
And beggar'd yours for ever?
First Mur. We are men, my liege.
Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs and demi-wolves, are clept
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed, whereby he does receive

Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say it,
And I will put that business in your bosoms
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

Sec. Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

First Mur. And I another
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it or be rid on 't.

Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine, and in such bloody distance
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down: and thence it is
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

Sec. Mur. We shall, my lord,

Perform what you command us.
First Mur. Though our lives—
Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: and with him—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I'll come to you anon.
Both Mur. We are resolved, my lord.
Macb. I'll call upon you straight: abide within.
[*Exeunt Murderers.*
It is concluded: Banquo thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The palace.

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?
Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.
Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.
Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
Lady M. Nought 's had, all 's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making;
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,
And make our faces visards to our hearts,

Disguising what they are.
Lady M. You must leave this.
Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.
Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.
Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.
Lady M. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:
So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A park near the palace.

Enter three Murderers.

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?
Third Mur. Macbeth.
Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.
First Mur. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. [*Within*] Give us a light there, ho!
Sec. Mur. Then 'tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.
First Mur. His horses go about.
Third Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually—
So all men do—from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.
Sec. Mur. A light, a light!

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch.

Third Mur. 'Tis he.
First Mur. Stand to 't.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.
First Mur. Let it come down.
[*They set upon Banquo.*
Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge. O slave! [*Dies. Fleance escapes.*
Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?
First Mur. Was 't not the way?
Third Mur. There 's but one down; the son is fled.
Sec. Mur. We have lost
Best half of our affair.
First Mur. Well, let 's away and say how much is done.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Hall in the palace.

A banquet prepared. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last a hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Macb. Ourself will mingle with society
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.
Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends,
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure
The table round. [*Approaching the door*] There's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.
Macb. [*Aside*] Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect,

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that.
[*Aside*] There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present. Get thee gone: to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a-making,
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May't please your highness sit.

[*The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's place.*

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Ross. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.
Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion:
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.
Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Exit Ghost.*
Lady M. What, quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady M. Fie, for shame!
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the time has been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.
Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget.
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine, fill full.
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all and him we thirst,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.
Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;

Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [*Exit Ghost.*
Why, so: being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night:
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!
[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady M.*

Macb. It will have blood: they say blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
Augures and understood relations have
By maggot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?
Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?
Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?
Macb. I hear it by the way, but I will send:
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.
Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.
Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

A heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.
Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and over-bold? How did you dare

To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny:
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and every thing beside.
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that distill'd by magic sleights
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion:
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:
And you all know security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Music and a song within: 'Come away, come away,' &c.*

Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*
First Witch. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Forres. The palace.

Enter Lennox and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only I say
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead:
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key—
As, an't please heaven, he shall not—they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,

Macduff lives in disgrace : sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself ?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court, and is received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward :
That by the help of these, with Him above
To ratify the work, we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage and receive free honours :
All which we pine for now : and this report
Hath so exasperate the king that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff ?

Lord. He did : and with an absolute 'Sir, not I,'
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say 'You 'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.'

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accursed !

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
Sec. Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.
Third Witch. Harpier cries ' 'Tis time, 'tis time.'
First Witch. Round about the cauldron go:
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Sec. Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,

Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat and slips of yew
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Sec. Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate to the other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains:
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' &c.*

[*Hecate retires.*

Sec. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is 't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:

Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.

First Witch. Speak.

Sec. Witch. Demand.

Third Witch. We 'll answer.

First Witch. Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

Macb. Call 'em, let me see 'em.

First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that 's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

First Witch. He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

First App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me: enough.
[*Descends.*

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one word more,—

First Witch. He will not be commanded; here 's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition: a bloody Child.

Sec. App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Macb. Had I three ears, I 'ld hear thee.
Sec. App. Be bloody, bold and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*
Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I 'll make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?
All. Listen, but speak not to 't.
Third App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*
Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath

To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Mach. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
[*Hautboys.*

First Witch. Show!

Sec. Witch. Show!

Third Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

A show of eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo's Ghost following.

Mach. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
A third is like the former. Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:
Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this so?

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights:
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round,
That this great king may kindly say
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish, with Hecate.*

Macb. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

Enter Lennox.

Len. What's your grace's will?
Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?
Len. No, my lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Len. No indeed, my lord.
Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England!
Len. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. [*Aside*] Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:

The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool:
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Fife. Macduff's castle.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?
Ross. You must have patience, madam.
L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.
L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
Ross. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move. I take my leave of you:
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit.*

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead:
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'ldst never fear the net nor lime,
The pitfall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.
Son. And be all traitors that do so?
L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.
Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?
L. Macd. Every one.
Son. Who must hang them?
L. Macd. Why, the honest men.
Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.
L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey!
But how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. If he were dead, you'ld weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.
L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit.*
L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime

Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?—What are these faces?

Enter Murderers.

First Mur. Where is your husband?
L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.
First Mur. He's a traitor.
Son. Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain!
First Mur. What, you egg!
[*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery!
Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you! [*Dies.*
[*Exit Lady Macduff, crying 'Murderer!'*
Exeunt murderers, following her.

Scene III.

England. Before the King's palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.
Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;

What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country:
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee: wear thou thy wrongs;
The title is affeer'd. Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st

For the whole space that 's in the tyrant's grasp
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there 's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust, and my desire

All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will: better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink:
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.

Mal. With this there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will
Of your mere own: all these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,

Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live. O nation miserable!
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now

I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: what I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we 'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*

Macd. What 's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,

I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Macd. See, who comes here?
Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!
Ross. Sir, Amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Ross. Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.
Macd. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What 's the newest grief?
Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Ross. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Ross. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes 't?
Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
Mal. Be 't their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.
Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.
Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?
Ross. No mind that 's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part

Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Hum! I guess at it.
Ross. Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heaven!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too?
Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?
Ross. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted:
Let 's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?
Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,

That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
ring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown

upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise, and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here 's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say! One: two: why, then 'tis time to do 't. Hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can tell our power to account? Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here 's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands; put on your nightgown; look not so pale: I tell you yet again, Banquo 's buried; he cannot come out on 's grave.

Doct. Even so?
Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit.*
Doct. Will she go now to bed?
Gent. Directly.
Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So good night:
My mind she has mated and amazed my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.
Gent. Good night, good doctor.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The country near Dunsinane.

Drum and colours. Enter Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward and the good Macduff:
Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.
Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.
Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.
Ment. What does the tyrant?
Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.
Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.
Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?
Caith. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.
Len. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

Scene III.

Dunsinane. A room in the castle.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane
I cannot taint with fear. What 's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that 's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?
Serv. There is ten thousand—
Macb. Geese, villain?
Serv. Soldiers, sir.
Macb. Go prick thy face and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?
Serv. The English force, so please you.
Macb. Take thy face hence. [*Exit Servant.*
Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have lived long enough: my way of life

Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I'll put it on.
Send out moe horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.
How does your patient, doctor?
Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.

Seyton, send out. Doctor, the thanes fly from me.
Come, sir, dispatch. If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. Pull 't off, I say.
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.
I will not be afraid of death and bane
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

Doct. [*Aside*] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Country near Birnam wood.

Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, old Siward and his Son, Macduff, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, Ross, and Soldiers, marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear 't before him: thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Soldiers. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due dicision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*

Scene V.

Dunsinane. Within the castle.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers, with drum and colours.

Macd. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still 'They come:' our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home.
[*A cry of women within.*
What is that noise?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Re-enter Seyton.

Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,

I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave!

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;' and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we 'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Dunsinane. Before the castle.

Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff, and their Army, with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we

Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But bear-like I must fight the course. What 's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name 's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
[*They fight, and young Siward is slain.*

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that 's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited: let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

Enter Malcolm and old Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle 's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.
Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.
Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Scene VIII.

Another part of the field.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!
Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I have no words:
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight*
Macb. Thou losest labour:
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Despair thy charm,
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.
Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
'Here may you see the tyrant.'
Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,

And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!'
[*Exeunt, fighting.* *Alarums.*

Retreat. *Flourish.* *Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, old Siward, Ross, the other Thanes, and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.
Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only lived but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
Siw. Then he is dead?
Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Ross. Ay, on the front.
Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.
Mal. He 's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.
Siw. He 's worth no more:

They say he parted well and paid his score:
And so God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:
Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland!

[*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour named. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exiled friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life; this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace
We will perform in measure, time and place:
So thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Glossary.

A one, a man (Theobald from Davenant, "*a Thane*"; Grant White, "*a man*"); III. iv. 131.
Absolute, positive; III. vi. 40.
Abuse, deceive; II. i. 50.
Acheron, the river of the infernal regions; III. v. 15.
Adder's fork, the forked tongue of the adder; IV. i. 16.
Addition, title; I. iii. 106.
Address'd them, prepared themselves; II. ii. 24.
Adhere, were in accordance; I. vii. 52.
Admired, wondrous-strange; III. iv. 110.
Advise, instruct; III. i. 129.
Afeard, afraid; I. iii. 96.
Affection, disposition; IV. iii. 77.
Affeer'd, confirmed; IV. iii. 34.
Alarm, call to arms; V. ii. 4.
Alarum'd, alarmed; II. i. 53.
All, any; III. ii. 11.
——; "and all to all," *i.e.* and we all (drink) to all; III. iv. 92.
All-thing, in every way; III. i. 13.
A-making, in course of progress; III. iv. 34.
Angel, genius, demon; V. viii. 14.
Angerly, angrily; III. v. 1.
Annoyance, hurt, harm; V. i. 84.
Anon, immediately; I. i. 10.
Anon, anon, "coming, coming"; the general answer of waiters; II. iii. 23.
An't, if it (Folios, "*and't*"); III. vi. 19.
Antic, grotesque, old-fashioned; IV. i. 130.
Anticipatest, dost prevent; IV. i. 144.
Apace, quickly; III. iii. 6.
Apply, be devoted; III. ii. 30.
Approve, prove; I. vi. 4.
Argument, subject, theme; II iii. 126.
Arm'd, encased in armour; III. iv. 101.
Aroint thee, begone; I. iii. 6.
Artificial, made by art; III. v. 27.
As, as if; II. iv. 18.
Assay; "the great a. of art." the greatest effort of skill; IV. iii. 143.
Attend, await; III. ii. 3.
Augures, auguries; (?) augurs; III. iv. 124.
Authorized by, given on the authority of; III. iv. 66.
Avouch, assert; III. i. 120.

Baby of a girl, (?) girl's doll; according to others, "feeble child of an immature mother;" III. iv. 106.
Badged, smeared, marked (as with a badge); II. iii. 106.
Bane, evil, harm; V. iii. 59.
Battle, division of an army; V. vi. 4.
Beguile, deceive; I. v. 64.
Bellman; "the fatal bellman," II. ii. 3. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a XVIth cent. black-letter ballad.

Bellona, the goddess of war; I. ii. 54.
Bend up, strain; I. vii. 79.
Benison, blessing; II. iv. 40.
Bent, determined; III. iv. 134.
Best, good, suitable; III. iv. 5.
Bestow'd, staying; III. i. 30.
Bestows himself, has settled; III. vi. 24.
Bestride, stand over in posture of defence; IV. iii. 4.
Bides, lies; III. iv. 26.
Bill, catalogue; III. i. 100.
Birnam, a high hill twelve miles from Dunsinane; IV. i. 93.
Birthdom, land of our birth, mother-country; IV. iii. 4.
Bladed; "b. corn," corn in the blade, when the ear is still green; IV. i. 55.
Blind-worm, glow-worm; IV. i. 16.
Blood-bolter'd, locks matted into hard clotted blood; IV. i. 123.
Blow, blow upon; I. iii. 15.
Bodements, forebodings; IV. i. 96.
Boot; "to b.," in addition; IV. iii. 37.
Borne, conducted, managed; III. vi 3.
Borne in hand, kept up by false hopes; III. i. 81.
Bosom, close and intimate; I. ii. 64.
Brainsickly, madly; II. ii. 46.
Break, disclose; I. vii. 48.
Breech'd, "having the very hilt, or breech, covered with blood" (according to some "covered as with breeches"); II. iii. 121.
Breed, family, parentage; IV. iii. 108.
Brinded, brindled, streaked; IV. i. 1.
Bring, conduct; II. iii. 52.
Broad, plain-spoken; III. vi. 21.
Broil, battle; I. ii. 6.
Broke ope, broken open; II. iii. 71.
But, only; I. vii. 6.
By, past; IV. i. 137.
By the way, casually; III. iv. 130.

Cabin'd, confined; III. iv. 24.
Captains, trisyllabic (S. Walker conj. "*captains twain*"); I. ii. 34.
Careless, uncared for; I. iv. 11.
Casing, encompassing, all surrounding; III. iv. 23.
'Cause, because; III. vi. 21.
Censures, opinion; V. iv. 14.
Champion me, fight in single combat with me; III. i. 72.
Chanced, happened, taken place; I. iii. 153.
Chaps, jaws, mouth; I. ii. 22.
Charge; "in an imperial c.," in executing a royal command; IV. iii. 20.
Charged, burdened, oppressed; V. i. 60.
Chaudron, entrails; IV. i. 33.
Children (trisyllabic); IV. iii. 177.
Chimneys; "our chimneys were blown down," an anachronism; II. iii. 60. (*Cp* the annexed cut from a mediæval MS. depicting a primitive form of chimney.)

An early form of chimney.

Choke their art, render their skill useless; I. ii. 9.
Chuck, a term of endearment; III. ii. 45.
Clear, serenely; I. v. 72.

Clear, innocent, guiltless; I. vii. 18.
——, unstained; II. i. 28.
Clearness, clear from suspicion; III. i. 133.
Clept, called; III. i. 94.
Cling, shrivel up; V. v. 40.
Close, join, unite; III. ii. 14.
——, secret; III. v. 7.
Closed, enclosed; III. i. 99.
Cloudy, sullen, frowning; III. vi. 41.
Cock, cock-crow; "the second c.," *i.e.* about three o'clock in the morning; II. iii. 27.
Coign of vantage, convenient corner; I. vi. 7.
Cold, (?) dissyllabic; IV. i. 6.
Colme-kill, *i.e.* Icolmkill, the cell of St Columba; II. iv. 33.
Come, which have come; I. iii. 144.
Command upon, put your commands upon; III. i. 16.
Commends, commits, offers; I. vii. 11.
Commission; "those in c.," those entrusted with the commission; I. iv. 2.
Composition, terms of peace; I. ii. 59.
Compt; "in c.," in account; I. vi. 26.
Compunctious, pricking the conscience; I. v. 46.
Concluded, decided; III. i. 141.
Confineless, boundless, limitless; IV. iii. 55.
Confounds, destroys, ruins; II. ii. 11.
Confronted, met face to face; I. ii. 55.
Confusion, destruction; II. iii. 71.
Consequences; *v.* mortal; V. iii. 5.
Consent, counsel, proposal; II. i. 25.
Constancy, firmness; II. ii. 68.
Contend against, vie with; I. vi. 16.
Content, satisfaction; III. ii. 5.
Continent, restraining; IV. iii. 64.
Convert, change; IV. iii. 229.
Convey, "indulge secretly"; IV. iii. 71.
Convince, overpower; I. vii. 64.
Convinces, overpowers; IV. iii. 142.
Copy, (?) copyhold, non-permanent tenure; III. ii. 38.
Corporal, corporeal; I. iii. 81
Corporal; "each c. agent," *i.e.* "each faculty of the body"; I. vii. 80.
Counsellors; "c. to fear," fear's counsellors, *i.e.* "suggest fear"; V. iii. 17.
Countenance, "be in keeping with"; II. iii. 84.
Crack of doom, burst of sound, thunder, at the day of doom; IV. i. 117.
Cracks, charges; I. ii. 37.
Crown, head; IV. i. 113.

Dainty of, particular about; II. iii. 149.
Dear, deeply felt; V. ii. 3.
Degrees, degrees of rank; III. iv. 1.
Deliver thee, report to thee; I. v. 11.
Delivers, communicates to us; III. iii. 2.
Demi-wolves, a cross between dogs and wolves; III. i. 94.
Denies, refuses; III. iv. 128.
Detraction, defamation; "mine own d.," the evil things I have spoken against myself; IV. iii. 123.
Devil (monosyllabic); I. iii. 107.
Dew, bedew; V. ii. 30.
Disjoint, fall to pieces; III. ii. 16.
Displaced, banished; III. iv. 109.
Dispute it, fight against it; (?) reason upon it (Schmidt); IV. iii. 220.
Disseat, unseat; V. iii. 21.
Distance, hostility; III. i. 116.
Doff, do off, put off; IV. iii. 188.
Doubt, fear, suspect; IV. ii. 66.
Drink; "my d.," *i.e.* "my *posset*"; II. i. 31.
Drowse, become drowsy; III. ii. 52.
Dudgeon, handle of a dagger; II. i. 46.
Dunnest, darkest; I. v. 52.

Earnest, pledge, money paid beforehand; I. iii. 104.
Easy, easily; II. iii. 142.
Ecstasy, any state of being beside one's self, violent emotion; III. ii. 22
Effects, acts, actions; V. i. 11.
Egg, term of contempt; IV. ii. 82
Eminence, distinction; III. ii. 31

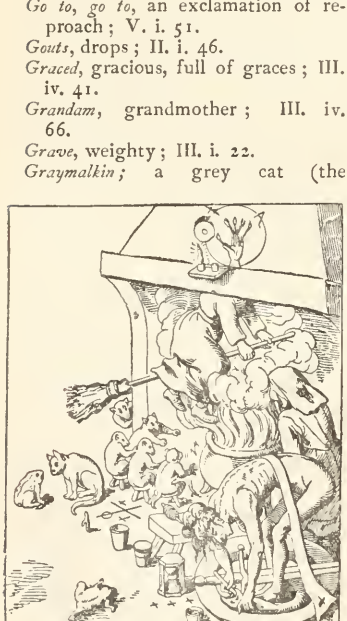
England, the King of England; IV iii. 43.
Enkindle, incite; I. iii. 121.
Enow, enough; II. iii. 7.
Entrance (trisyllabic); I. v. 40.
Equivocate to heaven, get to heaven by equivocation; II. iii. 12.
Equivocator (probably alluding to Jesuitical equivocation; Garnet, the superior of the order was on his trial in March, 1606); II. iii. 10.
Estate, royal dignity, succession to the crown; I. iv. 37.
Eternal jewel, immortal soul; III. i. 68.
Eterne, perpetual; III. ii. 38.
Evil, king's evil, scrofula; IV. iii. 146.
Exasperate, exasperated; III. vi. 38.
Expectation, those guests who are expected; III. iii. 10.
Expedition, haste; II. iii. 115.
Extend, prolong; III. iv. 57.

Fact, act, deed; III. vi. 10.
Faculties, powers, prerogatives; I. vii. 17.
Fain, gladly; V. iii. 28.
Fantastical, imaginary; I. iii. 53; I. iii. 139.
Farrow, litter of pigs; IV. i. 65.
Favour, pardon; I. iii. 149.
——, countenance, face; I. v. 73.
Fears, objects of fear; I. iii. 137.
Feed, "to f.," feeding; III. iv. 35.
Fee-grief, "grief that hath a single owner"; IV. iii. 196.
Fell, scalp; V. v. 11.
——, cruel, dire; IV. ii. 70.
Fellow, equal; II. iii. 67.
File, list; V. ii. 8.
——; "the valued f.," list of qualities; III. i. 95.
Filed, made foul, defiled; III. i. 65.
First; "at f. and last," (?) once for all, from the beginning to the end; (Johnson conj. "*to f. and next*"); III. iv. 1.
Fits, caprices; IV. ii. 17.
Flaws, storms of passion; III. iv. 63.
Flighty, fleeting; IV. i. 145.
Flout, mock, defy; I. ii. 49.
Fly, fly from me; V. iii. 1.
Foisons, plenty, rich harvests; IV iii. 88.
Follows, attends; I. vi. 11.
For, because of; III. i. 121.
——, as for, as regards; IV. ii. 15.
Forbid, cursed, blasted; I. iii. 21.
Forced, strengthened; V. v. 5.
Forge, fabricate, invent; IV. iii. 82.
Forsworn, perjured; IV. iii. 126.
Founded, firmly fixed; III. iv. 22.
Frame of things, universe; III. ii. 16.
Franchised, free, unstained; II. i. 28.
Free, freely; I. iii. 155.
——, honourable; III. vi. 36.
——, remove, do away (Steevens conj. "*Fright*" or "*Fray*"; Bailey conj., adopted by Hudson, "*Keep*"; Kinnear conj. "*Rid*"); III. vi. 35.
French hose, probably a reference to the narrow, straight hose, in contradistinction to the round, wide hose; II. iii. 16.
Fright, frighten, terrify; IV. ii. 69.
From, differently from; III. i. 100.
——, in consequence of, on account of; III. vi. 21.
Fry, literally a swarm of young fishes; here used as a term of contempt; IV. ii. 83
Function, power of action; I. iii. 140
Furbish'd, burnished; I. ii. 32.

Gallowglasses, heavy-armed Irish troops (Folio 1, "*Gallowgrosses*"); I. ii. 13.
Genius, spirit of good or ill; III. i. 56.
Gentle senses, senses which are soothed (by the "gentle" air); (Warburton, "*general sense*" Johnson conj., adopted by Capell, "*gentle sense*"); I. vi. 3.
Germins, germs, seeds; IV. i. 59.
Get, beget; I. iii. 67.
Gin, a trap to catch birds; IV. ii. 35.

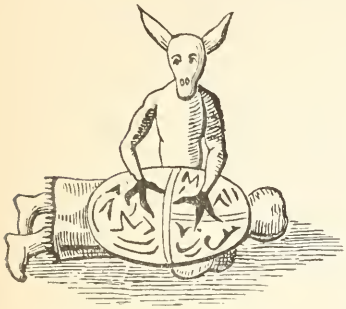
'Gins, begins; I. ii. 25.
Gives out, proclaims; IV. iii. 192.
God 'ild us, corruption of "*God yield us*" (Folios, "*God-eyld us*"); I. vi. 13.
Golgotha, *i.e.* "the place of a skull" (*cp.* Mark xv. 22); I. ii. 40.
Good, brave; IV. iii. 3.
Goodness; "the chance of g.," the chance of success; IV. iii. 136.
Goose, a tailor's smoothing iron; II. iii. 17.
Gospell'd, imbued with Gospel teaching; III. i. 88.
Go to, go to, an exclamation of reproach; V. i. 51.
Gouts, drops; II. i. 46.
Graced, gracious, full of graces; III. iv. 41.
Grandam, grandmother; III. iv. 66.
Grave, weighty; III. i. 22.
Graymalkin; a grey cat (the familiar spirit of the First Witch; "*malkin*" diminutive of "Mary"); I. i. 9.
Gripe, grasp; III. i. 62.
Grooms, servants of any kind; II. ii. 5.
Gulf, gullet; IV. i. 23.

Hail (dissyllabic); I. ii. 5.
Harbinger, forerunner, an officer of the king's household; I. iv. 45.
Hardly, with difficulty; V. iii. 62.
Harms, injuries; "my h.," injuries inflicted by me; IV. iii. 55.
Harp'd, hit, touched; IV. i. 74.
Harpier, probably a corruption of *Harpy*; IV. i. 3.
Having, possessions; I. iii. 56.
Hear, talk with; III. iv. 32.
Heart; "any h.," the heart of any man; III. vi. 15.
Heavily, sadly; IV. iii. 182.
Hecate, the goddess of hell (one of the names of Artemis-Diana, as goddess of the infernal regions); II. i. 52.
Hedge-pig, hedge-hog; IV. i. 2.
Hermits, beadsmen; men bound to pray for their benefactors (Folio 1, "*Ermites*"); I. vi. 20.
Hie thee, hasten; I. v. 26.
His, this man's; IV. iii. 80.
Holds, withholds; III. vi. 25.
Holp, helped; I. vi. 23.
Home, thoroughly, completely; I. iii. 120.
Homely, humble; IV ii. 67.
Hoodwink, blind; IV. iii. 72.
Horses (monosyllabic); II. iv. 14.
Housekeeper, watch dog; III. i. 97.
Howlet's, owlet's; IV. i. 17.
How say'st thou, what do you think!; III. iv. 128.
Humane, human; III. iv. 76.



'*I come, Graymalkin. Paddock calls.*'
From a print by "Hellish" Breugel, c. 1566.

Hurlyburly, tumult, uproar; I. i. 3. (In the annexed curious illustration of some witchcraft absurdity the devil is making a hurly-burly by beating furiously on a drum under which is a Lapland witch.)



From an old woodcut.

Husbandry, economy; II. i. 4.
Hyrcan tiger, *i.e.* tiger of Hyrcania, a district south of the Caspian; III. iv. 101.

Ignorant, *i.e.* of future events; I. v. 58.
Ill-composed, compounded of evil qualities; IV. iii. 77.
Illness, evil; I. v. 21.
Impress, force into his service; IV. i. 95.
In, under the weight of; IV. iii. 20.
Incarnadine, make red; II. ii. 62.
Informs, takes visible form; II. i. 48.
Initiate; "the i. fear," "the fear that attends, *i.e.* the first initiation (into guilt)"; III. iv. 143.
Insane; "the i. root," the root which causes insanity; I. iii. 84.
Instant, present moment; I. v. 59.
Interdiction, exclusion; IV. iii. 107.
Intermission, delay; IV. iii. 232.
Intrenchant, indivisible; V. viii. 9.

Jealousies, suspicions; IV. iii. 29.
Jump, hazard, risk; I. vii. 7.
Just, exactly; III. iii. 4.
Jutty, jetty, projection; I. vi. 6.

Kerns, light-armed Irish troops; I. ii. 13. (*Cp.* the subjoined mediæval representation.)

From the Chapter House Liber A, in the Public Record Office.

Knowings, knowledge, experiences; II. iv. 4.
Knowledge; "the k.," what you know (Collier MS. and Walker conj. "*thy k.*"); I. ii. 6.

Lack, want, requirement; IV. iii. 237.
Lack, miss; III. iv. 84.
Lapp'd, wrapped; I. ii. 54.
Large, liberal, unrestrained; III. iv. 11.
Latch, catch; IV. iii. 195.
Lated, belated; III. iii. 6.
Lave, keep clear and unsullied; III. ii. 33.
Lavish, unrestrained, insolent; I. ii. 57.
Lay, did lodge; II. iii. 58.
Lease of nature, term of natural life; IV. i. 99.

Leave, leave off; III. ii. 35.
Left unattended, forsaken, deserted; II. ii. 69.
Lesser, less; V. ii. 13.
Lies; "swears and l.," *i.e.* "swears allegiance and commits perjury" (*cp.* IV. ii. 51 for the literal sense of the phrase); IV. ii. 47.
Lighted, descended; II. iii. 147.
Like, same; II. i. 30.
——, likely; II. iv. 29.
——, equal, the same; IV. iii. 8.
Lily-liver'd, cowardly; V. iii. 15.
Limbec, alembic, still; I. vii. 67.
Lime, bird-lime; IV. ii. 34.
Limited, appointed; II. iii. 57
Line, strengthen; I. iii. 112.
List, lists, place marked out for a combat; III. i. 71.
Listening, listening to; II. ii. 28.
Lo; "lo you," *i.e.* look you; V. i. 22.
Lodged, laid, thrown down; IV. i. 55.
Look, expect; V. iii. 26.
Loon, brute; V. iii. 11.
Luxurious, lustful; IV. iii. 58.

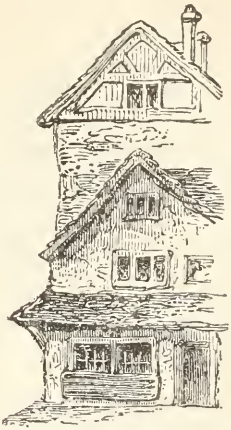
Maggot-pies, magpies; III. iv. 125.
Mansionry, abode; I. vi. 5.
Mark, take heed, listen; I. ii. 28.
——, notice; V. i. 46.
Marry, a corruption of the Virgin Mary; a slight oath; III. vi. 4.
Mated, bewildered; V. i. 86.
Maws, stomachs; III. iv. 73.
May I, I hope I may; III. iv. 42.
Medicine, "physician"; (?) physic; V. ii. 27.
Meek, meekly; I. vii. 17.
Memorize, make memorable, make famous; I. ii. 40.
Mere, absolutely; IV. iii. 89.
——, utter, absolute; IV. iii. 152.
Metaphysical, supernatural; I. v. 30.
Minion, darling, favourite; I. ii. 19; II. iv. 15.
Minutely, "happening every minute, continual; V. ii. 18.
Missives, messengers; I. v. 7
Mistrust; "he needs not our m.," *i.e.* we need not mistrust him; III. iii. 2.
Mockery, delusive imitation; III. iv. 107.
Modern, ordinary; IV. iii. 170.
Moe, more; V. iii. 35.
Monstrous (trisyllabic); III. vi. 8.
Mortal, deadly, murderous; I. v. 42.
——, "m. murders," deadly wounds; III. iv. 81.
——, "m. consequences," what befalls man in the course of time; V. iii. 5.
Mortality, mortal life; II. iii. 97.
Mortified, dead, insensible; V. ii. 5.
Mounch'd, chewed with closed lips; I. iii. 5.
Muse, wonder; III. iv. 85.
Must be, was destined to be; IV. iii. 212.

Napkins, handkerchiefs; II. iii. 6.
Nature; "nature's mischief," man's evil propensities; I. v. 51.
——; "in n.," in their whole nature; II. iv. 16.
Naught, vile thing; IV. iii. 225.
Nave, navel, middle (Warburton, "*nape*"); I. ii. 22.
Near, nearer; II. iii. 146.
Near'st of life, inmost life, most vital parts; III. i. 118.
Nice, precise, minute; IV. iii. 174.
Nightgown, dressing gown; II. ii. 70.
Noise, music; IV. i. 106.
Norways', Norwegians'; I. ii. 59
Norweyan, Norwegian; I. ii. 31.
Note, notoriety; III. ii. 44.
——, list; III. iii. 10.
——, notice; III. iv. 56.
Nothing, not at all; I. iii. 96.
——, nobody; IV. iii. 166.
Notion, apprehension; III. i. 83.

Oblivious, causing forgetfulness; V iii. 43.

Obscure; "o. bird," *i.e.* the bird delighting in darkness, the owl; II. iii. 63.
Odds; "at o.," at variance; III. iv. 127.
O'erfraught, over-charged, over-loaded; IV. iii. 210.
Of, from; IV. i. 81.
——, with (Hanmer, "*with*"); I. ii. 13.
——, over, I. iii. 33.
——, by; III. vi. 4; III. vi. 27.
——, for; IV. iii. 95.
Offices, duty, employment; III. iii. 3.
——, *i.e.* domestic offices, servants' quarters; II. i. 14.
Old (used colloquially); II. iii. 2.
On, of; I. iii. 84.
Once, ever; IV. iii. 167.
One, wholly, uniformly; II. ii. 63.
On's, of his; V. i. 70.
On't, of it; III. i. 114.
Open'd, unfolded; IV. iii. 52.
Or ere, before; IV. iii. 173.
Other, others; I. iii. 14.
——, "the o.," *i.e.* the other side; I. vii. 28.
——, otherwise; I. vii. 77.
Other's, other man's; IV. iii. 80.
Ourselves, one another; III. iv. 32.
Out, *i.e.* in the field; IV. iii. 183.
Outrun, did outrun (Johnson, "*outran*"); II. iii. 117.
Overcome, overshadow; III. iv. 111.
Over-red, redden over; V. iii. 14.
Owe, own, possess; I. iii. 76.
Owed, owned; I. iv. 10.

Paddock, toad (the familiar spirit of the second witch); I. i. 10.
Pall, wrap, envelop; I. v. 52.
Passion, strong emotion; III. iv. 57.
Patch, fool (supposed to be derived from the patched or motley coat of the jester); V. iii. 15.
Peak, dwindle away; I. iii. 23.
Pent-house lid, *i.e.* eye-lids; "Penthouse," a porch or shed with sloping roof, as shown in the annexed cut; I. iii. 20.



From an engraving of an old timber-house in the market place at Stratford-on-Avon.

Perfect, well, perfectly acquainted; IV. ii. 65.
Pester'd, troubled; V. ii. 23.
Place, "pitch, the highest elevation of a hawk"; a term of falconry; II. iv. 12.
Point; "at a p.," prepared for any emergency; IV. iii. 135.
Poor, feeble; III. ii. 14.
Poorly, dejectedly, unworthily; II. ii. 72.
Portable, endurable; IV. iii. 89.
Possess, fill; IV. iii. 202.
Possets, drink; "posset is hot milk poured on ale or sack, having sugar, grated bisket, and eggs, with other ingredients boiled in it, which goes all to a curd" (Randle Holmes' *Academy of Armourie*, 1688); II. ii. 6.

Posters, speedy travellers; I. iii. 33.
Power, armed force, army; IV. iii. 185.
Predominance, superior power, influence; an astrological term; II. iv. 8.
Present, present time; I. v. 58.
——, instant, immediate; I. ii. 64.
——, offer; III. ii. 31.
Presently, immediately; IV. iii. 145.
Pretence, purpose, intention; II. iii. 136.
Pretend, intend; II. iv. 24.
Probation; "passed in p. with you," proved, passing them in detail, one by one; III. i. 80.
Profound, "having deep or hidden qualities" (Johnson); (?) "deep, and therefore ready to fall" (Clar. Pr.); III. v. 24.
Proof, proved armour; I. ii. 54.
Proper, fine, excellent (used ironically); III. iv. 60.
Protest, show publicly, proclaim; V. ii. 11.
Purged, cleansed; III. iv. 76.
Purveyor, an officer of the king sent before to provide food for the King and his retinue, as the *harbinger* provided lodging; I. vi. 22.
Push, attack, onset; V. iii. 20.
Put on, se on, (?) set to work; IV. iii. 239.
Put upon, falsely attribute; I. vii. 70.

Quarry, a heap of slaughtered game; IV. iii. 206.
Quell, murder; I. vii. 72.
Quiet; "at q.," in quiet, at peace; II. iii. 18.

Ravell'd, tangled; II. ii. 37.
Ravin'd, ravenous; IV. i. 24.
Ravin up, devour greedily; II. iv. 28.
Rawness, hurry; IV. iii. 26.
Readiness; "manly r.," complete clothing (opposed to "naked frailties"); II. iii. 139.
Receipt, receptacle; I. vii. 66.
Received, believed; I. vii. 74.
Recoil, swerve; IV. iii. 19.
Recoil; "to r.," for recoiling; V. ii. 23.
Relation, narrative; IV. iii. 173.
Relations, "the connection of effects with causes"; III. iv. 124.
Relish, smack; IV. iii. 95.
Remembrance, quadrisyllabic; III. ii. 30.
Remembrancer, reminder; III. iv. 37.
Remorse, pity; I. v. 45.
Require, ask her to give; III. iv. 6.
Resolve yourselves, decide, make up your minds; III. i. 138.
Rest, remain; I. vi. 20.
——, give rest; IV. iii. 227.
Return, give back, render; I. vi. 28.
Ronyon, a term of contempt; I. iii. 6.
Roof'd, gathered under one roof; III. iv. 40.
Rooky, gloomy, foggy (Jennens, "*rocky*"); III. ii. 51.
Round, circlet, crown; I. v. 29.
——; "r. and top of sovereignty," *i.e.* "the crown, the top or summit of sovereign power"; IV. i. 87.
——, dance in a circle; IV. i. 130.
Rubs, hindrances, impediments; III i. 134.
Rump-fed, well-fed, pampered; I. iii. 6.

Safe toward, with a sure regard to; I. iv. 27.
Sag, droop, sink; V. iii. 10.
Saint Colme's inch, the island of Columba, now Inchcolm, in the Firth of Forth; I. ii. 61.
Saucy, insolent, importunate; (?) pungent, sharp, gnawing (Koppel); III. iv. 25.
Say to, tell; I. ii. 6.
'Scaped, escape; III. iv. 20.
Scarf up, blindfold; III. ii. 47.
Scone, the ancient coronation place of the kings of Scotland; II. iv. 31.

Scotch'd, "cut with shallow incisions" (Theobald's emendation of Folios, "*scorch'd*"); III. ii. 13.
Season, seasoning; III. iv. 141.
Seat, situation; I. vi. 1.
Seated, fixed firmly; I. iii. 136.
Security, confidence, consciousness of security, carelessness; III. v. 32.
Seeling, blinding (originally a term of falconry); III. ii. 46.
Seems; "that s. to speak things strange," *i.e.* "whose appearance corresponds with the strangeness of his message" (Clar. Pr.); (Johnson conj. "*teems*"; Collier MS., "*comes*," etc.); I ii 47.
Self-abuse, self-delusion; III. iv. 142.
Self-comparisons, measuring himself with the other; I. ii. 55.
Selfsame, very same; I. iii. 88.
Sennet, a set of notes on trumpet or cornet; III. i. 10-11.
Se'nnights, seven nights, weeks; I. iii. 22.
Sensible, perceptible, tangible; II. i. 36.
Sergeant (trisyllabic); I. ii. 3.
Set forth, shewed; I. iv. 6.
Settled, determined; I. vii. 79.
Sewer, one who tasted each dish to prove there was no poison in it; I. vii. (direc.).
Shag-ear'd, having hairy ears (Steevens conj., adopted by Singer (ed. 2) and Hudson, "*shag-hair'd*"); IV. ii. 82.
Shall, will; II. i. 29.
——, I shall; IV. ii. 23.
Shame, am ashamed; II. ii. 64.
Shard-borne, borne by scaly wing-cases (Davenant, "*sharp-brow'd*"; Daniel conj. "*sharn-bode*"; Upton conj. "*sharn-born*"); III. ii. 42.
Shift, steal, quietly get; II. iii. 150.
Shipman's card, the card of the compass; I. iii. 17.
Shough, a kind of shaggy dog (Folios, "*Showghes*"; Capell, "*shocks*"); III. i. 94.
Should be, appear to be; I. iii. 45.
Show, dumb-show; IV. i. 111-112.
Show, appear; I. iii. 54.
Shut up, enclosed, enveloped; II. i. 16.
Sicken, be surfeited; IV. i. 60.
Sightless, invisible; I. vii. 23.
Sights; Collier MS. and Singer MS., "*flights*"; Grant White "*sprites*"; IV. i. 155.
Sinel, Macbeth's father, according to Holinshed; I. iii. 71.
Single, individual; I. iii. 140.
——, simple, small; I. vi. 16.
Sirrah, used in addressing an inferior; here used playfully; IV ii. 30.
Skirr, scour; V. iii. 35.
Slab, thick, glutinous; IV. i. 32.
Sleave, sleave-silk, floss silk; II. ii. 37.
Sleek o'er, smooth; III. ii. 27.
Sleights, feats of dexterity; III. v. 26.
Slipp'd, let slip; II. iii. 51.
Sliver'd, slipped off; IV. i. 28.
Smack, have the taste, savour; I. ii. 44.
So, like grace, gracious; IV. iii. 24.
So well, as well; I. ii. 43.
Sole, alone, mere; IV. iii. 12.
Solemn, ceremonious, formal; III. i. 14.
Soliciting, inciting; I. iii. 130.
Solicits, entreats, moves by prayer; IV. iii. 149.
Something, some distance; III. i. 132.
Sometime, sometimes; I. vi. 11.
Sorely, heavily; V. i. 59.
Sorriest, saddest; III. ii. 9.
Sorry, sad; II. ii. 20.

Soul's flight; III. i. 141. (The idea and its expression may be illustrated by the accompanying cut from Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*).

The soul leaving the body at death.

Speak, bespeak, proclaim; IV. iii. 159.
Speculation, intelligence; III. iv. 95.
Speed; "had the s. of him," has outstripped him; I. v. 36.
Spongy, imbibing like a sponge; I. vii. 71.
Spring, source; I. ii. 27.
Sprites, spirits; IV. i. 127.
Spy, v. Note; III. i. 130.
Stableness, constancy; IV. iii. 92
Staff, lance; V. iii. 48.
Stamp, stamped coin; IV. iii. 153.
Stanchless, insatiable; IV. iii. 78.
Stand, remain; III. i. 4.
Stand not upon, do not be particular about; III. iv. 119.
State, chair of State; III. iv. 5.
State of honour, noble rank, condition; IV. ii. 65.
Stay, wait for; IV. iii. 142.
Stays, waits; III. v. 35.
Sticking-place, i.e. "the place in which the peg of a stringed instrument remains fast; the proper degree of tension"; I. vii. 60.
Stir, stirring, moving; I. iii. 144.
Storehouse, place of burial; II. iv. 34.
Strange, new; I. iii. 145.
——; "s. and self-abuse," *i.e.* (?) "my abuse of others and myself"; III. iv. 142.
Strangely-visited, afflicted with strange diseases; IV. iii. 150.
Stuff'd, crammed, full to bursting; V. iii. 44.
Substances, forms; I. v. 50.
Sudden, violent; IV. iii. 59.
Suffer, perish; III. ii. 16.
Suffering; "our s. country," *i.e.* our country suffering; III. vi. 48.
Suggestion, temptation, incitement; I. iii. 134.
Summer-seeming, "appearing like summer; seeming to be the effect of a transitory and short-lived heat of the blood" (Schmidt); (Warburton, "*summer-teeming*"; Johnson, "*fume, or seething*," etc.); IV. iii. 86.
Sundry, various; IV. iii. 48.
Surcease, cessation; I. vii. 4.
Surveying, noticing, perceiving; I. ii. 31.
Sway by, am directed by; V. iii. 9.
Swears, swears allegiance; IV. ii. 47.

Taint, be infected; V. iii. 3.
Taking-off, murder, death; I. vii. 20.
Teems, teems with; IV. iii. 176.
Temperance, moderation, self-restraint; IV. iii. 92.
Tending, tendance, attendance; I. v. 38.
Tend on, wait on; I. v. 42.
That, so that; I. ii. 58.
——; "to th.," to that end, for that purpose; I. ii. 10.
Therewithal, therewith; III. i. 34.

Thirst, desire to drink; III. iv. 91.
Thought; "upon a th.," in as small an interval as one can think a thought; III. iv. 55.
——, being borne in mind; III. i. 132.
Thralls, slaves, bondmen; III. vi. 13.
Threat, threaten; II. i. 60.
Till that, till; I. ii. 54.
Timely, betimes, early; II. iii. 50.
——, "to gain the t. inn," opportune; III. iii. 7.
Titles, possessions; IV. ii. 7.
To, in addition to; I. vi. 19.
——, according to; III. iii. 4.
——, compared to; III. iv. 64.
——, for, as; IV. iii. 10.
——, linked with, "prisoner to"; III. iv. 25.
Top, overtop, surpass; IV. iii. 57.
Top-full, full to the top, brimful; I. v. 43.
Touch, affection, feeling; IV. ii. 9.
Touch'd, injured, hurt; IV. iii. 14.
Towering, turning about, soaring, flying high (a term of falconry); II. iv. 12.
Trace, follow; IV. i. 153.
Trains, artifices, devices; IV. iii. 118.
Trammel up, entangle as in a net; I. vii. 3.
Transport, convey; IV. iii. 181.
Transpose, change; IV. iii. 21.
Treble sceptres, symbolical of the three kingdoms—England, Scotland, and Ireland; IV. i. 121.
Trifled, made trifling, made to sink into insignificance; II. iv. 4.
Tugg'd; "t. with fortune," pulled about in wrestling with fortune; III. i. 112.
Two-fold balls, probably referring to the double coronation of James, at Scone and Westminister (Clar. Pr.); according to others the reference is to the union of the two islands; IV. i. 121.
Tyranny, usurpation; IV. iii. 67.
Tyrant, usurper; III. vi. 22.

Unfix, make to stand on end; I. iii. 135.
Unrough, beardless; V. ii. 10.
Unspeak, recall, withdraw; IV. iii. 123.
Untitled, having no title or claim; IV. iii. 104.
Unto, to; I. iii. 121.
Upon, to; III. vi. 30.
Uproar, "stir up to tumult" (Schmidt); (Folios 1, 2, "*uprore*"; Keightley, "*Uproot*"); IV. iii. 99.
Use, experience; III. iv. 143.
Using, cherishing, entertaining; III. ii. 10.
Utterance; "to the u.," *i.e. à outrance* =to the uttermost; III. i. 72.

Vantage, opportunity; I. ii. 31.
Verity, truthfulness; IV. iii. 92.
Visards, masks; III. ii. 34.
Vouch'd, assured, warranted; III. iv. 34.

Want; "cannot w.," can help; III. vi. 8.
Warranted, justified; IV. iii. 137.
Wassail, revelry; I. vii. 64.
Watching, waking; V. i. 12.
Water-rug, a kind of poodle; III. i. 94.
What, who; IV. iii. 49.
What is, *i.e.* what is the time of; III. iv. 126.
When 'tis, *i.e.* "when the matter is effected"; II. i. 25.
Whether (monosyllabic); I. iii. 111.
Which, who; V. i. 66.
While then, till then; III. i. 44.
Whispers, whispers to; IV. iii. 210.
Wholesome, healthy; IV. iii. 105.

Wind; "I'll give thee a wind"; I. iii. 11. (*Cp.* illustration.)
With, against; IV. iii. 90.
——, by; III. i. 63.
——, on; IV. ii. 32.
Without, outside; III. iv. 14.
——, beyond; III. ii. 11, 12.
Witness, testimony, evidence; II. ii. 47.
Worm, small serpent; III. iv. 29.
Would, should; I. vii. 34.
Wrought, agitated; I. iii. 149.

Yawning peal, a peal which lulls to sleep; III. ii. 43.
Yesty, foaming; IV. i. 53.
Yet, in spite of all, notwithstanding; IV. iii. 69.

'I'll give thee a wind' (I. iii. 11).
From a print by "Hellish" Breugel, c. 1566

Notes.

I. i. 1. Perhaps we should follow the punctuation of the Folio, and place a note of interrogation after '*again.*'

I. ii. 14. '*damned quarrel*'; Johnson's, perhaps unnecessary, emendation of Folios, '*damned quarry*' (*cp.* IV. iii. 206); but Holinshed uses 'quarrel' in the corresponding passage.

I. ii. 20-21. Many emendations and interpretations have been advanced for this passage; Koppel's explanation (*Shakespeare Studien*, 1896) is as follows:—"he faced the slave, who never found time for the preliminary formalities of a duel, *i.e.* shaking hands with and bidding farewell to the opponent"; seemingly, however, '*which*' should have '*he*' (*i.e.* Macbeth) and not '*slave*' as its antecedent.

I. iii. 15. '*And the very ports they blow*'; Johnson conj. '*various*' for '*very*'; Pope reads '*points*' for '*ports*'; Clar. Press edd. '*orts*'; '*blow*'= 'blow upon.'

I. iii. 32. '*weird*'; Folios, '*weyward*' (prob. = '*weird*'); Keightley, '*weyard.*'

I. iii. 97-98. '*As thick as hail Came post*'; Rowe's emendation; Folios read '*As thick as tale Can post.*'

I. v. 24-26. The difficulty of these lines arises from the repeated words '*that which*' in line 25, and some editors have consequently placed the inverted commas after '*undone*'; but '*that which*' is probably due to the same expression in the previous line, and we should perhaps read '*and that's which*' or '*and that's what.*'

I. vi. 4. '*martlet*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*Barlet.*'

I. vi. 5. '*loved mansionry*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, '*loved mansonry*'; Pope (ed. 2), '*loved masonry.*'

I. vi. 6. '*jutty, frieze*'; Pope, '*jutting frieze*'; Staunton conj. '*jutty, nor frieze,*' etc.

I. vi. 9. '*most*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*must*'; Collier MS., '*much.*'

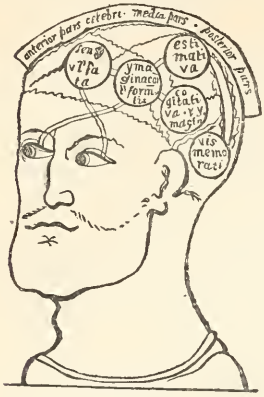
I. vii. 6. '*shoal*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios 1, 2, '*schoole.*'

I. vii. 45. '*Like the poor cat i' the adage*'; 'The cat would eat fyshe, and would not wet her feete,' Heywood's *Proverbs*; the low Latin form of the same proverb is:—

"*Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas.*"

I. vii. 47. '*do more*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*no more.*'

I. vii. 65-67. (*Cp.* the position as '*warder of the brain*' assigned to *vis memorati(va)* in the accompanying reproduction of a mediæval phrenological chart.



II. i. 51. '*sleep*'; Steevens conj. '*sleeper*,' but no emendation is necessary; the pause after '*sleep*' is evidently equivalent to a syllable.

II. i. 55. '*Tarquin's ravishing strides*'; Pope's emendation; Folios, '*Tarquins ravishing sides.*'

II. i. 56. '*sure*'; Pope's conj., adopted by Capell; Folios 1, 2, '*sowre.*'

II. i. 57. '*which way they walk*'; Rowe's emendation; Folios, '*which they may walk.*'

II. ii. 35-36. There are no inverted commas in the Folios. The arrangement in the text is generally followed (similarly, ll. 42-43).

III. i. 130. '*you with the perfect spy o' the time*'; Johnson conj. '*you with a*'; Tyrwhitt conj. '*you with the perfect spot, the time*'; Beckett conj. '*you with the perfectry o' the time*'; Grant White, from Collier MS., '*you, with a perfect spy, o' the time*'; Schmidt interprets '*spy*' to mean "an advanced guard; that time which will precede the time of the deed, and indicate that it is at hand"; according to others 'spy' = the person who gives the information; the simplest explanation is, perhaps, 'the exact spying out of the time,' *i.e.* 'the moment on 't,' which in the text follows in apposition.

III. ii. 20. '*our peace*'; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*our place.*'

III. ii. 53. '*night's black agents to their preys do rouse.*' (*Cp.* the accompanying illustration.)

From Pynson's edition of the *Shepherd's Kalendar.*

III. iv. 14. '*'Tis better thee without than he within*'; probably '*he*' instead of '*him*' for the sake of effective antithesis with '*thee*'; unless, as is possible, '*he within*' = 'he in this room.'

III. iv. 78. '*time has*'; Folio 1, '*times has*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*times have*'; the reading of the First Folio is probably what Shakespeare intended.

III. iv. 105-106. '*If trembling I inhabit then*'; various emendations have been proposed, *e.g.* '*I inhibit*,' = '*me inhibit*,' '*I inhibit thee*,' '*I inherit*,' etc.; probably the text is correct, and the words mean 'If I then put on the habit of trembling,' *i.e.* 'if I invest myself in trembling' (*cp.* Koppel, p. 76).

III. iv. 122. The Folios read:—

"*It will have blood they say;*
Blood will have blood."

III. iv. 144. '*in deed*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, '*indeed*'; Hanmer, '*in deeds.*'

III. v. 13. '*Loves*'; Halliwell conj. '*Lives*'; Staunton conj. '*Loves evil.*'

III. vi. 27. '*the most pious Edward,*' *i.e.* Edward the Confessor.

IV. i. 97. '*Rebellion's head*'; Theobald's conj., adopted by Hanmer; Folios read '*Rebellious dead*'; Warburton's conj., adopted by Theobald, '*Rebellious head.*'

IV. ii. 18. '*when we are traitors And do not know ourselves,*' *i.e.* when we are accounted traitors, and do not know that we are, having no consciousness of guilt. Hanmer, '*know 't o.*'; Keightley, '*know it ourselves*'; but no change seems necessary.

IV. ii. 19-20. '*when we hold rumour,*' etc.; *i.e.* 'when we interpret rumour in accordance with our fear, yet know not exactly what it is we fear.'

IV. ii. 22. '*Each way and move*'; Theobald conj. '*Each way and wave*'; Capell, '*And move each way*'; Steevens conj. '*And each way move*'; Johnson conj. '*Each way, and move —*'; Jackson conj. '*Each wail and moan*'; Ingleby conj. '*Which way we move*'; Anon. conj. '*And move each wave*'; Staunton conj. '*Each sway and move*'; Daniel conj. '*Each way it moves*'; Camb. edd. conj. '*Each way and none*'; perhaps '*Each way we move*' is the simplest reading of the words.

IV. ii. 70. '*do worse,*' *i.e.* "let her and her children be destroyed without warning" (Johnson); (Hanmer, '*do less*'; Capell, '*do less*').

IV. iii. 15. '*deserve*'; Warburton's emendation, adopted by Theobald; Folios 1, 2, '*discerne*'; Folios 3, 4, '*discern*'; ——, '*and wisdom*'; there is some corruption of text here, probably a line has dropped out. Hanmer reads '*'tis wisdom*'; Steevens conj. '*and wisdom is it*'; Collier conj. '*and 'tis wisdom*'; Staunton conj. '*and wisdom 'tis*' or '*and wisdom bids*'; Keightley, '*and wisdom 'twere.*'

IV. iii. 111. '*Died every day she lived,*' "lived a life of daily mortification" (Delius).

IV. iii. 235. '*tune*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*time.*'

V. i. 26. '*sense is shut*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*sense are shut*'; S. Walker conj., adopted by Dyce, '*sense*' *are shut.*' The reading of the Folio probably gives the right reading, 'sense' being taken as a plural.

V. iii. 1. '*them*,' *i.e.* the thanes.

V. iii. 21. '*cheer*'; Percy conj., adopted by Dyce, '*chair*': —— ; '*dis-seat*,' Jennens and Capell conj., adopted by Steevens; Folio 1, '*dis-eate*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*disease*'; Bailey conj. '*disseize*'; Daniel conj. '*defeat*'; Furness, '*dis-ease*'; Perring conj. '*disheart.*'

V. iii. 22. '*way of life*'; Johnson proposed the unnecessary emendation '*May of life*,' and several editors have accepted the conjecture.

V. iii 44. '*stuff'd*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*stuft*'; Pope, '*full*'; Steevens conj., adopted by Hunter, '*foul*'; Anon. conj. '*fraught*,' '*press'd*'; Bailey conj. '*stain'd*'; Mull conj. '*steep'd*'; ——; '*stuff*'; so Folios 3, 4; Jackson conj. '*tuft*'; Collier (ed. 2), from Collier MS., '*grief*'; Keightley, '*matter*'; Anon. conj. '*slough*,' '*freight*'; Kinnear conj. '*fraught.*'

V. iii. 55. '*senna*'; so Folio 4; Folio 1, '*Cyme*'; Folios 2, 3, '*Caeny*'; Bulloch conj. '*sirrah.*'

V. iii. 58. '*it*,' *i.e.* the armour.

V. v. 19. '*To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow.*' "Possibly Shakespeare recollected a remarkable engraving in Barclay's *Ship of Fooles*, 1570, copied from that in the older Latin version of 1498" and here reproduced.

The Becker Death-Mask.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Preface.

The Early Editions. The authorised text of *Hamlet* is based on (i.) a Quarto edition published in the year 1604, and (ii.) the First Folio version of 1623, where the play follows *Julius Cæsar* and *Macbeth*, preceding *King Lear*. The Quarto of 1604, has the following title-page:—

"The | Tragicall Historie of | Hamlet, | *Prince of Denmarke*. | By William Shakespeare. | Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much | againe as it was, according to the true and perfect | Coppie. | At London, | Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his | shoppe vnder Saint Dunston's Church in | Fleetstreet. 1604" (*v.* No. 2 of Shakespere Quarto Facsimiles, issued by W. Griggs, under the superintendence of Dr Furnival).

A comparison of the two texts shows that they are derived from independent sources; neither is a true copy of the author's manuscript; the Quarto edition, though very carelessly printed, is longer than the Folio version, and is essentially more valuable; on the other hand, the Folio version contains a few passages which are not found in the Quarto, and contrasts favourably with it in the less important matter of typographical accuracy (*vide* Notes, *passim*).

The two editions represent, in all probability, two distinct acting versions of Shakespeare's perfect text.

Quarto editions appeared in 1605, 1611, *circa* 1611-1637, 1637; each is derived from the edition immediately preceding it, the Quarto of 1605 differing from that of 1604 only in the slightest degree.

The First Quarto. The 1604 edition is generally known as the Second Quarto, to distinguish it from a remarkable production which appeared in the previous year:—

"The | Tragicall Historie of | Hamlet | *Prince of Denmarke* | By William Shake-speare. | As it hath beene diuerse timis acted by his Highnesse ser- | uants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two V- | niuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where | At London printed for N: L. and John Trundell. | 1603."

No copy of this Quarto was known until 1823, when Sir Henry Bunbury discovered the treasure in 'a small Quarto, barbarously cropped, and very ill-bound,' containing some dozen Shakespearian plays. It ultimately became the property of the Duke of Devonshire for the sum of £230. Unfortunately, the last page of the play was missing.

In 1856 another copy was bought from a student of Trinity College, Dublin, by a Dublin book-dealer, for one shilling, and sold by him for £70; it is now in the British Museum. In this copy the title-page is lacking, but it supplies the missing last page of the Devonshire Quarto.*

In connection with the publication of the 1603 Quarto, reference must be made to the following entry in the *Stationers' Registers*:—

"[1602] xxvj to Julij.

James Robertes. Entered for his Copie vnder the handes of master *Pasfield* and master *Waterson* Warden A booke called '*the Revenge* of HAMLETT *Prince* [*of*] *Denmarke*,' *as yt was lateli Acted by the Lord Chamberleyne his servantes* . . . . vjd."

James Robertes, the printer of the 1604 edition, may also have been the printer of the Quarto of 1603, and this entry may have had reference to its projected publication; it is noteworthy that in 1603 "the Lord Chamberlain's Servants" became "The King's Players," and the Quarto states that the play had been acted "by His Highness' Servants." On the other hand, the entry may have been made by Roberts to secure the play to himself, and some "inferior and nameless printer" may have anticipated him by the publication of an imperfect, surreptitious, and garbled version, impudently offering as Shakespeare's such wretched stuff as this:—

"*To be, or not to be, I there's the point,*
To Die, to sleepe, is that all: I all?
No, to sleepe, to dreame, I mary there it goes,
For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,
And borne before an e'erlasting Judge;
From whence no passenger ever return'd,
The vndiscoured country, at whose sight
The happy smile, and the accursed damn'd."

The dullest poetaster could not have been guilty of this nonsense: a

* In 1858 a lithographed facsimile was issued by the Duke, in a very limited impression. The first serviceable edition, and still perhaps the best, appeared in 1860, together with the Quarto of 1604, "*being exact Reprints of the First and Second Editions of Shakespeare's great Drama, from the very rare Originals in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire; with the two texts printed on opposite pages, and so arranged that the parallel passages face each other. And a Bibliographical Preface by Samuel Timmins.* . . . Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this." Lithographic reprints were also issued by E. W. Ashbee and W. Griggs; the text is reprinted in the Cambridge Shakespeare, *etc.*

second-rate playwright might have put these last words in Hamlet's mouth :—

> "*Mine eyes haue lost their sight, my tongue his vse ;*
> *Farewell Horatio, heaven receive my soule ;*"

"*The rest is silence*"—Shakespeare's supreme touch is here.

A rapid examination of the First Quarto reveals the following among its chief divergences :—(i.) the difference in length ; 2143 lines as against 3719 in the later Quarto ; (ii.) the mutilation, or omission, of many passages "distinguished by that blending of psychological insight with imagination and fancy, which is the highest manifestation of Shakespeare's genius" ; (iii.) absurd misplacement and maiming of lines ; distortion of words and phrases ; (iv.) confusion in the order of the scenes ; (v.) difference in characterisation ; *e.g.* the Queen's avowed innocence ("*But as I haue a soul, I swear by heaven, I never knew of this most horrid murder*"), and her active adhesion to the plots against her guilty husband ; (vi.) this latter aspect is brought out in a special scene between Horatio and the Queen, omitted in the later version ; (vii.) the names of some of the characters are not the same as in the subsequent editions ; *Corambis* and *Montano*, for *Polonius* and *Reynaldo*. What, then, is the history of this Quarto ? In the first place it is certain that it must have been printed without authority ; in all probability shorthand notes taken by an incompetent stenographer during the performance of the play formed the basis of the printer's "copy." Thomas Heywood alludes to this method of obtaining plays in the prologue to his *If you know not me, you know no bodie* :—

> "(*This*) *did throng the Seats, he Boxes, and the Stage*
> *So much, that some by Stenography drew*
> *The plot : put it in print :* (*scarce one word trew*)."

The main question at issue is the relation of this piratical version to Shakespeare's work. The various views may be divided as follows :—(i.) there are those who maintain that it is an imperfect production of an old *Hamlet* written by Shakespeare in his youth, and revised by him in his maturer years ; (ii.) others contend that both the First and Second Quartos represent the same version, the difference between the two editions being due to carelessness and incompetence ; (iii.) a third class holds, very strongly, that the First Quarto is a garbled version of an old-fashioned play of *Hamlet*, written by some other dramatist, and revised to a certain extent by Shakespeare about the year 1602 ; so that the original of Quarto 1 represented Shakespeare's *Hamlet* in an intermediate stage ; in Quarto 2 we have for the first time the complete

metamorphosis. All the evidence seems to point to this third view as a plausible settlement of the problem; there is little to be said in favour of the first and second theories.

The Lost Hamlet There is no doubt that a play on the subject of *Hamlet* existed as early as 1589, in which year there appeared Greene's *Menaphon*, with a prefatory epistle by Thomas Nash, containing a summary review of contemporary literature. The following passage occurs in his 'talk' with 'a few of our triviall translators':—

"It is a common practice now a daies amongst a sort of shifting companions, that runne through every arte and thrive by none to leave the trade of *Noverint* (*i.e.* attorney) whereto they were borne, and busie themselves with the endevours of art, that could scarcelie latinize their neck verse if they should have neede; yet English Seneca read by candlelight yeeldes manie good sentences, as *Bloud is a beggar*, and so forth; and if you intreate him faire in a frostie morning, he will afoord you whole *Hamlets*, I should say Handfulls of tragical speaches. But O grief! *Tempus edax rerum;* what is it that will last always? The sea exhaled by drops will in continuance be drie; and Senaca, let bloud line by line, and page by page, at length must needs die to our stage." The play alluded to by Nash did not die to our stage till the end of the century; in Henslowe's *Diary* we find an entry:—"9. of June 1594. . . . R[eceive]d at hamlet. viijs:" the play was performed by the Lord Chamberlain's men, the company to which Shakespeare belonged.

"[Hate Virtue is] a foul lubber," wrote Lodge in *Wit's Miserie, and the World's Madness*, 1596, "and looks as pale as the wisard of the ghost, which cried so miserally at the theator, like an oyster-wife, *Hamlet revenge*." *

In all probability Thomas Kyd was the author of the play alluded to in these passages; his probable authorship is borne out by Nash's subsequent allusion to "the Kidde in Æsope's fable," as also by the character

† Several other allusions occur during the early years of the seventeenth century, evidently to the older Hamlet, *e.g.* Dekker's *Satiromastix*, 1602 ("My Name's Hamlet revenge"); *Westward Hoe*, 1607 (Let these husbands play mad *Hamlet;* and cry *revenge;* Rowland's *The Night Raven*, 1618 ("I will not cry *Hamlet Revenge*," *etc.*). There is a comic passage in *the Looking Glass for London and England*, written by Lodge & Greene, probably before 1589, which strikes me as a burlesque reminiscence of the original of Hamlet, Act I. Sc. ii. 184-240; Adam, the smith's man, exclaims thus to the Clown:—"Alas, sir, your father,—why, sir, methinks I see the gentleman still: a proper youth he was, faith, aged some forty and ten; his beard rat's colour, half black, half white; his nose was in the highest degree of noses," etc.

of his famous *Spanish Tragedy*.* *Hamlet* and *The Spanish Tragedy* may well be described as twin-dramas;† they are both dramas of vengeance; the ghost of the victim tells his story in the one play as in the other; the heroes simulate madness; a faithful Horatio figures in each; a play-scene brings about the catastrophe in the Spanish Tragedy, even as it helps forward the catastrophe in Hamlet; in both plays Nemesis involves in its meshes the innocent as well as the guilty,—the perpetrators of the wrong and the instruments of vengeance. To this same class of drama belongs *Titus Andronicus*, and it is interesting to note that early in his career Shakespeare put his hand to a Hamletian tragedy.‡ Nash's reference to the Senecan character of the lost *Hamlet* receives considerable confirmation when one remembers that Kyd translated into English, from the French, Garnier's Senecan drama entitled *Cornelia*, and it is possible that even in Shakespeare's *Hamlet* we can still detect the fossil remains of Senecan moralisations which figured in the older play, and which were Kyd's reminiscences of Garnier.§

The German Hamlet. It is possible that although the pre-Shakespearian *Hamlet* has perished, we have some portion of the play preserved in a German MS. version bearing the date, "Pretz, October 27th, 1710," which is probably a late and modernised copy of a much older manuscript. The play, entitled "*Der Bestrafte Brudermord oder: Prinz Hamlet aus Dännemark*" (*Fratricide Punished, or Prince Hamlet of Denmark*) was first printed in the year 1781, and has been frequently reprinted; the text, with an English translation, is given in Cohn's fascinating work, "*Shakespeare in Germany in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth*

* *The Spanish Tragedy* and Kyd's other plays are printed in Dodsley's *Old Plays*. An interesting point in Kyd's biography (*vide Dict. Nat. Biog.*) is that his father was in all probability a sort of *Noverint*.

† So much so was this the case that "young Hamlet," and "old Hieronimo," were often referred to together, and the parts were taken by the same actors, *cp.* Burbadge's elegy:—

"Young Hamlet, old Hieronimo,
Kind Leir, the grieved Moore, and more beside
That liv'd in him, have now for ever died:"

Occasionally the two plays were, I think, confused: thus, Armin in his *Nest of Ninnies* (1608) writes:—"There are, as Hamlet saies, things cald whips in store"; Hieronimo certainly says so in the most famous passage of the *Spanish Tragedy*.

‡ *Vide* Preface to *Titus Andronicus*.

§ *e.g.* A thoroughly Senecan sentiment is the Queen's

'*Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die,*
Passing through nature to eternity;'

It occurs almost verbatim in *Cornelia*.

Centuries: An account of English Actors in Germany and the Netherlands, and of the Plays performed by them during the same period" (London, 1865). The 'English Comedians' in all probability carried their play to Germany towards the end of XVI. Century, when a rough German translation was made; but the earliest record of a performance of *Hamlet a Prinz in Dennemarck*, by "the English actors" belongs to the year 1626.*

The intrinsic value of *Fratricide Punished* is small indeed, but two points of historical interest are noteworthy:—(i.) Polonius, as in the First Quarto, is here represented by Corambus, and (ii.) a prologue precedes the play, the persons represented therein being *Night*, *Alecto*, *Thisiphone*, *Miegera*. A strong case can, I think, be made out for the view that this thoroughly Senecan Prologue represents a fragment of the pre-Shakespearian play to which Nash and others made allusion: herein lies the chief merit of this soulless and coarse production

Date of Composition. This question has been indirectly touched upon in the previous paragraphs, and it follows from what has been said that the date of revision, as represented by the Second Quarto, may be fixed at about 1603, while the First Quarto, judging by the entry in the Stationers' Books, belongs to about 1601; at all events a version of *Hamlet*, recognised as Shakespeare's, was in existence before 1602. It is significant that the play is not mentioned in Meres' *Palladis Tamia*, 1598. In the matter of the date of the play "the travelling of the players" (Act II. Sc. ii., 343, *etc.*) is of interest. It must be noted that we have three different forms of the passage in question:—(i.) the reason for the 'travelling' in Quarto 1 is the popularity of a Company of Children; (ii.) in Quarto 2 "*their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation*"; (iii.) in the Folio (the reading in the text) both causes (i.) and (ii.) are combined.

Now it is known that (i.) in 1601 Shakespeare's Company was in disgrace, perhaps because of its share in the Essex Conspiracy; (ii.) that during this year the Children of the Chapel Royal were acting at Blackfriars; (iii.) that towards the end of the year the Globe Company were "travelling." Two views are possible, either that "*inhibition*" is used technically for "a prohibition of theatrical performances by authority"; and '*innovation*'='the political innovation,' or that *inhibition* = 'non-

* In connection with the subject of *Hamlet*, one must not forget the visit of Lord Leicester's servants to Denmark in 1585; Kempe, Bryan, and Pope, three of the company, subsequently joined the Chamberlain's company, and were actors in Shakespeare's plays. Shakespeare's remarkable knowledge of Danish manners and customs may have been derived from these friends of his.

residence,' and '*innovation*' refers to the Company of Children (*vide* Halliwell-Phillipps's *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*; Fleay's *Chronicle History of the London Stage*).

Over and above these points of evidence in fixing the date there is the intimate connection of *Hamlet* and *Julius Cæsar*.*

The Source of the Story. The ultimate source of the plot of *Hamlet* is the *Historia Danica* of Saxo Grammaticus (*i.e.* 'the Lettered'), Denmark's first writer of importance, who lived at the close of the twelfth century.† Saxo's Latinity was much admired, and even Erasmus wondered "how a Dane at that day could have such a force of eloquence." Epitomes in Latin and Low-German were made during the fifteenth century, and Saxo's materials were utilised in various ways, until at length the first printed edition appeared in the year 1514; a second was issued in 1534, and a third in 1576. The tale of Hamlet, contained in the third and fourth books, is certainly the most striking of all Saxo's mythical hero-stories, quite apart from its Shakespearian interest, and Goethe, recognising its dramatic possibilities, thought of treating the subject dramatically on the basis of Saxo's narrative. It is noteworthy that already in the fifteenth century the story was well known throughout the North, "trolled far and wide in popular song"; but its connexion with the English drama was due to the French version given in Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques;* the Hamlet story first appeared in the fifth volume, published in 1570, and again in 1581, 1582, 1591, *etc.* A black-letter English rendering is extant, but the date of the unique copy is 1608, and in certain points shows the influence of the play. There is no evidence that an earlier English version existed. The author of the pre-Shakespearian *Hamlet*, and Shakespeare too, may well have read the story in Belleforest's *Histoires*.‡ Few studies in literary origins are more instructive than to examine how the "rich barbarous tale" of the Danish historian has become transformed into the great soul-tragedy of modern literature. In Saxo's *Amleth* we have at least the frame-work of Shakespeare's *Hamlet:*—the murder of the father by a zealous uncle; the

* *Vide* Preface to *Julius Cæsar*.

† There is an allusion to Hamlet in Icelandic literature some two hundred years before Saxo; and to this day "*Amlothe*" (*i.e. Hamlet*) is synonymous with '*fool*' among the folk there. The history of '*Hamlet in Iceland*' is of great interest (*vide* the *Ambales-saga*, edited by the present writer, by David Nutt). According to Zinzow and others the Saga is originally a nature-myth (*vide Die Hamletsage*).

‡ To Mr Oliver Elton, Prof. York Powell, and the Folk-Lore Society, we owe the first English rendering of the mythical portion of Saxo's work, and a valuable study of Saxo's sources (published by David Nutt, 1894).

mother's incestuous marriage with the murderer; the son's feigned madness in order to execute revenge; these are the vague originals of Ophelia and Polonius; the meeting of mother and son; the voyage to England; all these familiar elements are found in the old tale. But the ghost, the play-scene, and the culmination of the play in the death of the hero as well as of the objects of his revenge, these are elements which belong essentially to the machinery of the Elizabethan Drama of vengeance. It is of course unnecessary to dwell on the subtler distinction between the easily understood Amleth and 'the eternal problem' of Hamlet.* Taine has said that the Elizabethan Renaissance was a Renaissance of the Saxon genius; from this point of view it is significant that its crowning glory should be the presentment of a typical Northern hero,—an embodiment of the Northern character;

"dark and true and tender is the North."

* A *resumé* of Hamlet criticism is given in Vol. II. of Furness' noble edition of the play (London and Philadelphia, 1877).

"*The time is out of joint; O cursed spite,*
That ever I was born to set it right!"

In these words, I imagine, is the key to Hamlet's whole procedure, and to me it is clear that Shakespeare sought to depict a great deed laid upon a soul unequal to the performance of it. In this view I find the piece composed throughout. Here is an oak-tree planted in a costly vase, which should have received into its bosom only lovely flowers; the roots spread out, the vase is shivered to pieces.

A beautiful, pure, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which makes the hero, sinks beneath a burden which it can neither bear nor throw off; every duty is holy to him,—this too hard. The impossible is required of him,—not the impossible in itself, but the impossible to him. How he winds, turns, agonizes, advances, and recoils, ever reminded, ever reminding himself, and at last almost loses his purpose from his thoughts, without ever again recovering his peace of mind. . .

It pleases, it flatters us greatly, to see a hero who acts of himself, who loves and hates us as his heart prompts, undertaking and executing, thrusting aside all hindrances, and accomplishing a great purpose. Historians and poets would fain persuade us that so proud a lot may fall to man. In *Hamlet* we are taught otherwise; the hero has no plan, but the piece is full of plan. . . .

Hamlet is endowed more properly with sentiment than with a character; it is events alone that push him on; and accordingly the piece has somewhat the amplification of a novel. But as it is Fate that draws the plan, as the piece proceeds from a deed of terror, and the hero is steadily driven on to a deed of terror, the work is tragic in its highest sense, and admits of no other than a tragic end.

Goethe: *Wilhelm Meister.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLAUDIUS, *king of Denmark.*
HAMLET, *son to the late, and nephew to the present king*
POLONIUS, *lord chamberlain.*
HORATIO, *friend to Hamlet.*
LAERTES, *son to Polonius.*
VOLTIMAND,
CORNELIUS,
ROSENCRANTZ,
GUILDENSTERN,
OSRIC,
A Gentleman,
} courtiers.
A Priest.
MARCELLUS,
BERNARDO,
} officers.
FRANCISCO, *a soldier.*
REYNALDO, *servant to Polonius.*
Players.
Two clowns, grave-diggers.
FORTINBRAS, *prince of Norway.*
A Captain.
English Ambassadors.

GERTRUDE, *queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.*
OPHELIA, *daughter to Polonius.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

SCENE: *Denmark.*

The Tragedy of
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Elsinore. A platform before the castle.

Francisco at his post. Enter to him Bernardo.

Ber. Who's there?
Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.
Ber. Long live the king!
Fran. Bernardo?
Ber. He.
Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.
Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.
Fran. For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
Ber. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.
Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.
Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who is there?

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier:

Who hath relieved you?

Fran. Bernardo hath my place.
Give you good night. [*Exit.*

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

Ber. Say,
What, is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night,
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down a while;
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we have two nights seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,
When yond same star that 's westward from the pole
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that 's dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.
Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.
Hor. Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.
Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Question it, Horatio.
Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See, it stalks away!
Hor. Stay! Speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!
[*Exit Ghost.*
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on 't?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the king?
Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
'Tis strange.
Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,

This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land,
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign marts for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week;
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:
Who is 't that can inform me?
Hor. That can I;
At least the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dared to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet—
For so this side of our known world esteem'd him—
Did slay this Fortinbras; who by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands
Which he stood seized of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same covenant
And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved metal hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
Shark'd up a list of lawless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise

That hath a stomach in 't: which is no other—
As it doth well appear unto our state—
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other but e'en so:
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch, so like the king
That was and is the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:

. . . . . .

As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:
And even the like precurse of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates
And prologue to the omen coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrate
Unto our climatures and countrymen.

Re-enter Ghost.

But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,

Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it: stay, and speak! [*The cock crows.*] Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here!

Hor. 'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone! [*Exit Ghost.*

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day, and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard and do in part believe it.
But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill:
Break we our watch up; and by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room of state in the castle.

Flourish. Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords, and Attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.

Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress to this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,—
With an auspicious and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along. For all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the business is: we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject: and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king more than the scope
Of these delated articles allow.
Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. } In that and all things will we show our duty.
Vol. }

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.
[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*
And now, Laertes, what 's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is 't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France,
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition, and at last
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will!
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. [*Aside*] A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,

And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever with thy vailed lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not 'seems.'
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,
That can denote me truly: these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.
King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father.
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persever
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know must be and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,

Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
'This must be so.' We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:
I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:
Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come;
This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.
[*Flourish. Exeunt all but Hamlet.*

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on 't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month—
Let me not think on 't—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears:—why she, even she,—
O God! a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with my uncle,
My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules: within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good:
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.
Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?
Marcellus?
Mar. My good lord?
Ham. I am very glad to see you. [*To Ber.*] Good even, sir.
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?
Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.
Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so,
Nor shall you do my ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked-meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
My father!—methinks I see my father.
Hor. O where, my lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw? who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.
Ham. The king my father!
Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For God's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.
Ham. Did you not speak to it?
Hor. My lord, I did,
But answer made it none: yet once methought
It lifted up it head and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But even then the morning cock crew loud,

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true,
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

Mar. *Ber.* We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Mar. *Ber.* Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Mar. *Ber.* My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Mar. *Ber.* Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grizzled? no?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.
Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.
All. Our duty to your honour.
Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.
[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
[*Exit.*

Scene III.

A room in Polonius's house.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd: farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.
Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.
Oph. No more but so?
Laer. Think it no more:
For nature crescent does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now;
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself, for on his choice depends
The safety and health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choice be circumscribed
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
And keep you in the rear of your affection,

Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed,
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads
And recks not his own rede.

Laer. O, fear me not.
I stay too long: but here my father comes.

Enter Polonius.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! Aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There; my blessing with thee!
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear 't, that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgement.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Pol. What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you, and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.

If it be so—as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution—I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby,
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running it thus—you 'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importuned me with love
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,
You must not take for fire. From this time
Be something scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walk

Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,
Not of that dye which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment leisure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you: come your ways.
Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The platform.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is struck.
Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: it then draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off within.*
What doth this mean, my lord?
Ham. The king doth wake to-night and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is 't:
But to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,—
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners, that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo—
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!
Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again: I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still.
Go on; I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be ruled; you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
Still am I call'd: unhand me, gentlemen;
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me:
I say, away! Go on; I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him

Hor. Have after. To what issue will this come

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another part of the platform.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak; I 'll go no further
Ghost. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
Ham. Alas, poor ghost!
Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

Ham. O God!
Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
Ham. Murder!
Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haste me to know 't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.
Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.
Ham. O my prophetic soul!
My uncle!
Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,—
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be moved,

Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive

Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. [*Exit.*

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark.
[*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.'
I have sworn 't.

Hor. } [*Within*] My lord, my lord!
Mar. }

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord Hamlet!
Hor. Heaven secure him!
Ham. So be it!
Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.
Mar. How is 't, my noble lord?
Hor. What news, my lord?
Ham. O, wonderful!
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No; you will reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.
Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man once think it?
But you 'll be secret?
Hor. } Ay, by heaven, my lord.
Mar. }
Ham. There 's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he 's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right; you are i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part.
You, as your business and desire shall point you;
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is; and for my own poor part,
Look you, I 'll go pray.
Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
Ham. I 'm sorry they offend you, heartily;

Yes, faith, heartily.

Hor. There 's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is 't, my lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. } My lord, we will not.
Mar. }

Ham. Nay, but swear 't.

Hor. In faith,
My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?
Come on: you hear this fellow in the cellarage:
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Hic et ubique? then we 'll shift our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:

Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.
Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?
A worthy pioner! Once more remove, good friends.
Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
But come;
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As 'Well, well, we know,' or 'We could, an if we would.'
Or 'If we list to speak,' or 'There be, an if they might,'
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me: this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.
Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.
Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! [*They swear.*] So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A room in Polonius's house.

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.

Pol. Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.
Rey. I will, my lord.
Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquire
Of his behaviour.
Rey. My lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Marry, well said, very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris,
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense, and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, 'I know his father and his friends,
And in part him': do you mark this, Reynaldo?
Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.
Pol. 'And in part him; but,' you may say, 'not well:
But if 't be he I mean, he 's very wild,
Addicted so and so'; and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But, sir, such wanton, wild and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
Drabbing: you may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly
That they may seem the taints of liberty,
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assured
He closes with you in this consequence;
'Good sir,' or so, or 'friend,' or 'gentleman,'
According to the phrase or the addition
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.
Pol. And then, sir, does he this—he does—what was I about to say? By the mass, I was about to say something: where did I leave?
Rey. At 'closes in the consequence,' at 'friend or so,' and 'gentleman.'
Pol. At 'closes in the consequence,' ay, marry;
He closes with you thus: 'I know the gentleman;
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, or then, with such, or such, and, as you say,
There was a' gaming, there o'ertook in 's rouse,
There falling out at tennis:' or perchance,
'I saw him enter such a house of sale,'
Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth.
See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out:
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?
Rey. My lord, I have.
Pol. God be wi' ye; fare ye well.
Rey. Good my lord!
Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.
Rey. I shall, my lord.
Pol. And let him ply his music.
Rey. Well, my lord.
Pol. Farewell! [*Exit Reynaldo.*

Enter Ophelia.

How now, Ophelia! what 's the matter?

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!
Pol. With what, i' the name of God?
Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced,
No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd and down-gyved to his ancle;
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors, he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I do not know,
But truly I do fear it.
Pol. What said he?
Oph. He took me by the wrist and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being: that done, he lets me go:
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their helps,
And to the last bended their light on me.
Pol. Come, go with me: I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property fordoes itself
And leads the will to desperate undertakings

As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord, but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better heed and judgement
I had not quoted him: I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wreck thee; but beshrew my jealousy!
By heaven, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.
Come [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room in the castle.

Flourish. Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so call it,
Sith nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,

More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with him
And sith so neighbour'd to his youth and haviour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,
That open'd lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us a while
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz:
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son. Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him!
Queen. Ay, amen!
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and some Attendants.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.
King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.
Pol. Have I, my lord? I assure my good liege,
I hold my duty as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king:
And I do think, or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath used to do, that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.
King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.
Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.
King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.
[*Exit Polonius.*
He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.
Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main;
His father's death and our o'erhasty marriage.
King. Well, we shall sift him.

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand and Cornelius.

Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?
Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd

To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack,
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat grieved,
That so his sickness, age and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown,
[*Giving a paper.*
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well,
And at our more consider'd time we 'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour:
Go to your rest; at night we 'll feast together:
Most welcome home!
[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*

Pol. This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit

And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is 't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity,
And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter,—have while she is mine,—
Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now gather and surmise. [*Reads.*

'To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia.'—

That 's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; 'beautified' is a vile phrase: but you shall hear. Thus: [*Reads.*

'In her excellent white bosom, these,' &c.

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful. [*Reads.*

'Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.

'O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.

'Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, HAMLET.'

This in obedience hath my daughter shown me;
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Received his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,—
As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,—what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
'Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;
This must not be': and then I prescripts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he repulsed, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness, and by this declension

Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think this?

Queen. It may be, very like.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I'ld fain know that,
That I have positively said ''tis so,'
When it proved otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. [*Pointing to his head and shoulder*] Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

Queen. But look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away:
I'll board him presently.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.*

Enter Hamlet, reading.

O, give me leave: how does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?
Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.
Pol. Not I, my lord.
Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.
Pol. Honest, my lord!
Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.
Pol. That's very true, my lord.
Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion — Have you a daughter?
Pol. I have, my lord.
Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive,— friend, look to 't.
Pol. [*Aside*] How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again. —What do you read, my lord?
Ham. Words, words, words.
Pol. What is the matter, my lord?
Ham. Between who?
Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.
Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to

have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall grow old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

Pol. [*Aside*] Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't.—Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave.

Pol. Indeed, that 's out of the air. [*Aside*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal: except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. [*To Polonius*] God save you, sir! [*Exit Polonius.*

Guil. My honoured lord!

Ros. My most dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do you both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy;
On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?
Ros. Neither, my lord.
Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?
Guil. Faith, her privates we.
Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What's the news?
Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.
Ham. Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?
Guil. Prison, my lord!
Ham. Denmark's a prison.
Ros. Then is the world one.
Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.
Ros. We think not so, my lord.
Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.
Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.
Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nut-shell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.
Guil. Which dreams indeed are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.
Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. } We'll wait upon you.
Guil. }

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why, any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be

even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no.

Ros. [*Aside to Guil.*] What say you?

Ham. [*Aside*] Nay then, I have an eye of you.— If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late —but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said 'man delights not me'?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall

receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sere, and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for 't. What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, are they not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an eyrie of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question and are most tyrannically clapped for 't: these are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages—so they call them—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither?

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the

quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players,—as it is most like, if their means are no better,—their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides, and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy: there was for a while no money bid for argument unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange; for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outwards, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Re-enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern; and you too at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling clouts.

Ros. Happily he 's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it. You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 'twas so, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why,

'One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.'

Pol. [*Aside*] Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord?

Ham. Why,

'As by lot, God wot,'

and then you know,

'It came to pass, as most like it was,'—

the first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, where my abridgement comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. I am glad to see thee well. Welcome, good friends. O, my old friend! Why thy face is valanced since I saw thee last; comest thou to beard me in Denmark? What, my young lady and mistress! By 'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We 'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we 'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

First Play. What speech, my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it

was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgements in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affection; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;

'The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Hyrcanian beast,'—
It is not so: it begins with 'Pyrrhus.'
'The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal: head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Baked and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder: roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.'

So, proceed you.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

First Play. 'Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region, so after Pyrrhus' pause
Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forged for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod take away her power,
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven

As low as to the fiends!'

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard. Prithee, say on: he's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps: say on: come to Hecuba.

First Play. 'But who, O, who had seen the mobled queen—'

Ham. 'The mobled queen!'

Pol. That's good; 'mobled queen' is good.

First Play. 'Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames
With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood; and for a robe,
About her lank and all o'erteemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounced:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
Unless things mortal move them not at all,
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.'

Pol. Look, whether he has not turned his colour and has tears in's eyes. Prithee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon. Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used, for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time: after your death

you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. God's bodykins, man, much better: use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we 'll hear a play to-morrow. [*Exit Polonius with all the Players but the First.*] Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the Murder of Gonzago?

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We 'll ha 't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in 't, could you not?

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit First Player.*] My good friends, I 'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' ye! [*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*] Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,

A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Ha!
'Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall,
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O, vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,

Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon't! foh! About my brain! Hum, I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this. The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [*Exit.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A room in the castle.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet

With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted,
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court,
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclined.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here

Affront Ophelia:
Her father and myself, lawful espials,
Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If't be the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit Queen.*

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves. [*To Ophelia.*] Read on this book;
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much proved—that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. [*Aside*] O, 'tis too true!
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burthen!

Pol. I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt King and Polonius.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die: to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,

And enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action. Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you: well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;
And with them words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go: farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well

enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[*Exit.*

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword:
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh·
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger: which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down:—he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:

Haply the seas and countries different
With variable objects shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on 't?

Pol. It shall do well: but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia!
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all. My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief: let her be round with him;
And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him, or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A hall in the castle.

Enter Hamlet and Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion,

you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

First Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

First Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. [*Exeunt Players.*

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste. [*Exit Polonius.*]
Will you help to hasten them?

Ros. / *Guil.* We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Ham. What ho! Horatio!

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,

To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those
Whose blood and judgement are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death:
I prithee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgements join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:
If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing

And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play : I must be idle : Get you a place.

Danish march. A flourish. Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and other Lords attendant, with the Guard carrying torches.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet ?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith ; of the chameleon's dish : I eat the air, promise-crammed : you cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet ; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. [*To Polonius*] My lord, you played once i' the university, you say ?

Pol. That did I, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. What did you enact ?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar : I was killed i' the Capitol ; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready ?

Ros. Ay, my lord ; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here 's metal more attractive.

Pol. [*To the King.*] O, ho ! do you mark that ?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap ?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap ?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters ?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within's two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by'r lady, he must build churches then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, 'For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.'

Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.

Enter a King and a Queen very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three

Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love. [*Exeunt.*

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they 'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant? 150

Ham. Ay, or any show that you 'll show him: be not you ashamed to show, he 'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught: I 'll mark the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord. 160

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter two Players, King and Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands

Unite commutual in most sacred bands.
P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women's fear and love holds quantity,
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know,
And as my love is sized, my fear is so:
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear,
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.
P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, beloved; and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou—
P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.
Ham. [*Aside*] Wormwood, wormwood.
P. Queen. The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.
P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak,
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,

But fall unshaken when they mellow be,
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change,
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies:
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend;
For who not needs shall never lack a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well and it destroy!
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,

If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now!

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain! [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in 't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what o' that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husbands. Begin, murderer; pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come: the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.
[*Pours the poison into the sleeper's ear.*

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: you shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light. Away!

Pol. Lights, lights, lights!
[*Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.*

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep:
Thus runs the world away.
Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers—if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.
For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—pajock.
Hor. You might have rhymed.
Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?
Hor. Very well, my lord.
Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning?
Hor. I did very well note him.
Ham. Ah, ha! Come, some music! come, the recorders!
For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.
Come, some music!

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.
Ham. Sir, a whole history.
Guil. The king, sir,—
Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?
Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.
Ham. With drink, sir?
Guil. No, my lord, rather with choler.
Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.
Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.
Ham. I am tame, sir: pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says; your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heel of this mother's admiration? Impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but 'while the grass grows,'—the proverb is something musty.

Re-enter Players with recorders.

O, the recorders! let me see one. To withdraw with you:—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot,

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. It is as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instru-

ment you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me.

Re-enter Polonius.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that 's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by. They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so. [*Exit Polonius.*

Ham. 'By and by' is easily said. Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.
O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent! [*Exit.*

Scene III.

A room in the castle.

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you,
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.
Guil. We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe
That live and feed upon your majesty.
Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keep itself from noyance; but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depends and rests
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
What 's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortised and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.
King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage,
For we will fetters put about this fear
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. *Guil.* We will haste us.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he 's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I 'll convey myself,
To hear the process; I 'll warrant she 'll tax him home:
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
I 'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit Polonius.*

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what 's in prayer but this twofold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I 'll look up;
My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer

Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul murder?'
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that struggling to be free
Art more engaged! Help, angels! make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees, and, heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. [*Retires and kneels.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't: and so he goes to heaven:
And so am I revenged. That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;

And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: and am I then revenged,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed; 90
At game, a-swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in 't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*

King. [*Rising*] My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

The Queen's closet.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him:
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll sconce me even here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [*Within*] Mother, mother, mother!

Queen. I'll warrant you; fear me not. Withdraw, I hear him coming. [*Polonius hides behind the arras*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!
Ham. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And—would it were not so!—you are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.
Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!
Pol. [*Behind*] What, ho! help, help, help!
Ham. [*Drawing*] How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead! [*Makes a pass through the arras.*
Pol. [*Behind*] O, I am slain! [*Falls and dies.*
Queen. O me, what hast thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not: is it the king?
Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!
Ham. A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a king!
Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.
[*Lifts up the arras and discovers Polonius.*
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune;
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.
Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not brass'd it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou darest wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal

To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband. Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgement: and what judgement
Would step from this to this? Sense sure you have,
Else could you not have motion: but sure that sense
Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserved some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason pandars will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live

In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty,—

Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words like daggers enter in my ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet!

Ham. A murderer and a villain;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more!

Ham. A king of shreds and patches—

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad!

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look, amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul:
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works:
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is 't with you,

That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements,
Start up and stand an end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him! Look you how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look upon me,
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he lived!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
[*Exit Ghost.*

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,

Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come,
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue,
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence; the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either . . . the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night:
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,
[*Pointing to Polonius.*
I do repent: but heaven hath pleased it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.

I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assured, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack,
I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my two schoolfellows,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;

For 'tis the sport to have the enginer
Hoist with his own petar: and 't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet.
This man shall set me packing:
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.
Mother, good night. Indeed this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally; Hamlet dragging in Polonius.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

A room in the castle.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. There 's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves:
You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Ah, mine own lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries 'A rat, a rat!'
And in this brainish apprehension kills

The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd and out of haunt,
This mad young man: but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit,
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse. Ho, Guildenstern!

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*
Come, Gertrude, we 'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,

And what 's untimely done. . . . .
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter
As level as the cannon to his blank
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name
And hit the woundless air. O, come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Another room in the castle.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Ros. } [*Within*] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!
Guil. }

Ham. But soft, what noise? who calls on Hamlet?
O, here they come.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge! what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps

them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guil. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another room in the castle.

Enter King, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes,
And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencrantz.

How now! what hath befall'n?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.
King. But where is he?
Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.
King. Bring him before us.
Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

King. Now, Hamlet, where 's Polonius?
Ham. At supper.
King. At supper! where?
Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes, but to one table: that 's the end.
King. Alas, alas!
Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.
King. What dost thou mean by this?
Ham. Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.
King. Where is Polonius?
Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.
King. Go seek him there. [*To some Attendants.*

Ham. He will stay till you come. [*Exeunt Attendants.*

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thyself;
The bark is ready and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them. But, come; for England! Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh, and so, my mother. Come, for England! [*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night:
Away! for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair: pray you, make haste.
[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*
And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught—
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us—thou mayst not coldly set
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters congruing to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,

And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.
[*Exit.*

Scene IV.

A plain in Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, a Captain and Soldiers, marching.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
Tell him that by his license Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promised march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye;
And let him know so.
Cap. I will do't, my lord.
For. Go softly on.
[*Exeunt Fortinbras and Soldiers.*

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and others.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?
Cap. They are of Norway, sir.
Ham. How purposed, sir, I pray you?
Cap. Against some part of Poland.
Ham. Who commands them, sir?
Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.
Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?
Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;

Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.
Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.
Cap. Yes, it is already garrison'd.
Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir.
Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit.*
Ros. Will 't please you go, my lord?
Ham. I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.
[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*
How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unused. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say 'this thing's to do,'
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do 't. Examples gross as earth exhort me:
Witness this army, of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd
Makes mouths at the invisible event,

Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour 's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasy and trick of fame
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [*Exit.*

Scene V.

Elsinore. A room in the castle.

Enter Queen, Horatio, and a gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Gent. She is importunate, indeed distract:
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Gent. She speaks much of her father, says she hears
There 's tricks i' the world, and hems and beats her heart,
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,

And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks and nods and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hor. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in. [*Exit Gentleman.*

[*Aside*] To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter Gentleman, with Ophelia.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia!

Oph. [*Sings*] How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff
And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

[*Sings*] He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

Oh, oh!

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.

[*Sings*] White his shroud as the mountain snow,—

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. [*Sings*] Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ild you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

[*Sings*] To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

[*Sings*] By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed.

He answers:

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient:

but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exit Horatio.*

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions! First, her father slain:
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,
In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgement,
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts:
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering-piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death. [*A noise within.*

Queen. Alack, what noise is this?

King. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.

Enter another Gentleman.

What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord:
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry 'Choose we; Laertes shall be king!'
Caps, hands and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
'Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!'

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!
[*Noise within.*

King. The doors are broke.

Enter Laertes, armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king? Sirs, stand you all without.

Danes. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Danes. We will, we will. [*They retire without the door.*

Laer. I thank you: keep the door. O thou vile king,
Give me my father!

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard;
Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brows
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed: let him go, Gertrude:
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation: to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world:
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge
That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak

Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgement pierce
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*Within*] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter Ophelia.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens! is 't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. [*Sings*] They bore him barefaced on the bier:
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny:
And in his grave rain'd many a tear,—
Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. [*Sings*] You must sing down a-down,
An you call him a-down-a.
O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing 's more than matter.

Oph. There 's rosemary, that 's for remembrance: pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that 's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines: there's rue for you: and here's some for me: we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays: O, you must wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy: I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died: they say a' made a good end,—

[*Sings*] For bonnie sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Oph. [*Sings*] And will a' not come again?
And will a' not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God be wi' you. [*Exit.*

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will.
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,

Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.

King. So you shall;
And where the offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Another room in the castle.

Enter Horatio and a Servant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

Serv. Sea-faring men, sir: they say they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in. [*Exit Servant.*
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

First Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

First Sail. He shall, sir, an 't please him. There 's a letter for you, sir; it comes from the ambassador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [*Reads*] 'Horatio, when thou shalt have over-

looked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy: but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much speed as thou wouldest fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

'He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET.'

Come, I will make you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Another room in the castle.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears: but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons,
Which may to you perhaps seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they 're strong. The queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself—
My virtue or my plague, be it either which—
She 's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections: but my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with danger
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I loved your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—

Enter a Messenger, with letters.

How now! what news?

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:
They were given me by Claudio; he received them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.
Leave us. [*Exit Messenger.*

[*Reads*] 'High and mighty, You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return. 'HAMLET.'

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. 'Naked'!
And in a postscript here, he says 'alone'.
Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
'Thus didest thou.'

King. If it be so, Laertes,—
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
Will you be ruled by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be ruled;
The rather, if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness. Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy:—
I've seen myself, and served against, the French,
And they can well on horseback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse
As had he been incorpsed and demi-natured
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,

Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch indeed
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed
If one could match you: the scrimers of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you opposed them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time,
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still,
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,

Dies in his own too much: that we would do
We should do when we would; for this 'would' changes
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,
And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer:
Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,
To show yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place indeed should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home:
We 'll put on those shall praise your excellence
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you in fine together
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do 't;
And for that purpose I 'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratch'd withal: I 'll touch my point

With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd: therefore this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold
If this did blast in proof. Soft! let me see:
We 'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings:
I ha 't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry—
As make your bouts more violent to that end—
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepared him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen!

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself

Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And mermaid-like a while they bore her up:
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then she is drown'd!

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adieu, my lord:
I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly douts it. [*Exit.*

King. Let 's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give it start again;
Therefore let 's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

A churchyard.

Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.

First Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

Sec. Clo. I tell thee she is; and therefore make her

grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

First Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

Sec. Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

First Clo. It must be 'se offendendo'; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

Sec. Clo. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

First Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

Sec. Clo. But is this law?

First Clo. Ay, marry, is 't; crowner's quest law.

Sec. Clo. Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o' Christian burial.

First Clo. Why, there thou say'st: and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers and grave-makers: they hold up Adam's profession.

Sec. Clo. Was he a gentleman?

First Clo. A' was the first that ever bore arms.

Sec. Clo. Why, he had none.

First Clo. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says Adam digged: could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

Sec. Clo. Go to.

First Clo. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Sec. Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

First Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again, come.

Sec. Clo. 'Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?'

First Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Sec. Clo. Marry, now I can tell.

First Clo. To 't.

Sec. Clo. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio, afar off.

First Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are asked this question next, say, 'a grave-maker': the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor. [*Exit Sec. Clown.*

[*He digs, and sings.*

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for-a my behove,
O, methought, there-a was nothing-a meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

First Clo. [*Sings*] But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intil the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say 'Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, sweet lord?' This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no

more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on 't.

First Clo. [*Sings*] A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another skull.*

Ham. There 's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave 's this, sirrah?

First Clo. Mine, sir.

[*Sings*] O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine indeed, for thou liest in 't.

First Clo. You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore 'tis not yours: for my part, I do not lie in 't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

First Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

First Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman then?

First Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in 't?

First Clo. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she 's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, this three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker!

First Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last King Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

First Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was that very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

First Clo. Why, because a' was mad: a' shall recover

his wits there; or, if a' do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

First Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

First Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How 'strangely'?

First Clo. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

First Clo. Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

First Clo. I' faith, if a' be not rotten before a' die—as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in—a' will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

First Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that a' will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now: this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

First Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

First Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Ham. This?
First Clo. E'en that.
Ham. Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chop-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.
Hor. What 's that, my lord?
Ham. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?
Hor. E'en so.
Ham. And smelt so? pah! [*Puts down the skull.*
Hor. E'en so, my lord.
Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?
Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.
Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough and likelihood to lead it: as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam,

whereto he was converted, might they not stop
a beer-barrel?

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft! aside: here comes the king.

Enter Priests, &c. in procession; the Corpse of Ophelia, Laertes and Mourners following; King, Queen, their trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers: who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life: 'twas of some estate.
Couch we awhile, and mark. [*Retiring with Horatio.*

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes, a very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

First Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
As we have warranty: her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order.
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints and pebbles should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

First Priest. No more be done:
We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a requiem and such rest to her

As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth:
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. [*Scattering flowers*] Sweets to the sweet: farewell!
I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Deprived thee of! Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:
[*Leaps into the grave.*
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
To o'ertop old Pelion or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing*] What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the grave.*

Laer. The devil take thy soul! [*Grappling with him.*

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.
Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!
All. Gentlemen,—
Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.
[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*
Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.
Queen. O my son, what theme? 280
Ham. I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?
King. O, he is mad, Laertes.
Queen. For love of God, forbear him.
Ham. 'Swounds, show me what thou 'lt do:
Woo 't weep? woo 't fight? woo 't fast? woo 't tear thyself?
Woo 't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?
I 'll do 't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave? 290
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,
I 'll rant as well as thou.
Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping.
Ham. Hear you, sir; 300

What is the reason that you use me thus?
I loved you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [*Exit.*

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.
[*Exit Horatio.*

[*To Laertes*] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
We'll put the matter to the present push.
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A hall in the castle.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other;
You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep: methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,
And praised be rashness for it, let us know,
Our indiscretion sometime serves us well
When our deep plots do pall; and that should learn us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark

Groped I to find out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again; making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,—
O royal knavery!—an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is 't possible?

Ham. Here 's the commission: read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villanies,—
Or I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play,—I sat me down;
Devised a new commission; wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service: wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such-like 'As' es of great charge,

That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal:
Folded the writ up in the form of the other;
Subscribed it; gave 't the impression; placed it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, think'st thee, stand me now upon—
He that hath kill'd my king, and whored my mother;
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage—is 't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm? and is 't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;

And a man's life 's no more than to say 'One.'
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll court his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace! who comes here?

Enter Osric.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir. Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'tis a chough, but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot, or my complexion—

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, as 'twere, —I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his majesty

bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager on your head: sir, this is the matter—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*

Osr. Nay, good my lord; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article, and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror, and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me. Well, sir?

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What 's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That 's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hanger, and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter if we could carry a cannon by our sides: I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that 's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this 'imponed,' as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a dozen

passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer 'no'?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I redeliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect, sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. [*Exit Osric.*] He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug before he sucked it. Thus has he—and many more of the same breed that I know the drossy age dotes on—only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you

by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king and queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. *Exit Lord.*

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit; we defy augury: there is special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all; since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, and Lords, Osric and other Attendants with foils and gauntlets; a table and flagons of wine on it.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.
[*The King puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's.*

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you wrong;
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows,
And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd
With sore distraction. What I have done,
That might your nature, honour and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness: if't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder masters of known honour
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungored. But till that time

I do receive your offer'd love like love
And will not wrong it.
Ham. I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils. Come on.
Laer. Come, one for me.
Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.
Laer. You mock me, sir.
Ham. No, by this hand.
King. Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?
Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace has laid the odds o' the weaker side.
King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both:
But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.
Laer. This is too heavy; let me see another.
Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length?
[*They prepare to play.*
Osr. Ay, my good lord.
King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their accordance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,

'Now the king drinks to Hamlet.' Come, begin;
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.
Ham. Come on, sir.
Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Judgement.
Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well; again.
King. Stay; give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here 's to thy health.
[*Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within.*
Give him the cup.
Ham. I 'll play this bout first; set it by a while.
Come. [*They play.*] Another hit; what say you?
Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.
King. Our son shall win.
Queen. He 's fat and scant of breath.
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.
Ham. Good madam!
King. Gertrude, do not drink.
Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.
King. [*Aside*] It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.
Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My lord, I 'll hit him now.
King. I do not think 't.
Laer. [*Aside*] And yet it is almost against my conscience.
Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally;
I pray you, pass with your best violence;
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on. [*They play.*
Osr. Nothing, neither way.
Laer. Have at you now!
[*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*
King. Part them; they are incensed.
Ham. Nay, come, again. [*The Queen falls.*
Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!
Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is it, my lord?
Osr. How is 't, Laertes?
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the queen?
King. She swounds to see them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet,—
The drink, the drink! I am poison'd. [*Dies.*
Ham. O villany! Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out. [*Laertes falls.*
Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again: thy mother's poison'd:
I can no more: the king, the king 's to blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too!
Then, venom, to thy work. [*Stabs the King.*
All. Treason! treason!
King. O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.
Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion: is thy union here?

Follow my mother. [*King dies.*

Laer. He is justly served;
It is a poison temper'd by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time—as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest—O, I could tell you—
But let it be. Horatio, I am dead;
Thou livest; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it:
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here 's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou 'rt a man,
Give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I 'll have 't.
O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story. [*March afar off, and shot within.*
What warlike noise is this?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'ercrows my spirit:

I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited. The rest is silence. [*Dies.*

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
[*March within.*
Why does the drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras, and the English Ambassadors, with drum, colours, and Attendants.

Fort. Where is this sight?
Hor. What is it you would see?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.
Fort. This quarry cries on havoc. O proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?
First Amb. The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfilled,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his mouth
Had it the ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England
Are here arrived, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;

And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgements, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldiers' music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.
Take up the bodies: such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*A dead march. Exeunt, bearing off the bodies: after which a peal of ordnance is shot off.*

Glossary.

A', he (Folios, "*he*"); II. i. 58.

About, get to your work! II. ii. 614.

Above; "more a.," moreover; II. ii. 126.

Abridgement (Folios, "*Abridgements*"), entertainment for pastime (with perhaps a secondary idea of that which makes one brief and shortens tedious conversation); II. ii. 437.

Absolute, positive; V. i. 148; perfect, faultless (used by Osric); V. ii. 108.

Abstract, summary, or epitome; (Folios, "*abstracts*"); II. ii. 545.

Abuse, delusion; IV. vii. 51.

Abuses, deceives; II. ii. 629.

Acquittance, acquittal; IV. vii. 1.

Act, operation (Warburton, "*effect*"); I. ii. 205.

Adam's profession; V. i. 32. (*Cp.* the annexed cut.)

From a XIVth century sculpture at Rouen.

Addition, title; I. iv. 20.

Address, prepare; I. ii. 216.

Admiration, wonder, astonishment; I. ii. 192.

Adulterate, adulterous; I. v. 42.

Æneas' tale to Dido; burlesque lines from an imaginary play written after the grandiloquent manner of quasi-classical plays (*e.g.* Nash's contributions to Marlowe's *Dido, Queen of Carthage*); II. ii. 466.

Afeard, afraid; V. ii. 302.

Affection, affectation (Folios, "*affectation*"); II. ii. 462.

Affront, confront, encounter; III. i. 31.

A-foot, in progress; III. ii. 83.

After, according to; II. ii. 552.

Against, in anticipation of; III. iv. 50.

Aim, guess; IV. v. 9.

Allowance, permission (according to some, "regards of a."=allowable conditions); II. ii. 79.

Amaze, confound, bewilder; II. ii. 588.

Amazement, astonishment; III. ii. 334.

Ambition, attainment of ambition; III. iii. 55.

Amble, move in an affected manner; III. i. 149.

Amiss, misfortune; IV. v. 18.

Anchor's, Anchorite's, hermit's; III. ii. 226.

'*And will he not come again*,' etc.; a well-known song found in song-books of the period, called *The Milkmaid's Dumps;* IV. v. 190.

An end, on end (Quarto 1, "*on end*"); I. v. 19.

Angle, angling-line; V. ii. 66.
An if, if; I. v. 177.
Annexment, appendage; III. iii. 21.
Anon, soon, presently; II. ii. 505.
Answer, reply to a challenge; V. ii. 169.
Answer'd, explained; IV. i. 16.
Antic, disguised, fantastic; I. v. 172.
Antique, ancient; V. ii. 344.
Apart, aside, away; IV. i. 24.
Ape; "the famous ape," etc., a reference to an old fable which has not yet been identified; III. iv. 193-196.
Apoplex'd, affected with apoplexy; III. iv. 73.
Appointment, equipment; IV. vi. 16.
Apprehension, conception, perception; II. ii. 319.
Approve, affirm, confirm, I. i. 29; credit, make approved, V. ii. 135.
Appurtenance, proper accompaniment; II. ii. 386.
Argal, Clown's blunder for *ergo*; V. i. 13.
Argument, subject, plot of a play; II. ii. 370.
——, subject in dispute; IV iv. 54.
Arm you, prepare yourselves; III. iii. 24.
Arras, tapestry (originally made at Arras); II. ii. 163.
Article, clause in an agreement, I. i. 94; "a soul of great a.," *i.e.* a soul with so many qualities that its inventory would be very large, V. ii. 118.
As, as if; II. i. 91.
——, as if, as though, IV. v. 103; so, IV. vii. 159; namely, I. iv. 25.
As'es, used quibblingly (Folios, "*Assis*"; Quartos, "*as sir*"); V. ii. 43.
Aslant, across; IV. vii. 168.
Assault; "of general a.," incident to all men; II. i. 35.
Assay, trial, test; II. ii. 71.
——, try; III. i. 14.
——, "make a.," throng to the rescue; III. iii. 69.
Assays of bias, indirect aims (such as one takes in the game of bowls, taking into account the bias side of the bowl); II. i. 65.
Assigns, appendages; V. ii. 150.
Assistant, helpful; I. iii. 3.
Assurance, security; with play upon the legal sense of the word; V. i. 122.
Attent, attentive; I. ii. 193.
Attribute, reputation; I. iv. 22.
Aught; "hold'st at a.," holds of any value, values at all; IV. iii. 60.
Authorities, offices of authority, attributes of power; IV. ii. 17.
Avouch, declaration; I. i. 57.
A-work, at work; II. ii. 507.

Back, "support in reserve"; IV. vii. 154.
Baked-meats, pastry; "funeral b.," cold entertainment prepared for the mourners at a funeral; I. ii. 180.
Ban, curse; III. ii. 269.
Baptista, used as a woman's name (properly a man's, *cf. Tam. of Shrew*); III. ii. 250.
Bare, mere; III. i. 76.
Bark'd about, grew like bark around; I. v. 71.
Barren, barren of wit, foolish; III. ii. 45.
Barr'd, debarred, excluded; I. ii. 14.
Batten, grow fat; III. iv. 67.
Beaten, well-worn, familiar; II. ii. 277.
Beating, striking (Quarto 1, "*towling*"; Collier MS., "*tolling*"); I. i. 39.
Beautied, beautified; III. i. 51.
Beautified, beautiful, endowed with beauty (Theobald, "*beatified*"); II. ii. 110.

Beaver, visor; moveable part of the helmet covering the face; I. ii. 230. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From Whitney's *Emblems*, 1586.

Bedded, lying flat, (?) matted; III. iv. 121.

Bed-rid, bed-ridden (Quartos 2-5, "*bed-red*"); I. ii. 29.

Beetles, projects, juts over; I. iv. 71.

Behove, behoof, profit; V. i. 67.

Bent, straining, tension (properly an expression of archery); II. ii. 30.

——, "to the top of my b.," to the utmost; III. ii. 393.

Beshrew, a mild oath; II. i. 113.

Besmirch, soil, sully; I. iii. 15.

Bespeak, address, speak to; II. ii. 140.

Best; "in all my b.," to the utmost of my power; I. ii. 120.

Bestowed, placed, lodged; II. ii. 544.

Beteem, allow, permit; I. ii. 141.

Bethought, thought of; I. iii. 90.

Bilboes, stocks or fetters used for prisoners on board ship; V. ii. 6. (*Cp.* illustration.)

Bisson, "b. rheum," *i.e.* blinding tears; II. ii. 527.

Blank, "the *white* mark at which shot or arrows were aimed" (Steevens); IV. i. 42.

Blanks, blanches, makes pale; III. ii. 227.

Blast in proof, "a metaphor taken from the trying or proving of fire-arms or cannon, which blast or burst in the proof" (Steevens); IV. vii. 155.

Blastments, blighting influences; I iii. 42.

Blazon; "eternal b.," publication of eternal mysteries (perhaps "eternal" = infernal, or used "to express extreme abhorrence"); I. v. 21.

Blench, start aside; II. ii. 623.

Bloat (Quartos, "*blowt*"; Folios, "*blunt*"); bloated; III. iv. 182.

Blood, passion, IV. iv. 58; "b. and judgement," passion and reason, III. ii. 74.

Blown, full blown, in its bloom; III. i. 165.

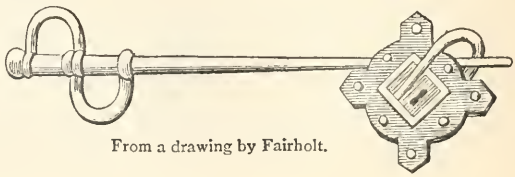
Board, address; II. ii. 170.

Bodes, forbodes, portends; I. i. 69.

Bodkin, the old word for dagger; III. i. 76.

Bodykins, diminutive of body; "the reference was originally to the sacramental bread"; II. ii. 550.

"*Bonnie Sweet Robin*," the first words of a well-known song of the period (found in Holborne's *Citt-harn Schoole*, 1597, *etc.*); IV. v. 187.

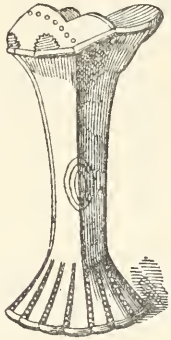


From a drawing by Fairholt.

Bore, calibre, importance of a question; IV. vi. 27.
Borne in hand, deceived with false hopes; II. ii. 67.
Bound, ready, prepared; I. v. 6.
——, was bound; I. ii. 90.
Bourn, limit, boundary; III. i. 79.
Brainish, imaginary, brain-sick; IV. i. 11.
Brave, glorious; II. ii. 312.
Bravery, ostentation, bravado; V. ii. 79.
Breathe, whisper; II. i. 31.
Breathing, whispering; I. iii. 130.
Breathing time, time for exercise; V. ii. 174.
Bringing home, strictly, the bridal procession from church; applied to a maid's funeral; V. i. 245.
Broad, unrestrained; III. iv. 2.
Broke, broken; IV. v. 111.
Brokers, go betweens; I. iii. 127.
Brooch, an ornament worn in the hat; IV. vii. 94.
Brood; "on b.," brooding; III. i. 173.
Bruit, proclaim abroad; I. ii. 127.
Budge, stir, move; III. iv. 18.
Bugs, bugbears; V. ii. 22.
Bulk, body (according to some = breast); II. i. 95.
Business, do business; I. ii. 37.
Buttons, buds; I. iii. 40.
Buz, buz! an interjection used to interrupt the teller of a story already well known; II. ii. 410.
Buzzers, whisperers (Quarto, 1676, "*whispers*"); IV. v. 90.
By and by, immediately; III. ii. 392.
By 'r lady, by our lady; a slight oath; III. ii. 138.

Can, can do; III. iii. 65.
Candied, sugared, flattering; III. ii. 65.
Canker, canker worm; I. iii. 39.
Canon, divine law; I. ii. 132.
Capable, capable of feeling, susceptible; III. iv. 127.
Cap-a-pe, from head to foot (Old Fr. "*de cap a pie*"); I. ii. 200.
Capitol; "I was killed i' the C." (an error repeated in *Julius Cæsar*; Cæsar was killed in the Curia Pompeii, near the theatre of Pompey in the Campus Martius); III. ii. 109.
Card; "by the c.," with precision (alluding probably to the shipman's card); V. i. 144.
Carnal, sensual; V. ii. 384.
Carouses, drinks; V. ii. 292.
Carriage, tenor, import; I. i. 94.
Carry it away, gain the victory; II. ii. 375.
Cart, car, chariot; III. ii. 162.
Carve for, choose for, please; I. iii. 20.
Cast, casting, moulding; I. i. 73.
——, contrive; "c. beyond ourselves," to be over suspicious (? to be mistaken); II. i. 115.
Cataplasm, plaster; IV. vii. 144.
Cautel, deceit, falseness; I. iii. 15.
Caviare; "a Russian condiment made from the roe of the sturgeon; at that time a new and fashionable delicacy not obtained nor relished by the vulgar, and therefore used by Shakespeare to signify anything above their comprehension" (Nares); II. ii. 455.
Cease, extinction (Quartos, "*cesse*"; Pope, "*decease*"); III. iii. 15.
Censure, opinion; I. iii. 69.
Centre, *i.e.* of the Earth; II. ii. 159.
Cerements, cloths used as shrouds for dead bodies; I. iv. 48.
Chameleon, an animal supposed to feed on air; III. ii. 98.
Change, exchange; I. ii. 163.
Chanson, song (used affectedly; not found elsewhere in Shakespeare; "*pious chanson*"; so Quartos; Folios, "*pons Chanson*"; "*pans chanson*"); II. ii. 436.
Character, hand-writing; IV. vii. 53.

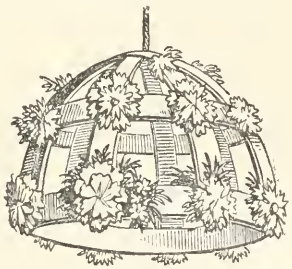
Character, write, imprint; I. iii. 59.
Charge, expense, IV. iv. 47; load, weight, V. ii. 43.
Chariest, most scrupulous, I. iii. 36.
Checking at; "*to check at*," a term in falconry, applied to a hawk when she forsakes her proper game and follows some other; (Quartos 2, 3, "*the King at*"; Quartos 4, 5, 6, "*liking not*"); IV. vii. 63.
Cheer, fare; III. ii. 226.
Chief, chiefly, especially; I. iii. 74.
Chopine, a high cork shoe; II. ii. 444. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From a Venetian specimen engraved in Douce.

Chorus, interpreter of the action of a play; III. ii. 252.
Chough, a sordid and wealthy boor; (*chuff* according to some, = "chattering crow"); V. ii. 88.
Cicatrice, scar; IV. iii. 62.
Circumstance, circumlocution, detail; I. v. 127.
——, "c. of thought," details of thought which lead to a conclusion; III. iii. 83.
Clapped, applauded; II. ii. 355.
Clepe, call; I. iv. 19.
Climatures, regions; I. i. 125.
Closely, secretly; III. i. 29.
Closes with, agrees with; II. i. 45.
Coagulate, coagulated, clotted; II. ii. 482.
Cockle hat; a mussel-shell in the hat was the badge of pilgrims bound for places of devotion beyond sea; IV. v. 25.
Coil; "mortal c.," mortal life, turmoil of mortality; III. i. 67.
Cold, chaste; IV. vii. 173.
Coldly, lightly; IV. iii. 64.
Collateral, indirect; IV. v. 206.
Colleagued, leagued; I. ii. 21.
Collection, an attempt to collect some meaning from it; IV. v. 9.
Columbines, flowers emblematic of faithlessness; IV. v. 180.
Combat, duel; I. i. 84.
Comma, 'a c. 'tween their amities"; the smallest break or separation; V. ii. 42.
Commandment, command; III. ii. 324.
Comment; "the very c. of thy soul," all thy powers of observation (Folios, "*my soul*"); III. ii. 84.
Commerce, intercourse; III. i. 109.
Compelled, enforced; IV. vi. 17.
Complete steel, full armour; I. iv. 52.
Complexion, temperament, natural disposition; I. iv. 27.
Comply, use ceremony; II. ii. 388.
Compulsatory, compelling (Folios, "*compulsatiue*"); I. i. 103.
Compulsive, compulsory, compelling; III. iv. 86.
Conceit, imagination; III. iv. 114.
——, design; "liberal c.," tasteful, elaborate design; V. ii. 153.
Concernancy, import, meaning; V. ii. 123.
Conclusions, experiments; III. iv. 195.
Condolement, sorrow; I. ii. 93.
Confederate, conspiring, favouring; III. ii. 264.
Confine, boundary, territory; I. i. 155.
Confines, places of confinement, prisons; II. ii. 251.

Confront, outface; III. iii. 47.
Confusion, confusion of mind (Rowe "*confesion*"; Pope (in margin), "*confession*"); III. i. 2.
Congregation, collection; II. ii. 315.
Congruing, agreeing (Folios, "*coniuring*"); IV. iii. 66.
Conjunctive, closely joined; IV. vii. 14.
Consequence: "in this c."; in the following way; or, "in thus following up your remarks" (Schmidt); II. i. 45.
Consider'd, fit for reflection; "at our more c. time," when we have more time for consideration; II. ii. 81.
Consonancy, accord, friendship; II. ii. 294.
Constantly, fixedly; I. ii. 235.
Contagion, contagious thing; IV. vii. 148.
Content, please, gratify; III. i. 24.
Continent, that which contains, IV. iv. 64; inventory, V. ii. 112.
Contraction, the making of the marriage contract; III. iv. 46.
Contriving, plotting; IV. vii. 136.
Conversation, intercourse; III. ii. 60.
Converse, conversation; II. i. 42.
Convoy, conveyance; I. iii. 3.
Coped withal, met with; III. ii. 60.
Corse, corpse; I. iv. 52.
Coted, overtook, passed by (a term in hunting); II. ii. 330.
Couched, concealed; II. ii. 474.
Couch we, let us lie down, conceal ourselves; V. i. 234.
Count, account, trial; IV. vii. 17.
Countenance, favour; IV. ii. 16.
Counter; hounds "*run counter*" when they follow the scent in the wrong direction; a term of the chase; IV. v. 110.
Counterfeit presentment, portrait; III. iv. 54.
Couple, join, add; I. v. 93.
Couplets; "golden c.," "the pigeon lays only two eggs at a time, and the newly hatched birds are covered with yellow down"; V. i. 299.
Cousin, used of a nephew; I. ii. 64.
Cozenage, deceit, trickery; V. ii. 67.
Cozen'd, cheated; III. iv. 77.
Cracked within the ring; "there was formerly a ring or circle on the coin, within which the sovereign's head was placed; if the crack extended from the edge beyond this ring, the ring was rendered unfit for currency" (Douce); II. ii. 447.
Crants, garland, used for the chaplet carried before a maiden's coffin, and afterwards hung up in the church (Folios, "*rites*"; "*Crants*" occurs in the form *corance* in Chapman's *Alphonsus*, (*cf.* Lowland Scotch *crance*); otherwise unknown in English); V. i. 244.



From a sketch by Fairholt of a specimen suspended in St Alban's Abbey in 1844.

Credent, credulous, believing; I. iii. 30.
Crew, did crow; I. i. 147.
Cried: "c. in the top of mine," were higher than mine; II. ii. 458.
Cries on, cries out; V. ii. 367.
Crimeful, criminal (Quartos, "*criminall*"); IV. vii. 7.

Crocodile; "woo't eat a c.," referring probably to the toughness of its skin; V. i. 288.
Crook, make to bend; III. ii. 66.
Cross, go across it's way (to cross the path of a ghost was to come under its evil influence); I. i. 127.
Crow-flowers, (probably) buttercups; IV. vii. 171.
Crowner, coroner; V. i. 24.
Cry, company (literally, a pack of hounds); III. ii. 286.
Cue, catch-word, call (a technical stage term); II. ii. 584.
Cuffs, fisticuffs, blows; II. ii. 373.
Cunnings, respective skill; IV. vii. 156.
Curb, cringe; "c. and woo," bow and beg, "bend and truckle"; III. iv. 155.
Curiously, fancifully; V. i. 217.
Currents, courses; III. iii. 57.

Daintier, more delicate; V. i. 78.
Daisy, emblem of faithlessness; IV. v. 184.
Dane, King of Denmark; I. i. 15.
Danskers, Danes; II. i. 7.
Day and night, an exclamation; I. v. 164.
Dearest, greatest, intensest; I. ii. 182.
Dearly, heartily, earnestly; IV. iii. 43.
Dearth, high value; V. ii. 118.
Decline upon, sink down to; I. v. 50.
Declining, falling, going from bad to worse; II. ii. 497.
Defeat, destruction; II. ii. 595.
Defeated, disfigured, marred; I. ii. 10.
Defence, skill in weapons, "science of defence"; IV. vii. 98.
Definement, definition; V. ii. 113.
Deject, dejected; III. i. 163.
Delated, set forth in detail, prob. = "*dilated*" (the reading of the Folios, properly "delated" = entrusted, delegated); I. ii. 38.
Deliver, relate; I. ii. 193.
Delver, digger; V. i. 15.
Demanded of, questioned by; IV. ii. 12.
Denote, mark, portray; I. ii. 83.
Desires, good wishes, II. ii. 60.
Dexterity, nimbleness, celerity (S. Walker, "*celerity*"); I. ii. 157.
Diet; "your worm is your only emperor for d.," a grim play of words upon "the Diet of Worms"; IV. iii. 23.
Difference, properly a term in heraldry for a slight mark of distinction in the coats of arms of members of the same family; hence = a slight difference; IV. v. 183.
Differences; "excellent d.," distinguishing qualities; V. ii. 109.
Disappointed, (?) unappointed, unprepared (Pope, "*unanointed*"; Theobald, "*unappointed*"); I. v. 77.
Disclose, hatching; III. i. 174.
Disclosed, hatched; V. i. 299.
Discourse, conversation; III. i. 108.
——; "d. of reason," *i.e.* the reasoning faculty; I. ii. 150.
Discovery, disclosure, confession; II. ii. 305.
Disjoint, disjointed; I. ii. 20.
Dispatch, hasten to get ready; III. iii. 3.
Dispatch'd, deprived; I. v. 75.
Disposition, nature; I. iv. 55.
Distemper; "your cause of d.," the cause of your disorder; III. ii. 344.
Distempered, disturbed; III. ii. 308.
Distill'd, dissolved, melted (so Quarto 2; Folio 1, "*bestil'd*"); I. ii. 204.
Distract, distracted; IV. v. 2.
Distrust; "I d. you," *i.e.* I am anxious about you; III. ii. 172.
Divulging, being divulged; IV. i. 22.
Do; "to do," to be done; IV. iv. 44.
Document, precept, instruction; IV. v. 178.

Dole, grief; I. ii. 13.
Doom, Doomsday; III. iv. 50.
Doubt, suspect, fear; I. ii. 257.
Douts, does out, extinguishes (Folio 1, "*doubts*"; Quartos, Folio 2, "*drownes*"; Folios 3, 4, "*drowns*"); IV. vii. 193.
Down-gyved, pulled down like gyves or fetters (so Folio 1; Quartos 2, 3, 6, "*downe gyved*"; Quartos 4, 5, "*downe gyred*"; Theobald, "*down-gyred*"; *i.e.* rolled down); II. i. 80.
Drab, strumpet; II. ii. 612.
Dreadful, full of dread; I. ii. 207.
Drift; "d. of circumstance," roundabout methods (Quartos, "*d. of conference*"; Collier conj., "*d. of confidence*"); III. i. 1.
Drives at, rushes upon; II. ii. 491.
Ducats, gold coins; II. ii. 383.
Dull thy palm, *i.e.* "make callous thy palm by shaking every man by the hand" (Johnson); I. iii. 64.
Dumb show, a show unaccompanied by words, preceding the dialogue and foreshadowing the action of a play, introduced originally as a compensatory addition to Senecan dramas, wherein declamation took the place of action; III. ii. 146-147.
Dupp'd, opened; IV. v. 53.
Dye, tinge (Folio 1, "*the eye*;" Quartos 2-5, "*that die*"); I. iii. 128.

Eager, sharp, sour (Folios, "*Aygre*"; Knight, "*aigre*"); I. v. 69.
Eale, ?=e'ile (*i.e.* "evil"), *v.* Note; I. iv. 36.
Ear; "in the e.," within hearing; III. i. 192.
Easiness, unconcernedness; V. i. 72.
Eat, eaten; IV. iii. 28.
Ecstasy, madness; II. i. 102.
Edge, incitement; III. i. 26.
Effects, purposes; III. iv. 129.
Eisel, vinegar; the term usually employed by older English writers for the bitter drink given to Christ (=late Lat. *acetillum*); [Quarto (i.) "*vessels*"; Quarto 2, "*Esill*"; Folios, "*Esile*"]; V. i. 288.
Elsinore, the residence of the Danish kings, famous for the royal castle of Kronborg, commanding the entrance of the Sound; II. ii. 278.
Emulate, emulous; I. i. 83.
Enact, act; III. ii. 107.
Enactures, actions; III. ii. 204.
Encompassment, circumvention; II. i. 10.
Encumber'd, folded; I. v. 174.
Engaged, entangled; III. iii. 69.
Enginer, engineer; III. iv. 206.
Enseamed, defiled, filthy; III. iv. 92.
Entertainment; "gentle e.," show of kindness; V. ii. 207.
Entreatments, solicitations; I. iii 122.
Enviously, angrily; IV. v. 6.
Erring, wandering, roaming; I. i. 154.
Escoted, maintained; II. ii. 362.
Espials, spies; III. i. 32.
Estate, rank; V. i. 233.
Eternal, ?=infernal; V. ii. 368 (*cp.* "(eternal) blazon").
Even, honest, straightforward; II. ii. 298.
Even Christian, fellow-Christian; V. i. 32.
Event, result, issue; IV. iv. 41.
Exception, objection; V. ii. 242.
Excrements, excrescences, outgrowth (used of hair and nails); III. iv. 121.
Expectancy, hope (Quartos, "*expectation*"); III. i. 160.
Expostulate, discuss; II. ii. 86.
Express, expressive, perfect; II. ii. 318.
Extent, behaviour; II. ii. 390.
Extolment, praise; V. ii. 117

Extravagant, vagrant, wandering beyond its limit or confine; I. i. 154.

Extremity; "in ex.," going to extremes; III. ii. 175.

Eyases, unfledged birds; properly, young hawks taken from the nest (Fr. niais); II. ii. 355.

Eye, presence; IV. iv. 6.

Eyrie, a brood of nestlings; properly, an eagle's nest; II. ii. 354.

Faculties, peculiar nature (Folios, "*faculty*"); II. ii. 589.

Faculty, ability (Quartos, "*faculties*"); II. ii. 317.

Fair, gently; IV. i. 36.

Falls, falls out, happens; IV. vii. 71.

Fancy; "express'd in f.," gaudy; I. iii. 71.

Fang'd, having fangs (according to some, "deprived of fangs"); III. iv. 203.

Fantasy, imagination, I. i. 23; whim, caprice, IV. iv. 61.

Fardels, packs, burdens; III. i. 76. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From Holme's *Academy of Armory* (1688.)

Farm, take the lease of it; IV. iv. 20.

Fashion, a mere temporary mood; I. iii 6; "f. of himself," *i.e.* his usual demeanour; III. i. 183.

Fat, fatten; IV. iii. 23.

Fat; "f. and scant of breath," ? = out of training (but, probably, the words were inserted owing to the physical characteristics of Burbage, who sustained the part of Hamlet); V. ii. 290.

Favour, charm, IV. v. 189, appearance, V. i. 205.

Fawning, cringing (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*faining*"; Folio 4, "*feigning*"); III. ii. 67.

Fay, faith (Folios, "*fey*"); II. ii. 271.

Fear, object of fear; III. iii. 25.

——, fear for; I. iii. 51; IV v. 122.

Feature, figure, form (Quartos, "*stature*"); III. i. 167.

Fee, payment, value, I. iv. 65; fee-simple, IV. iv. 22.

Fellies, the outside of wheels; II. ii. 514.

Fellowship, partnership; III. ii. 286.

Fennel, the symbol of flattery; IV v. 180.

Fetch, artifice; "fetch of warrant," justifiable stratagem (Quartos, "*f. of wit*"); II. i. 38.

Few; "in f.," in few words, in brief; I. iii. 126.

Fierce, wild, terrible; I. i. 121.

Fiery quickness, hot haste; IV. iii. 45.

Figure, figure of speech; II. ii. 98.

Find, find out, detect; III. i. 193.

Fine of his fines, end of his fines; with a play upon the other sense of the word; V. i. 111.

Fire (dissyllabic); I. iii. 120.

First, i.e. first request; II. ii. 61.

Fishmonger, probably used in some cant coarse sense ((?) "seller of women's chastity"); II. ii. 174.

Fit, prepared, ready; V. ii. 220.

Fitness, convenience; V. ii. 201.

Fits, befits; I. iii. 25.

Flaw, gust of wind; V. i. 228.

Flush, in full vigour (Folios, "*fresh*"); III. iii. 81.

Flushing, redness; "had left the f.," *i.e.* had ceased to produce redness; I. ii. 155.

Foil, used with play upon its two senses, (i.) blunted rapier, (ii.) gold-leaf used to set off a jewel; V. ii. 258.
Fond, foolish; I. v. 99.
Fond and winnowed, foolish and over-refined (so Folios; Quarto 2, "*prophane and trennowed*"; Johnson, "*sane and renowned*"; Warburton, "*fann'd and winnowed*"); V. ii. 192.
Fools of nature, made fools of by nature; I. iv. 54.
Foot; "at f.," at his heels; IV. iii. 56.
For, as for, I. ii. 112; in place of, instead, V. i. 242; "for all," once for all, I. iii. 131; "for and," and also, V. i. 99.
Fordo, destroy; V. i. 233.
Foreknowing, foreknowledge, prescience; I. i. 134.
Forestalled, prevented; III. iii. 49.
Forged process, false statement of facts; I. v. 37.
Forgery, invention, imagination; IV. vii. 90.
Forgone, given up; II. ii. 308.
Fortune's star, an accidental mark or defect; I. iv. 32.
Forward, disposed; III. i. 7.
Four; "f. hours," probably used for indefinite time (Hanmer "*for*"); II. ii. 160.
Frame, order, sense; III. ii. 316.
Free, willing, not enforced, IV. iii. 63; innocent, II. ii. 590; III. ii. 249.
Fret, vex, annoy; with a play upon *fret*="small lengths of wire on which the fingers press the strings in playing the guitar"; III. ii. 380.
Fretted, carved, adorned; II. ii. 313.
Friending, friendliness; I. v. 186.
Frighted, frightened, affrighted; III. ii. 277.
From, away from, contrary to; III. ii. 22.
Front, forehead; III. iv. 56.
Fruit, dessert (Folios 1, 2, "*newes*"); II. ii. 52.
Fruits, consequences; II. ii. 145.
Function, the whole action of the body; II. ii. 579.
Fust, become fusty, mouldy (Rowe, "*rust*"); IV. iv. 39.

Gaged, pledged; I. i. 91.
Gain-giving, misgiving; V. ii. 216.
Gait, proceeding; I. ii. 31.
Galled, wounded, injured ("let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung," proverbial); III. ii. 250.
——, sore, injured by tears; I. ii. 155.
Galls, hurts, injures; I. iii. 39.
Garb, fashion, manner; II. ii. 390.
Gender; "general g.," common race of men; IV. vii. 18.
General, general public, common people; II. ii. 456.
Gentry, courtesy; II. ii. 22; V. ii. 111.
Germane, akin; V. ii. 158.
Gib, a tom-cat (a contraction of *Gilbert*); III. iv. 190.
Gibber, gabble; I. i. 116
Gibes, jeers; V. i. 200.
Gis, a corruption of Jesus; IV. v. 59.
Giving out, profession, indication; I. v. 178.
Glimpses, glimmering light; I. iv 53.
Globe, head; I. v. 97.
Go about, attempt; III. ii. 353.
Go back again, *i.e.* refer to what once was, but is no more; IV. vii. 27.
God-a-mercy, God have mercy; II. ii. 172.
God be wi' ye, good bye (Quartos, "*God buy ye*"; Folios 1, 2, 3, "*God buy you*"; Folio 4, "*God b' w' you*"); II. i. 69.
God 'ild you, God yield, reward you; IV. v. 41.

God kissing carrion, said of "the sun breeding maggots in a dead dog" (Warburton's emendation of Quartos and Folios, "*good kissing carrion*"); II. ii. 182.
Good, good sirs; I. i. 70.
Good my brother, my good brother; I. iii. 46.
Goose-quills; "afraid of g.," *i.e.* afraid of being satirized; II. ii. 359.
Go to, an exclamation of impatience; I. iii. 112.
Grace, honour; I. ii. 124.
Gracious, *i.e.* Gracious king; III. i. 43.
——, benign, full of blessing; I. i. 164.
Grained, dyed in grain; III. iv. 90.
Grating, offending, vexing; III. i. 3.
Green, inexperienced; I. iii. 101.
Greenly, foolishly; IV. v. 83.
Gross, great, palpable; IV. iv. 46.
——, "in the g.," *i.e.* in a general way; I. i. 68.
Groundlings, rabble who stood in the *pit* of the theatre, which had neither boarding nor benches; III. ii. 12.
Grunt, groan; III. i. 77.
Gules, red; a term of heraldry; II. ii. 477.
Gulf, whirlpool; III. iii. 16.

Habit; "outward h.," external politeness; V. ii. 190.
Handsaw = heronshaw, or hernsew, = heron ("when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a h.," for the birds fly with the wind, and when it is from the south, the sportsman would have his back to the sun and be able to distinguish them; II. ii. 397.
Handsome; "more h. than fine"; "*handsome* denotes genuine natural beauty; *fine* artificial laboured beauty" (Delius); II. ii. 465.
Hap, happen; I. ii. 249.
Haply, perchance, perhaps; III. i. 179.
Happily, haply, perchance (according to some = luckily); I. i. 134.
Happy; "in h. time," in good time (*à la bonne heure*); V. ii. 205.
Haps, fortune; IV. iii. 70.
Hatchment, an armorial escutcheon used at a funeral; IV. v. 214.
Haunt; "out of h.," from the haunts of men; IV. i. 18.
Have; "you h. me," you understand me; II. i. 68.
Have after, let us go after, follow him; I. iv. 89.
Have at you, I'll begin, I'll hit you; V. ii. 305.
Haviour, deportment; I. ii. 81.
Head, armed force; IV. v. 101.
Health; "spirit of health," healed or saved spirit"; I. iv. 40.
Hearsed, coffined; I. iv. 47.
Heat, anger; III. iv. 4.
Heavy; "'tis h.," it goes hard; III. iii. 84.
Hebenon (so Folios; Quartos, "*hebona*"), probably henbane, but possibly (i.) the yew, or (ii.) the juice of ebony; I. v. 62.
Hecate, the goddess of mischief and revenge (dissyllabic); III. ii. 266.
Hectic, continual fever; IV. iii. 68.
Hedge, hedge round, encompass; IV. v. 123.
Height: "at h.," to the utmost; I. iv. 21.
Hent, hold, seizure; III. iii. 88.
Heraldry; "law and h.," *i.e.* heraldic law; I. i. 87.
Herb of grace, rue; IV. v. 182.
Hercules and his load too; possibly an allusion to the Globe Theatre, the sign of which was Hercules carrying the Globe; II. ii. 378.
Herod, a common character in the mystery plays, represented as a furious and violent tyrant; III. ii. 16.

Hey-day, frolicsome wildness; III. iv. 69.
Hey non nonny, meaningless refrain common in old songs; IV. v. 165.
Hic et ubique, here and everywhere; I. v. 156.
Hide fox, and all after, a children's hide-and-seek game; IV. ii. 32.
Hies, hastens; I. i. 154.
Hillo, a falconer's cry to recall his hawk; I. v. 116.
Him, he whom; II. i. 42.
His, its; I. iii. 60.
Hoar leaves, the silvery-grey underside of willow leaves; IV. vii. 169.
Hobby-horse, a principal figure in the old morris dances, suppressed at the Reformation; III. ii. 140. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Hoodman-blind, blind man's buff; III. iv. 77. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a XIVth century illuminated MS.

Hoops, bands (Pope, "*hooks*"); I. iii. 63.
Hour (dissyllabic); I. iv. 3.
Hugger-mugger; "in h.," *i.e.* in secrecy and in haste; IV. v. 84.

'*The Hobby-horse.*'
From an early painting in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.
(Note the familiar tabor and pipe.)

Hoist, *i.e.* hoised, hoisted; III. iv. 207.
Holds quantity, keep their relative proportion; III. ii. 174.
Hold up, continue; V. i. 34.
Home, thoroughly; III. iii. 29.
Honest, virtuous; III. i. 103.
Honesty, virtue; III. i. 107.
Humorous, full of humours or caprices; "the h. man," a standing character of many plays of the period; II. ii. 335.
Husband, manage; IV. v. 138.
Husbandry, thrift, economy; I. iii. 77.
Hush (used as adjective); II. ii. 505.

Hyperion, Phœbus Apollo; taken as the type of beauty; I. ii. 140.
Hyrcanian beast, the beast of Hyrcania, *i.e.* the tiger; II. ii. 470.

I, =(?) "ay"; III. ii. 288.
Idle, unoccupied (? frivolous, light-headed); III. ii. 95.
Ilium, the palace in Troy; II. ii. 493.
Ill-breeding, hatching mischief; IV. v. 15.
Illume, illumine; I. i. 37.
Image, representation, reproduction; III. ii. 245.
Immediate; "most i.," nearest; I. ii. 109.
Impart, (?) bestow myself, give all I can bestow; perhaps = "impart 't," *i.e.* impart it (the throne); I. ii. 112.
Impasted, made into paste; II. ii. 479.
Imperious, imperial; V. i. 225.
Implorators, implorers; I. iii. 129.
Imponed, staked; V. ii. 148.
Important, urgent, momentous; III. iv. 108.
Importing, having for import; I. ii. 23.
——, concerning; V. ii. 21.
Imposthume, abscess; IV. iv. 27.
Impress, impressment, enforced public service; I. i. 75.
Imputation, reputation; V. ii. 141.
In, into; III. iv. 95.
Incapable, insensible to, unable to realise; IV. vii. 180.
Incorporal, incorporeal, immaterial (Quarto, 1676, "*incorporeal*"); III. iv. 118.
Incorpsed, incorporate; IV. vii. 88.
Incorrect, not subdued; I. ii. 95.
Indentures; "a pair of i.," "agreements were usually made in duplicate, both being written on the same sheet, which was cut in a crooked or *indented* line, so that the parts would tally with each other upon comparison"; V. i. 115.
Index, prologue, preface; III. iv. 52.
Indict, accuse; II. ii. 463.
Indifferent, ordinary, average; II. ii. 231.
Indifferent, indifferently, fairly, III. i. 123.
Indifferently, pretty well; III. ii. 40.
Indirections, indirect means; II. i. 66.
Individable; "scene ind.," probably a play in which the unity of place is preserved; II. ii. 418.
Indued, suited; IV. vii. 181.
Inexplicable, unintelligible, senseless; III. ii. 14.
Infusion, qualities; V. ii. 118.
Ingenious, intelligent, conscious; V. i. 260.
Inheritor, possessor; V. i. 117.
Inhibition, prohibition; a technical term for an order restraining or restricting theatrical performances; II. ii. 346.
Inky cloak; I. ii. 77. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a monument of the XIVth century.

Innovation, change (for the worse); "the late i." perhaps alludes to the license granted Jan. 30, 1603-4, to the children of the Revels to play at the Blackfriars Theatre, and elsewhere (according to some, the reference is to "the practice of introducing polemical matter on the stage"); II. ii. 347.

Inquire, enquiry; II. i. 4.
Insinuation, artful intrusion, meddling; V. ii. 59.
Instance, example; IV. v. 162.
Instances, motives; III. ii. 189.
Instant, immediate, instantaneous; I. v. 71.
Intents, intentions, purposes; (Folios, "*events*"; Warburton, "*advent*"); I. iv. 42.
In that, inasmuch as; I. ii. 31.
Inurn'd, entombed, interred; (Quartos, "*interr'd*"); I. iv. 49.
Investments, vestments, vestures; I. iii. 128.
'*In youth, when I did love*,' etc.; stanzas from a song attributed to Lord Vaux, printed in *Tottel's Miscellany* (1557); V. i. 65 *ff.*
It, its (Quartos 2, 3, 4, Folios 1, 2, "*it*"; Quartos 5, 6, Folios 3, 4, "*its*"; Quarto 1, "*his*"); I. ii. 216.
Jealousy, suspicion; II. i. 113.
'*Jephthah, Judge of Israel*,' etc., a quotation from an old ballad, to be found in Percy's *Reliques*; II. ii. 422.
Jig, a ludicrous ballad; II. ii. 519.
——, walk as if dancing a jig; III. i. 150.
John-a-dreams, John of Dreams, John the Dreamer; II. ii. 592.
Jointress, dowager; I. ii. 9.
Jowls, knocks; V. i. 84.
Joys, gladdens; III. ii. 206.
Jump, just (so Quarto 2; Folios, "*just*"); I. i. 65.

Keep, dwell; II. i. 8.
Kettle, kettle-drum; V. ii. 278.
Kibe, chilblain or sore on the heel; V. i. 148.
Kind; "more than kin, and less than k."; used equivocally for (i.) natural, and (ii.) affectionate, with a play upon "kin"; I. ii. 65.
Kindless, unnatural; II. ii. 606.
Knotted, interwoven (Folios, "*knotty*"); I. v. 18.

Know, acknowledge; V. ii. 7.

Laboursome, laborious, assiduous; I. ii. 59.
Lack, be wanting; I. v. 187.
Lamond, possibly a name suggested by that of Pietro Monte, a famous swordsman, instructor to Louis the Seventh's Master of the Horse, called "Peter Mount" in English (Folios, "*Lamound*"; Quartos, "*Lamord*"); IV. vii. 92.
Lapsed; "l. in time and passion"; having let time slip by indulging in mere passion; III. iv. 107.
Lapwing, the symbol of a forward fellow; V. ii. 186.
Larded, garnished (Quartos, "*Larded all*"); IV. v. 37.
Lawless, unruly (Folios, "*Landlesse*"); I. i. 98.
Lazar-like, like a leper; I. v. 72.
Leans on, depends on; IV. iii. 59.
Learn, teach (Folios, "*teach*"); V. ii. 9.
Leave, permission; I. ii. 57.
——, leave off, II. i. 51; give up, III. iv. 91.
Lends, gives (Folios, "*giues*"); I. iii. 117 (*v.* Note).
Lenten, meagre; II. ii. 329.
Lethe, the river of oblivion; ("Lethe wharf" = Lethe's bank); I. v. 33.
Lets, hinders; I. iv. 85.
Let to know, informed; IV. vi. 11.
Liberal, free-spoken; IV. vii. 172.
Liberty; *v.* "writ."
Lief, gladly, willingly; III. ii. 4.
Life; "the single and peculiar l.," the private individual; III. iii. 11.
——, "in my l.," *i.e.* in my continuing to live; V. ii. 22.
Lightness, lightheadedness; II. ii. 149.
Like, likely; I. ii. 237.
Likes, pleases; II. ii. 80.
Limed, caught as with bird-lime; III. iii. 68.
List, muster-roll (Quarto 1, "*sight*"); I. i. 98.

List, boundary; IV. v. 99.
——, listen to; I. iii. 30.
Living, lasting (used perhaps equivocally); V. i. 320.
Loam, clay; V. i. 222.
Loggats, a game somewhat resembling bowls; the *loggats* were small logs about two feet and a quarter long; V. i. 100.
Long purples, "the early *purple orchis* (*Orchis mascula*) which blossoms in April and May"; IV. vii. 171.
Look through, show itself; IV. vii. 152.
Lose, waste, throw away; I. ii. 45.
Luxury, lust; I. v. 83.

Machine, body; II. ii. 124.
Maimed, imperfect; V. i. 242.
Main, main point, main cause; II. ii. 56.
——, the country as a whole; IV. iv. 15.
Majestical, majestic; I. i. 143.
Make, brings; II. ii. 277.
Manner, fashion, custom; I. iv. 15.
Margent, margin; it was a common practice to write comment or gloss in the margins of old books; V. ii. 161.
Mark, watch; III. ii. 157.
Market of his time, "that for which he sells his time" (Johnson); IV. iv. 34.
Mart, marketing, traffic; I. i. 74.
Marvellous, marvellously; II. i. 3.
Massy, massive; III. iii. 17.
Matin, morning; I. v. 89.
Matter, sense; IV. v. 174.
——, subject (misunderstood wilfully by Hamlet to mean "cause of dispute"); II. ii. 195.
Mazzard, skull; used contemptuously (Quartos 2, 3, "*massene*"; Quartos 4, 5, 6, "*mazer*"); V. i. 97.
Means, means of access; IV. vi. 13.
Meed, merit; V. ii. 148.
Meet, proper; I. v. 107.
Merely, absolutely; I. ii. 137
Metal, mettle; I. i. 96.
Miching mallecho, mouching (*i.e.* skulking), mischief (Span. *malhecho*, ill-done); III. ii. 148.
Might, could; I. i. 56.
Mightiest, very mighty; I. i. 114.
Milch, milk-giving = moist = tearful (Pope, "*melt*"); II. ii. 540.
Milky, white; II. ii. 500.
Mincing, cutting in pieces; II. ii. 537.
Mineral, mine; IV. i. 26.
Mining, undermining (Folios 3, 4, "*running*"); III. iv. 148.
Mistook, mistaken; V. ii. 395.
Mobled, muffled (*cp.* Prov. E. *mop*, to muffle; "*mob-cap*," etc.); [Quartos, "*mobled*"; Folio 1, *inobled*; Upton conj. "*mob-led*"; Capell, *ennobl'd*, etc.]; II. ii. 525.
Model, exact copy, counterpart; V. ii. 50.
Moiety, portion; I. i. 90.
Moist; "the moist star," *i.e.* the moon; I. i. 118.
Mole of nature, natural defect, blemish; I. iv. 24.
Mope, be stupid; III. iv. 81.
Mortal, deadly; IV. vii. 143.
Mortised, joined with a mortise; III. iii. 20.
Most, greatest; I. v. 180.
Mote, atom (Quartos 2, 3, 4, "*moth*"); I. i. 112.
Motion, emotion, impulse (Warburton, "*notion*"); III. iv. 72.
——, movement; I. ii. 217.
——, "attack in fencing, opposed to guard or parrying"; IV. vii. 158.
Mould of form, the model on which all endeavoured to form themselves; III. i. 161.
Mouse, a term of endearment; III. iv. 183.
Mouth, rant; V. i. 306.
Mows, grimaces; II. ii. 381.
Muddy-mettled, dull-spirited, irresolute; II. ii. 594.
Murdering-piece, a cannon loaded with case-shot, so as to scatter death more widely; IV. v. 95.

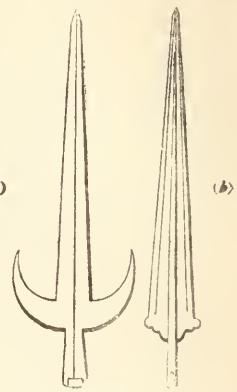
Mutes, dumb spectators; V. ii. 346.
Mutine, mutiny, rebel; III. iv. 83.
Mutines, mutineers; V. ii. 6.

Napkin, handkerchief; V. ii. 299.
Native, kindred, related; I. ii. 47.
——, "n. hue," natural colour; III. i. 84.
Nature, natural affection; I. v. 81.
Nature's livery, a natural blemish; I. iv. 32.
Naught, naughty; III. ii. 157.
Near, is near; I. iii. 44.
Neighbour, neighbouring; III. iv. 212.
Neighbour'd to, intimate, friendly with; II. ii. 12.
Nemean lion, one of the monsters slain by Hercules; I. iv. 83.
Nero, the Roman Emperor, who murdered his mother Agrippina; III. ii. 412.
Nerve, sinew, muscle; I. iv. 83.
Neutral, a person indifferent to both; II. ii. 503.
New-hatch'd, newly hatched (Folios, "*unhatch't*"); I. iii. 65.
New-lighted, newly alighted; III. iv. 59.
Nick-name, misname; III. i. 151.
Nighted, dark, black as night; Folios, "*nightly*"; Collier MS., "*night-like*"); I. ii. 68.
Nill; "will he, nill he," *i.e.* whether he will, or whether he will not; V. i. 19.
Niobe, daughter of Tantalus, whose children were slain by Apollo and Artemis, while she herself was turned into stone upon Mount Sipylus in Lydia, where she weeps throughout the summer months; I. ii. 149.
Nomination, naming; V. ii. 133.
No more, nothing more; III. i. 61.
Nonce, "for the n.," for that once, for the occasion; Quartos 4, 5, "*once*"); IV. vii. 161.
Norway, King of Norway; I. i. 61.
Nose, smell; IV. iii. 38.
Note, notice, attention; III. ii. 89.
Noted, known; II. i. 23.
Nothing, not at all; I. ii. 41.
Noyance, injury, harm; III. iii. 13.

Obsequious, dutiful, with perhaps a reference to the other sense of the word = "funereal"; I. ii. 92.
Occulted, concealed, hidden; III. ii. 85.
Occurrents, occurrences; V. ii. 368.
Odds; "at the o.," with the advantage allowed; V. ii. 221.
O'er-crows, triumphs over; V. ii. 364.
O'er-raught, over-reached, over-took (Quartos, "*ore-raught*"; Folios 1, 2, "*ore-wrought*"; Folios 3, 4, "*o're-took*"; Warburton, "*o'er-rode*"); III. i. 17.
O'er-reaches, outwits (Folio 1, "*o're Offices*"; Folio 2, "*ore-Offices*"); V. i. 87.
O'er-sized, covered with size, a sort of glue; II. ii. 484.
O'er-teemed, worn out with child-bearing; II. ii. 531.
O'ertook, overcome by drink, intoxicated; II. i. 58.
O'erweigh, outweigh; III. ii. 31.
Of, resulting from, IV. iv. 41; by, I. i. 25, IV. iii. 4; in, I. v. 60; on, IV. v. 200; about, concerning, IV. v. 46; upon ("*I have an eye of you*"), II. ii. 301; over, II. ii. 27.
Offence, advantages gained by offence; III. iii. 56.
Omen, fatal event portended by the omen (Theobald, "*omen'd*"); I. i. 123.
Ominous, fatal; II. ii. 476.
On, in, V. i. 211; in consequence of, following on, V. ii. 406.
Once, ever; I. v. 121.
On't, of it; III. i. 183.
Oped, opened; I. iv. 50.
Open'd, discovered, disclosed; II. ii. 18.
Operant, active; III. ii. 181.
Opposed, opponent; I. iii. 67.
Opposites, opponents; V. ii. 62.

Or before, ere; V. ii. 30.
Orb, earth; II. ii. 504.
Orchard, garden (Quarto, 1676, "*garden*"); I. v. 35.
Order, prescribed rule; V. i. 240.
Ordinant, ordaining (Folios, "*ordinate*"); V. ii. 48.
Ordnance, cannon (Folio 1, "*Ordinance*"); V. ii. 273.
Ore, gold; IV. i. 25.
Or ere, before; I. ii. 147.
Organ, instrument; IV. vii. 71.
Orisons, prayers; III. i. 89.
Ossa; a reference to the story of the giants, who piled Olympus, Pelion, and Ossa, three mountains in Thessaly, upon each other, in their attempt to scale heaven; V. i. 295.
Ostentation. funeral pomp; IV. v. 215.
Outstretched, puffed up; II. ii. 270.
Overlooked, perused; IV. vi. 12.
Overpeering, overflowing, rising above; IV. v. 99.
Owl was a baker's daughter; alluding to a story current among the folk telling how Christ went into a baker's shop, and asked for bread, but was refused by the baker's daughter, in return for which He transformed her into an owl; IV. v. 41.

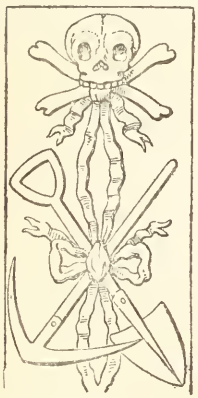
Packing, plotting, contriving; (?) going off in a hurry; used probably in the former sense, with play upon the latter; III. iv. 211.
Paddock, toad; III. iv. 190.
Painted; "p. tyrant," *i.e.* tyrant in a picture, II. ii. 502; unreal, fictitious, III. i. 53.
Pajock = pea-jock (*i.e.* jack), peacock (*cp.* Scotch "bubbly-jock" =a turkey); III. ii 292.
Pall, become useless (Quartos 3, 4, 6, "*fall*"; Pope, "*fail*"); V. ii. 9.
Pansies, "love-in-idleness," the symbol of thought (Folio 1, "*Paoncies*"); IV. v. 176.
Pardon, permission to take leave; I. ii. 56.
Parle, parley; I. i. 62.
Part, quality, gift; IV. vii. 77.
Partisan. a kind of halberd; I. i. 140. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From specimens of (*a*) *temp.* Edward IV., (*b*) the XVIth century.

Parts, gifts, endowments; IV. vii. 74.
Party, person, companion; II. i. 42.
Pass, passage; II. ii. 77.
——, "p. of practice," treacherous thrust; IV. vii. 139.
Passage; "for his p.," to accompany his departure, in place of the passingbell; V. ii. 401.
Passeth, surpasseth (Quartos "*passes*"); I. ii. 85.
Passion, violent sorrow; II. ii. 538.
Passionate, full of passion, feeling; II. ii. 451.
Pate, a contemptuous word for *head*; V. i. 112.
Patience, permission; III. ii. 112.
Patrick, invoked as being the patron saint of all blunders and confusion (or perhaps as the Keeper of Purgatory); I. v. 136.

Pause, time for reflection; III. i. 68.
——, "deliberate p.," a matter for deliberate arrangement; IV. iii. 9.
——, "in p.," in deliberation, in doubt; III. iii. 42.
Peace-parted, having departed in peace; V. i. 250.
Peak, sneak, play a contemptible part; II. ii. 591.
Pelican, a bird which is supposed to feed its young with its own blood (Folio 1, '*politician*'); IV. v. 146.
Perdy, a corruption of *par Dieu*; III. ii. 302.
Periwig-pated, wearing a wig (at this time wigs were worn only by actors); III. ii. 10.
Perpend, consider; II. ii. 105.
Perusal, study, examination; II.i.90.
Peruse, examine closely; IV.vii.137.
Petar, petard, "an Engine (made like a Bell or Mortar) wherewith strong gates are burst open" (Cotgrave); III. iv. 207.
Pick-axe, "a pick-axe, and a spade, a spade"; V.i.98. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From the XVIIth century framework on the door of the bone-house of S. Olave's Church, Hart Street.

Picked, refined, fastidious; V. i. 146.
Pickers and stealers, *i.e.* hands (alluding to the catechism "Keep my hands from picking and stealing"); III. ii. 343.
Picture in little, miniature; II. ii 383.
Pigeon-liver'd, too mild tempered; II. ii. 602.
Pioner, pioneer; I. v. 163.
Pitch, height, importance (originally, height to which a falcon soars); (Folios, "*pith*"); III. i. 86
Piteous, pitiful, exciting compassion; II. i. 94.
Pith and marrow, the most valuable part; I. iv. 22.
Plausive, plausible, pleasing; I. iv. 30.
Plautus; "P too light," alluding to the fact that Plautus was taken as the word for comedy by the Academic play-wrights; II. ii. 420.
Played i' the University; alluding to the old academic practice of acting Latin or English plays at Christmastide, or in honour of distinguished visitors (a play on Cæsar's death was performed at Oxford in 1582); III. ii. 104.
Played; "p. the desk or table-book," *i.e.* been the agent of their correspondence; II. ii. 136.
Plot, piece of ground; IV. iv. 62.
Plurisy, plethora, a fulness of blood (*as if* Latin *plus*, more, but really an affection of the lungs, Gk. πλευρα); IV. vii. 118.
Point; "at p.," completely (so Quartos; Folios, "*at all points*"); I. ii. 200.
Polack, Pole; II. ii. 75.
——, Polish; V. ii. 379.
Polacks, Poles (Quartos, Folio 1, "*pollax*"; *v.* Note); I. i. 63.
Pole, pole-star; I. i. 36.
Politician, plotter, schemer; V. i. 82.
Porpentine, porcupine; I. v. 20

Posset, curdle (Quartos, "*possesse*"); I. v. 68.
Posy, motto, verse on a ring; III. ii. 162.
Powers, armed force, troops; IV. iv. 9.
Practice, artifice, plot; IV. vii. 68.
Precedent, former; III. iv. 98.
Precurse, forerunning; I. i. 121.
Pregnant, yielding, ready; III. ii. 66.
Prenominate, aforesaid; II. i. 43.
Prescripts, orders (Folios, "*precepts*"); II. ii. 142.
Presently, at once, immediately; II. ii. 170.
Present push, immediate proof; V. i. 307.
Pressure, impress, imprint; III. ii. 27.
Pressures, impressions; I. v. 100.
Proof, trial of strength; II. ii. 509.
Proper, appropriate; II. i. 114.
——, own, very; V. ii. 66.
Property, kingly right, (? "own person"); II. ii. 594.
Proposer, orator; II. ii. 297.
Providence in the fall of a sparrow, alluding to *Matthew* x. 29, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father"; V. ii. 222.
Provincial roses, properly, double-damask roses; here, rosettes of ribbon worn on shoes; the name was derived either from Provence or Provins near Paris, both places being famous for their roses; III. ii. 288. (*Cp.* the accompanying specimens.)

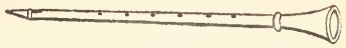
'*Provincial roses*.'
From portraits of the time of Elizabeth and James I.

Prevent, anticipate; II. ii. 305.
Prick'd on, incited, spurred on; I. i. 83.
Primal, first; III. iii. 37.
Primy, spring-like; I. iii. 7.
Privates, common soldiers; II. ii. 238.
Probation, proof (quadrisyllabic); I. i. 156.
Process, decree; IV. iii. 65.
Prodigal, prodigally; I. iii. 116.
Profit, advantage; II. ii. 24.
Progress, journey made by a sovereign through his own country; IV. iii. 33.
Pronounce, speak on; III. ii. 317.
Puff'd, bloated; I. iii. 49.
Puppets; "p. dallying," (?) the figures in the puppet-show (in which Ophelia and her lover were to play a part); more probably used in some wanton sense; III. ii. 254.
Purgation; "put him to his p.," a play upon the legal and medical senses of the word; III. ii. 313.
Pursy, fat with pampering; III. iv. 153.
Put on, incite, instigate, IV. vii. 132; put to the test, tried, V. ii. 400; assume, I. v. 172.

Put on me, impressed upon me; I. iii. 94.

Quaintly, artfully, skilfully; II. i. 31.
Quality, profession, calling (especially the actor's profession); II. ii. 363.
Quantity, measure, portion; III. iv. 75.
Quarry, heap of dead; V. ii. 367.
Question, talk; III. i. 13.
——; "cry out on the top of q.," *i.e.* speak in a high key, or in a high childish treble; II. ii. 355.
Questionable, inviting question; I. iv. 43.
Quest law, inquest law; V. i. 24.
Quick, alive; V. i. 132.
Quiddities, subtleties (Folios, "*quiddits*"); V. i. 103.
Quietus, a law term for the official settlement of an account; III. i. 75.
Quillets, subtle arguments; V. i. 104.
Quintessence, the highest or fifth essence (a term in alchemy); II. ii. 321.
Quit, requite; V. ii. 68.
Quoted, observed, noted; II. i. 112.

Rack, mass of clouds in motion; II. ii. 503.
Range, roam at large; III. iii. 2.
Ranker, richer, greater; IV. iv. 22.
Rankly, grossly; I. v. 38.
Rapier, a small sword used in thrusting; V. ii. 145.
Rashly, hastily; V. ii. 6.
Ravel out, unravel (Quartos 2-5, "*rouell*"); III. iv. 186.
Razed, slashed; III. ii. 288.
Reach, capacity; II. i. 64.
Recks, cares, minds (Quartos, "*reck'st*"); I. iii. 51.
Recognizances; "a recognizance is a bond or obligation of record testifying the recogniser to owe to the recognisee a certain sum of money" (Cowel); V. i. 109.
Recorders, a kind of flute or flageolet; III. ii. 303. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From an engraving by Fairholt.

Recoveries, a law term (*v.* "Vouchers"); V. i. 110.
Rede, counsel, advice; I. iii. 51.
Redeliver, report; V. ii. 179.
Reels, dances wildly; I. iv. 9.
Regards, conditions; II. ii. 79.
Region, air ("originally a division of the sky marked out by the Roman augurs"); II. ii. 506.
Relative, conclusive, to the purpose; II. ii. 630.
Relish of, have a taste, flavour; III i. 120.
Remember; "I beseech you, r.," the full saying is found in *Love's Labour's Lost*, V. i. 103; "*I do beseech thee remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee apparel thy head*"; V. ii. 105.
Remembrances, mementos; III. i. 93.
Remiss, careless; IV. vii. 135.
Remorse, pity; II. ii. 510.
Remove, removal; IV. v. 81.
Removed, retired, secluded; I. iv. 61.
Repast, feed; IV. v. 147.
Replication, reply, answer; IV. ii. 13.
Requite, repay; I. ii. 251.
Residence, a fixed abode as opposed to strolling; used technically of theatrical companies; II. ii. 343.
Resolutes, desperadoes; I. i. 98.
Resolve, dissolve, melt; I. ii. 130.
Re-speaking, re-echoing; I. ii. 128.
Respect, consideration, motive; III i. 68.
Rest, stay, abode; II. ii. 13.
Rests, remains; III. iii. 64.
Retrograde, contrary; I. ii. 114.

Return'd; "had r.," would have returned (Quartos, "*returne*"); I. i. 91.

Reverend, venerable; II. ii. 498.

Revolution, change; V. i. 98.

Re-word, repeat in the very words; III. iv. 143.

Rhapsody, a collection of meaningless words; III. iv. 48.

Rhenish, Rhenish wine; I. iv. 10.

Riband, ribbon, ornament; IV. vii. 78.

Rights of memory, rights remembered (Folios, "*Rites*"); V. ii. 392.

Rites, funeral service; V. i. 231.

Rivals, partners, sharers; I. i. 13.

Robustious, sturdy; III. ii. 10.

Romage, bustle, turmoil; I. i. 107.

Rood, cross; "by the rood," an oath; III. iv. 14.

Roots itself, takes root, grows; I. v. 33.

Roscius, the most celebrated actor of ancient Rome; II. ii. 410.

Rose, charm, grace; III. iv. 42.

Rosemary, a herb; the symbol of remembrance, particularly used at weddings and funerals; IV. v. 175.

Rough-hew, make the rough, or first form; a technical term in carpentering; V. ii. 11.

Round, in a straightforward manner; II. ii. 139.

Rouse, bumper, revel ("the Danish *rousa*"); I. ii. 127.

Row, stanza (properly=line); II. ii. 438.

Rub, impediment; a term in the game of bowls; III. i. 65.

Rue, called also "herb of grace"; emblematic of repentance (Ophelia is probably playing on *rue*=repentance, and "*rue, even for ruth*"=pity; the former signification for the queen, the latter for herself) (*cp. Richard II.*, III. iv. 104); IV. v. 181

Sables, fur used for the trimming of rich robes; perhaps with a play on "*sable*"=black; III. ii. 135.

Safety; trisyllabic (so Quartos; Folios, "*sanctity*"; Theobald, "*sanity*"); I. iii. 21.

Sallets, salads; used metaphorically for "relish" (Pope, "*salts*," later "*salt*"); II. ii. 461.

Sandal shoon, shoes consisting of soles tied to the feet; (*shoon*, archaic plural); (Quartos, "*Sendall*"); IV. v. 26.

Sans, without; III. iv. 79.

Sate, satiate; I. v. 56.

Satyr, taken as a type of deformity; I. ii. 140.

Saws, maxims; I. v. 100.

Say'st, say'st well; V. i. 27.

'Sblood, a corruption of "*God's blood*"; an oath; II. ii. 384.

Scann'd, carefully considered; III. iii. 75.

'Scapes, escapes; I. iii. 38.

Scarf'd, put on loosely like a scarf; V. ii. 13.

Scholar, a man of learning, and hence versed in Latin, the language of exorcists; I. i. 42.

School, university; I. ii. 113.

Sconce, colloquial term for head; V. i. 106.

——, ensconce (Quartos, Folios, "*silence*"); III. iv. 4.

Scope, utmost, aim; III. ii. 226.

Scourge, punishment; IV. iii. 6.

Scrimers, fencers; IV. vii. 101.

Scullion, the lowest servant; used as a term of contempt; II. ii. 613.

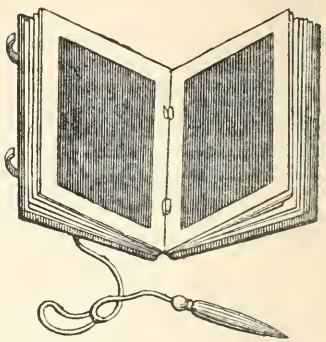
Sea-gown; "esclavine; a sea-gowne; or a course, high-collared, and short-sleeved gowne, reaching downe to the mid-leg, and used most by seamen, and Saylors" (Cotgrave); V. ii. 13.

Seals; "to give them s.," to ratify by action; III. ii. 408.

Sea of troubles (*v.* "take arms"), etc

Season, temper, restrain ; I. ii. 192.
——, ripen ; I. iii. 81.
——, qualify ; II. i. 28.
Seasons, matures, seasons ; III. ii. 219.
Secure, careless, unsuspicious (Johnson, "*secret*") ; I. v. 61.
Seeming, appearance ; III. ii. 92.
Seized of, possessed of ; I. i. 89.
Semblable, equal, like ; V. ii. 120.
Seneca ; "S. cannot be too heavy," alluding to the rhetorical Senecan plays taken as models for tragedy by the Academic play-wrights ; II. ii. 419.
Sense, feeling, sensibility ; III. iv. 71.
Sensibly, feelingly (Folio 1, "*sensible*") ; IV. v. 150.
Se offendendo, Clown's blunder for *se defendendo ;* V. i. 9.
Sequent, consequent, following ; V. ii. 54.
Sergeant, sheriff's officer ; V. ii. 347.
Set, regard, esteem ; IV. iii. 64.
Several, different ; V. ii. 20.
Shall, will ; III. i. 184.
Shall along, shall go along ; III. iii. 4.
Shape ; "to our s.," to act our part ; IV. vii. 151.
Shards, fragments of pottery ; V. i. 254.
Shark'd up, picked up without selection ; I. i. 98.
Sheen, brightness, lustre ; III. ii. 167.
Sheeted, enveloped in shrouds ; I. i. 115.
Shent, put to the blush, reproached ; III. ii. 416.
Short ; "kept s.," kept, as it were, tethered, under control ; IV. i. 18.
Should, would ; III. ii. 316.
Shreds and patches, alluding to the motley dress worn by the clown, and generally by the Vice ; III. iv. 102.
Shrewdly, keenly, piercingly ; I. iv. 1.
Shriving-time, time for confession and absolution ; V. ii. 47.
Siege, rank ; IV. vii. 77.
Simple, silly, weak ; I. ii. 97.
Simples, herbs ; IV. vii. 145.
Sith, since ; IV. iv. 12.
Skirts, outskirts, borders ; I. i. 97.
Slander, abuse ; I. iii. 133.
Sledded, travelling in sledges ; I. i. 63.
Slips, faults, offences ; II. i. 22.
Sliver, a small branch of a tree ; IV vii. 175.
So, such, III. i. 69 ; provided that, IV. vii. 61.
Softly, slowly (Folios, "*safely*") ; IV. iv. 8.
Soft you now, hush, be quiet ; III. i. 88.
Soil, stain ; I. iv. 20.
Sole, only ; III. iii. 77.
Solicited, urged, moved ; V. ii. 361.
Something, somewhat (Folios, "*somewhat*") ; I. iii. 121.
Sometimes, formerly ; I. i. 49.
Sort, associate ; II. ii. 274.
——, turn out ; I. i. 109.
Sovereignty ; "your s. of reason," the command of your reason ; I. iv. 73.
Splenitive, passionate, impetuous ; V. i. 273.
Springes, snares ; I. iii. 115.
Spurns, kicks ; IV. v. 6.
Stand me upon, be incumbent on me ; V. ii. 63.
Star, sphere ; II. ii. 141.
Station, attitude in standing ; III. iv 58.
Statists, statesmen ; V. ii. 33.
Statutes, "particular modes of recognizance or acknowledgement for securing debts, which thereby become a charge upon the party's land" (Ritson) ; V. i. 109.
Stay, wait for ; V. ii. 24.
Stay'd, waited ; I. iii. 57.
Stays, waits for me ; III. iii. 95.
Stay upon, await ; III. ii. 112.
Stick fiery off, stand in brilliant relief ; V. ii. 260.

Stiffly, strongly; I. v. 95.
Still, always; I. i. 122.
Stithy, smithy (Folio 1, "*Stythe*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*Styth*"; Theobald, "*Smithy*"); III. ii. 89.
Stomach, courage; I. i. 100.
Stoup, drinking cup; V. i. 64.
Straight, straightway; II. ii. 450.
Stranger; "as a s.," *i.e.* without doubt or question; I. v. 165.
Strewments, strewing of flowers over the corpse and grave; V. i. 245.
Strike, blast, destroy by their influence; I. i. 162.
Stuck, thrust; an abbreviation of *stoccato*; IV. vii. 162.
Subject, subjects, people; I. i. 72.
Succession, future; II. ii. 368.
Suddenly, immediately; II. ii. 215.
Sullies, stains, blemishes, II. i. 39.
Sun; "too much i' the s.," probably a quibbling allusion to the old proverb "Out of heaven's blessing into the warm sun,"=out of comfort, miserable; I. ii. 67.
Supervise, supervision, perusal; V. ii. 23.
Suppliance, dalliance, amusement; I. iii. 9.
Supply, aiding; II. ii. 24.
Supposal, opinion; I. ii. 18.
Swaddling clouts, swaddling clothes (Folios, "*swathing*"); II. ii. 401.
Sweet, sweetheart; III. ii. 232.
Swinish; "with s. phrase," by calling us swine (a pun on "*Sweyn*" has been found in the phrase); I iv. 19.
Switzers, Swiss guards (Quartos, "*Swissers*"); IV. v. 97.
Swoopstake, sweepstake (the term is taken from a game of cards, the winner sweeping or drawing the whole stake); IV. v. 142.
'Swounds, a corruption of *God's wounds*; an oath; II. ii. 601.
Swounds, swoons, faints (Quartos 2-5, Folios 1, 2, "*sounds*"); V. ii. 311.
Table, tablet; I. v. 98.
Tables, tablets, memorandum-book; I. v. 107. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From Gesner's *De rerum fossilium figuris*, 1565.

Taints, stains, blemishes; II. i. 32.
Take arms against a sea; an allusion to a custom attributed to the Kelts by Aristotle, Strabo, and other writers; "they throw themselves into the foaming floods with their swords drawn in their hands," *etc.* (Fleming's trans. of Aelian's *Histories*, 1576); III. i. 59.
Takes, affects, enchants (Folios 1, 2, "*takes*"; Folios 3, 4, "*talks*"); I. i. 163.
Take you, pretend; II. i. 13.
Tardy; "come t. off," being too feebly shown; III. ii. 28.
Tarre, incite; II. ii. 370.
Tax'd, censured; I. iv. 18.
Tell, count; I. ii. 238.
Temper'd compounded (Folios, "*temp'red*"); V. ii. 331.
Temple (applied to the body); I. iii. 12.
Tend, wait; IV. iii. 47.
Tender, regard, have a care for; I. iii. 107.

Tenders, promises; I. iii. 106
Tent, probe; II. ii. 623.
Termagant, a common character in the mystery-plays, represented as a most violent tyrant; often referred to in association with Mahoun, and seemingly as a Saracen god; III. ii. 15.
Tetter, a diseased thickening of the skin; I. v. 71.
That, that which; II. ii. 7.
——, so that; IV. v. 217.
Theft, the thing stolen; III. ii. 94.
Thereabout of it, that part of it; II. ii. 466.
Thews, sinews, bodily strength; I. iii. 12.
Thieves of mercy, merciful thieves; IV. vi. 20.
Thinking; "not th. on," not being thought of, being forgotten; III. ii. 140.
Thinks't thee, seems it to thee (Quartos, "*think thee*"); V. ii. 63.
Thought, care, anxiety; IV. v. 188.
Thought-sick, sick with anxiety; III. iv. 51.
Thrift, profit; III. ii. 67.
Throughly, thoroughly; IV. v. 136.
Tickle o' the sere, easily moved to laughter; used originally of a musket in which the "*sere*" or trigger is "tickle," *i.e.* "easily moved by a touch"; II. ii. 337.
Timber'd; "too slightly t.," made of too light wood; IV. vii. 22.
Time, the temporal world; III. i. 70.
Tinct, dye, colour; III. iv. 91.
To, compared to; I. ii. 140.
To-do, ado; II. ii. 369.
Toils, makes to toil; I. i. 72.
Too too (used with intensive force); I. ii. 129.
Topp'd, overtopped, surpassed (Folios, "*past*"); IV. vii. 89.
Touch'd, implicated; IV. v. 207.
Toward, forthcoming, at hand; I. i. 77.
Toy in blood, a passing fancy; I. iii. 6.
Toys, fancies; I. iv. 75.
Trace, follow; V. ii. 120.
Trade, business; III. ii. 346.
Translate, transform, change; III. i. 113.
Travel, stroll, go on tour in the provinces (used technically); II. ii. 343.
Trick, toy, trifle, IV. iv. 61; faculty, skill, V. i. 99; habit, IV. vii. 189.
Trick'd, adorned; a term of heraldry; II. ii. 477.
Tristful, sorrowful; III. iv. 50.
Tropically, figuratively; III. ii. 244.
Truant, idler; I. ii. 173.
——, roving; I. ii. 169.
True-penny, honest fellow; I. v. 150.
Trumpet, trumpeter; I. i. 150.
Truster, believer; I. ii. 172.
Turn turk, change utterly for the worse (a proverbial phrase); III. ii. 284.
Twelve for nine; this phrase, according to the context, must mean "twelve to nine," *i.e.* twelve on one side, to nine on the other; V. ii. 167.
Tyrannically, enthusiastically, vehemently; II. ii. 356.

Umbrage, shadow; V. ii. 121.
Unaneled, not having received extreme unction; I. v. 77.
Unbated, not blunted, without a button fixed to the end; IV. vii. 139.
Unbraced, unfastened; II. i. 78.
Uncharge, not charge, not accuse; IV. vii. 68.
Undergo, bear, endure; I. iv. 34.
Uneffectual; "u. fire"; *i.e.* ineffectual, being "lost in the light of the morning"; I. v. 90.
Unequal, unequally; II. ii. 490.
Ungalled, unhurt; III. ii. 283.
Ungored, unwounded; V. ii. 253.

Ungracious, graceless; I. iii. 47.
Unhousel'd, without having received the Sacrament; I. v. 77.
Unimproved, unemployed, not turned to account (? "*unapproved*," *i.e.* "untried"; Quarto 1, "*inapproved*"); I. i. 96.
Union, fine orient pearl (Quarto 2, "*Vnice*"; Quartos 3-6, "*Onyx*" or "*Onixe*"); V. ii. 275.
Unkennel, discover, disclose; III. ii. 86.
Unlimited; "poem u.," *i.e.* (probably) regardless of the Unities of Time and Place; II. ii. 419.
Unmaster'd, unbridled; I. iii. 32.
Unpregnant, unapt, indifferent to; II. ii. 592.
Unprevailing, unavailing, useless; I. ii. 107.
Unproportion'd, unsuitable; I. iii. 60.
Unreclaimed, untamed, wild; II. i. 34.
Unshaped, confused; IV. v. 8
Unsifted, untried; I. iii. 102.
Unsinew'd, weak; IV. vii. 10.
Unsure, insecure; IV. iv. 51.
Unvalued, low born, mean; I. iii. 19.
Unwrung, not wrenched, ungalled; III. ii. 250.
Unyoke, your day's work is done; V. i. 55.
Up, "drink u." (used with intensive force); V. i. 288.
Upon; 'u. your hour," *i.e.* on the stroke of, just at your hour; I. i. 6.
Upon my sword, *i.e.* Swear upon my sword (the hilt being in form of a cross); I. v. 147.
Upshot, conclusion; V. ii. 387.
Up-spring, the wildest dance at the old German merry-makings; I. iv. 9.

Vailed lids, lowered eyelids; I. ii. 70.
Valanced, adorned with a beard; II. ii. 442
Validity, value, worth; III. ii. 196.
Vantage; "of v.," from an advantageous position, or opportunity (Warburton); III. iii. 33.
Variable, various; IV. iii. 25.
Vast, void (so Quarto 1; Quarto 2, Folio 1, "*wast*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*waste*"); I. ii. 198.
Ventages, holes of the recorder; III ii. 365.
Vice of kings, buffoon, clown of a king; alluding to the *Vice*, the comic character, of the old morality plays; III. iv. 98.
Videlicet, that is to say, namely; II. i. 61.
Vigour; "sudden v.," rapid power; I. v. 68.
Violet, emblem of faithfulness; IV. v. 184.
Virtue, power; IV. v. 155.
Visitation, visit; II. ii. 25.
Voice, vote, opinion; V. ii. 252.
Vouchers; "double v., his recoveries," "a recovery with *double voucher* is the one usually suffered, and is so denominated from *two* persons (the latter of whom is always the common cryer, or some such inferior person) being successively *vouched*, or called upon, to warrant the tenant's title" (Ritson); V. i. 110.

Wag, move; III. iv. 39.
Wake, hold nightly revel; I. iv. 8.
Wandering stars, planets; V. i. 268.
Wann'd, turned pale; II. ii. 577.
Wanton; effeminate weakling; V ii. 302.
——, wantonly; III. iv. 183.
Wantonness, affectation; III. i. 152.
Warranty, warrant; V. i. 239.
Wash, sea; III. ii. 163.
Wassail, carousal, drinking bout; I. iv. 9.
Watch, state of sleeplessness; II. ii. 148.
Water-fly (applied to Osric); "a water-fly skips up and down

upon the surface of the water without any apparent purpose or reason, and is thence the proper emblem of a busy trifler" (Johnson); V. ii. 83.

Waves, beckons (Folios, "*wafts*"); I. iv. 68.

We; "and we," used loosely after conjunction instead of accusation of regard, *i.e.* "as for us"; I. iv. 54.

Weeds, robes; IV. vii. 81.

Well-took, well undertaken; II. ii. 83.

Wharf, bank; I. v. 33.

What, who; IV. vi. 1.

Wheel, the burden or refrain of a song (or, perhaps, the spinning-wheel to which it may be sung); IV. v. 172.

Whether (monosyllabic); II. ii. 17.

Which, who; IV. vii. 4.

Wholesome, reasonable, sensible; III. ii. 323.

Wildness, madness; III. i. 40.

Will; "virtue of his will," *i.e.* his virtuous intention; I. iii. 16.

Wind; "to recover the w. of me," a hunting term, meaning to get to windward of the game, so that it may not scent the toil or its pursuers; III. ii. 354.

Windlasses, winding, indirect ways; II. i. 65.

Winking; "given my heart a w.," closed the eyes of my heart (Quartos 2-5, "*working*"); II. ii. 137.

Winnowed (*vide* "Fond").

Wit, wisdom; II. ii. 90.

Withal, with; I. iii. 28.

Withdraw; "to w. with you," *i.e.* "to speak a word in private with you" (Schmidt); III. ii. 352.

Withers, the part between the shoulder-blades of a horse; III. ii. 250.

Within's, within this; III. ii. 132.

Wittenberg, the University of Wittenberg (founded 1502); I. ii. 113.

Wonder-wounded, struck with surprise; V. i. 269.

Woodcocks, birds supposed to be brainless; hence proverbial use; I. iii. 115.

Woo't, contraction of *wouldst thou;* V. i. 287.

Word, watch-word; I. v. 110.

Worlds; "both the w.," this world and the next; IV. v. 134.

Would, wish; I. ii. 235.

Woundless, invulnerable; IV. i. 44.

Wreck, ruin; II. i. 113.

Wretch, here used as a term of endearment; II. ii. 168.

Writ; "law of w. and liberty," probably a reference to the plays written with or without decorum, *i.e.* the supposed canons of dramatic art, = "classical" and "romantic" plays (according to some = "adhering to the text or extemporizing when need requires"); II. ii. 421.

Yaughan; "get thee to Y." (so Folio 1; Quarto 2, "*get thee in and*"); probably the name of a well-known keeper of an alehouse near the Globe, perhaps the Jew, "one Johan," alluded to in *Every Man out of his Humour*, V. iv.; V. i. 63.

Yaw, stagger, move unsteadily (a nautical term); V. ii. 115.

Yeoman's service, good service, such as the yeoman performed for his lord (Quartos 2, 3, 4, "*yemans*"); V. ii. 36.

Yesty, foamy; V. ii. 198.

Yorick, the name of a jester, lamented by Hamlet; perhaps a corruption of the Scandinavian name Erick, or its English equivalent (the passage possibly contains a tribute to the comic actor Tarlton); V. i. 191.

Yourself; "in y.," for yourself, personally; II. i. 71.

Notes.

I. i. 63. '*He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice*'; Quarto 1, Quarto 2, Folio 1, '*pollax*,' variously interpreted as '*Polacks*,' '*poleaxe*,' etc.; there is very little to be said against the former interpretation, unless it be that 'the ambitious Norway' in the previous sentence would lead one to expect 'the sledded Polack,' a commendable reading originally proposed by Pope.

I. i. 108-125. These lines occur in the Quartos, but are omitted in Folios.

I. i. 167. '*eastward*,' so Quartos; Folios, '*easterne*'; the latter reading was perhaps in Milton's mind, when he wrote:—

> "*Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime*
> *Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearls.*"
>
> *Par. Lost*, v. 1.

I. ii. 9. '*to*'; the reading of Quartos; Folios, '*of*.'

I. ii. 58-60. Omitted in Folios.

I. iii. 12. '*this temple*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*his temple*.'

I. iii. 16. '*will*," so Quartos; Folios, '*fear*.'

I. iii. 18. Omitted in Quartos.

I. iii. 26. '*particular act and place*,' so Quartos; Folios, '*peculiar sect and force*.'

I. iii. 59. Polonius' precepts have been traced back to Euphues' advice to Philautus; the similarity is certainly striking (*vide* Rushton's *Shakespeare's Euphuism*); others see in the passage a reference to Lord Burleigh's 'ten precepts,' enjoined upon Robert Cecil when about to set out on his travels (French's *Shakespeareana Genealogica*, *v.* Furness, Vol. II., p. 239).

I. iii. 65. '*comrade*' (accented on the second syllable), so Folio 1; Quartos (also Quarto 1), '*cowrage*.'

I. iii. 74. '*Are of a most select and generous chief in that*'; so Folio 1; Quarto 1, '*are of a most select and general chiefe in that*'; Quarto 2, '*Or of a most select and generous chiefe in that*'; the line is obviously incorrect; the simplest emendation of the many proposed is the omission of the words '*of a*,' and '*chief*,' which were probably due to marginal corrections of '*in*' and '*best*' in the previous line:—

> "*Are most select and generous in that.*"

(Collier '*choice*' for '*chief*'; Staunton '*sheaf*,' *i.e.* set, clique, suggested by the Euphuistic phrase "gentlemen of the best sheaf").

I. iii. 109. '*Running*,' Collier's conj.; Quartos, '*Wrong*'; Folio 1 '*Roaming*'; Pope, '*Wronging*'; Warburton, '*Wronging*'; Theobald, '*Ranging*,' etc.

I. iii. 130. '*bawds*'; Theobald's emendation of '*bonds*,' the reading of Quartos and Folio 1.

I. iv. 17-38. Omitted in Folio 1 (also Quarto 1).

I. iv. 36-38.

> '*the dram of eale*
> *Doth all the noble substance of a doubt*
> *To his own scandal*';

this famous crux has taxed the ingenuity of generations of scholars, and some fifty various readings and interpretations have been proposed. The general meaning of the words is clear, emphasizing as they do the previous statement that as a man's virtues, be they as pure as grace, shall in the general censure take corruption from one particular fault, even so 'the dram of eale' reduces all the noble substance to its own low level.

The difficulty of the passage lies in (i.) '*eale*' and (ii.) '*doth . . . . of a doubt*'; a simple explanation of (1) is that '*eale*'='*e'il*' *i.e.* '*evil*' (similarly in Quarto 2, II. ii. 627, '*deale*'='*de'ile*'='*devil*'). The chief objection to this plausible conjecture is that one would expect some rather more definite than 'dram of evil'; it is said, however, that '*eale*' is still used in the sense of 'reproach' in the western counties. Theobald proposed 'base,' probably having in mind the lines in *Cymbeline* (III. v. 88):—

> "*From whose so many weights of baseness cannot*
> *A dram of worth be drawn.*"

As regards (ii.), no very plausible emendation has been proposed; '*of a doubt*' has been taken to be a printer's error for '*often dout*,' '*oft endoubt*,' '*offer doubt*,' '*oft work out*,' *etc.* To the many questions which these words have called forth, the present writer is rash enough to add one more:—Could, perhaps, 'doth of a doubt'=deprives of the benefit of a doubt? Is there any instance of 'do' in XVIth century English='deprive'; the usage is common in modern English slang.

I. iv. 75-78. Omitted in Folio 1.

I. v. 22. '*List, list, O, list!*' so Quartos; Folio 1, '*list, Hamlet, oh list.*'

II. i. The stage direction in Quartos:—*Enter old Polonius, with his man or two*; Folios, *Polonius and Reynaldo*; in Quarto 1, *Reynaldo* is called *Montano*, hence perhaps the reading of later Quartos.

II. i. 4. '*to make inquire*'; so Quartos; 'Folios read, '*you make inquiry.*'

II. ii. 17. Omitted in Folios.

II. ii. 73. '*three*'; so Quarto 1 and Folios; Quartos read '*threescore.*'

II. ii. 216-217, 244-276. The reading of Folios; omitted in Quartos.

II. ii. 234. '*On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.*' For an example of this ornament *cp.* the accompanying cut which is reproduced from a tapestry of the time of Henry VII.

II. ii. 336-337. '*the clown . . . sere,*' omitted in Quartos; *vide* Glossary, "*tickle o' the sere.*"

II. ii. 346, 347. '*I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation*'; *vide* PREFACE.

II. ii. 351-377. Omitted in Quartos.

II. ii. 354-358. *cp.*:—

> "*I saw the children of Powles last night;*
> *And troth they pleas'd me pretty, pretty well,*
> *The apes, in time, will do it handsomely.*
> *— I like the audience that frequenteth there*
> *With much applause.*"
>
> *Jack Drum's Entertainment* (1601).

II. ii. 466. '*Æneas' tale of Dido*'; one cannot but believe that Hamlet's criticism of the play is throughout ironical, and that the speeches quoted are burlesque. "The fancy that a burlesque was intended," wrote Coleridge, "sinks below criticism; the lines, as epic narrative, are superb"; perhaps he would have changed his mind, and would have recognised them as mere parody, if he had read *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, a play left incomplete by Marlowe and finished by Nash (*cp. e.g.* Act II. Sc. i., which seems to be the very passage Shakespeare had in view).

II. ii. 485. Omitted in Folios.

II. ii. 493. '*Then senseless Ilium*'; 527, '*mobled . . . good*'; omitted in Quartos.

II. ii. 540. '*whether*': Malone's emendation; Quartos, Folios, '*where*' (*i.e.* '*wh'ere = whether*').

II. ii. 562. '*a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines*'; here was much throwing about of brains in the attempt to find these lines in the play-scene in Act III. Sc. ii. "The discussion," as Furness aptly puts it, "is a tribute to Shakespeare's consummate art," and the view of this scholar commends itself—viz., that "in order to give an air of probability to what everyone would feel [otherwise] highly improbable, Shakespeare represents Hamlet as adapting an old play to his present needs by inserting in it some pointed lines."

II. ii. 614:—

> '*Hum, I have heard*
> *That guilty creatures, sitting at a play*,' etc.,

vide Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, where a number of these stories are collected; perhaps, however, Shakespeare had in mind the plot of *A Warning for Faire Women*, a play on this theme published in 1599, referring to a *cause celebre* which befell at Lynn in Norfolk.

III. i. 13-14. '*Niggard of question, but of our own demands most free*'; Hanmer, '*Most free of our question, but to our demands most niggard*'; Warburton, '*Most free of question, but of our demands most niggard*'; Collier MS., '*niggard of our question, but to our demands most free.*'

III. i. 59. '*to take arms against a sea of troubles*,' etc.; the alleged confusion of metaphors in this passage was due to the commentator's ignorance, not to Shakespeare's; *vide* Glossary, '*take arms.*'

III. i. 79, 80:—

> '*The undiscovered country from whose bourne*
> *No traveller returns.*'

In Catullus' *Elegy on a Sparrow*, occur the words:—

> "*Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum*
> *Illuc unde negant redire quenquam.*"

III. i. 147. '*paintings*'; so (Quarto 1) Quartos; Folio 1, '*pratlings*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*pratling*'; Pope, '*painting*'; Macdonald conj. '*prancings.*'

III. ii. 36. '*nor man*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*or Norman.*'

III. ii. 49. There is a striking passage in Quarto 1, omitted in Quarto 2 and Folio, concerning those 'that keep one suit of jests, as a man is known by one suit of apparell'; the lines have a Shakespearian note, and are probably of great interest.

III. ii. 142. Much has been said to explain the introduction of the dumb-show; from the historical point of view its place in a court-play is not surprising, *vide* Glossary, '*Dumb Show.*'

III. ii. 174. The reading of the Folios; Quartos read:—

> '*For women feare too much, even as they love,*
> *And women's fear and love holds quantity.*'

Johnson believed that a line was lost rhyming with '*love.*'

III. ii. 175. '*In neither aught, or in extremity*': Malone's emendation; Folios, '*In neither ought*,' etc.; Quartos, '*Eyther none, in neither ought*,' etc.

III. ii. 211. '*favourite*'; Folio 1, '*favourites*,' a reading for which much is to be said.

III. ii. 246. '*Vienna*'; Quarto 1, '*Guyana*'; for '*Gonzago*,' Quarto 1

reads *Albertus*, who is throughout called Duke; in Quarto 2 it is always *King*; except here where Hamlet says '*Gonzago is the Duke's name.*'

III. ii. 261. '*The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge*';

cp. "*The screeking raven sits croaking for revenge,*
Whole herds of beasts comes bellowing for revenge."
The True Tragedie of Rich. III.

III. ii. 400. '*bitter business as the day*'; so Folios; Quartos read '*business as the bitter day.*'

III. iii. 7. '*lunacies*'; so Folios; Quartos, '*browes.*'

III. iii. 79. '*hire and salary*'; so Folios; Quartos misprint, '*base and silly.*'

III. iv. 71-76, 78-81, 161-165, 167-170, 202-210. omitted in Folios.

III. iv. 169. '*And either . . . the devil*'; some such word as '*master,*' '*quell,*' '*shame,*' has been omitted in Quartos, which read '*and either the devil.*'

IV. i. 4. Omitted in Folios.

IV. i. 40-44. Folio 1 omits these lines, and ends scene with the words—

'*And what's untimely done. Oh, come away,*
My soul is full of discord and dismay.'

Theobald proposed to restore the line by adding '*for, haply, slander.*'

IV. ii. 19. '*like an ape*'; so Folios; Quartos, '*like an apple*'; Farmer conj. '*like an ape, an apple*'; Singer, from Quarto 1, '*like an ape doth nuts*'; Hudson (1879), Hudson, '*as an ape doth nuts.*'

IV. ii. 24. '*A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear*'; a sentence proverbial since Shakespeare's time, but not known earlier.

IV. ii. 31. *cp.* Psalm cxliv., '*Man is like a thing of naught*'; 32-33, '*Hide fox, and all after,*' the reading of Folios; omitted in Quartos.

IV. iii. 27-30. Omitted in Folios.

IV. iii. 42. '*this deed, for thine*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*deed of thine, for thine.*'

IV. iii. 45. '*with fiery quickness*'; so Folios; omitted in Quartos.

IV. iii. 70. '*my haps, my joys were ne'er begun*'; so Folios; Quartos, '*my haps, my ioyes will nere begin*'; Johnson conj. '*my hopes, my joys are not begun*'; Heath conj. '*'t may hap, my joys will ne'er begin*'; Collier MS., '*my hopes, my joyes were ne're begun*'; Tschischwitz, '*my joys will ne'er begun.*'

IV. iv. 3. '*Craves*'; so Quartos; Folios 1, 2, '*Claimes.*'

IV. iv. 9-66. the reading of the Quartos; omitted in Folios.

IV. v. 14-16; Quartos and Folios assign these lines to Horatio; Blackstone re-arranged the lines as in the text.

IV. v. 38. '*grave*,' so Quarto 1, Folios; Quartos, '*ground*'; '*did go*'; Pope's emendation of Quartos; Folios, '*did not go*.'

IV. v. 48-55. Song in Quartos; omitted in Folios.

IV. v. 77. '*death, O*'; Quartos, '*death, and now behold, ô*.'

IV. v. 89. '*Feeds on his wonder*': Johnson's emendation; Quartos, '*Feeds on this wonder*'; Folios, '*Keepes on his wonder*'; Hanmer, '*Feeds on his anger*.'

IV. v. 96. '*Alack, what noise is this*'; omitted in Quartos.

IV. v. 119. '*unsmirched brows*'; Grant White's emendation; Folio 1, *unsmirched brow*.'

IV. v. 161-163, 165, omitted in Quartos.

IV. v. 166. '*rain'd*'; so Quartos; Folios 1, 2, '*raines*.'

IV. v. 172-173. '*It is the false steward*,' etc.; the story has not yet been identified.

IV. v. 195. *cp.* '*Eastward Hoe*' (1604), by Jonson, Marston & Chapman, for a travesty of the scene and this song (Act III. Sc. i.).

IV. vi. 2. '*Sea-faring men*'; so Quartos; Folios read '*Sailors*.'

IV. vii. 14. '*She's so conjunctive*'; so Folios; Quartos read '*She is so concline*'; Quarto, 1676, '*She is so precious*.'

IV. vii. 22. '*loud a wind*,' so Folios; Quartos 2, 3, '*loued Arm'd*'; Quartos 4, 5, '*loued armes*.'

IV. vii. 69-82. '*my lord . . . graveness*'; omitted in Folios; so, too, ll. 115-124.

IV. vii. 163. '*But stay, what noise?*'; the reading of Quartos; omitted in Folios.

IV. vii. 179. '*tunes*'; so Folio 1 and Quarto 1; Quarto 2, '*lauds*' (*i.e.* chants).

IV. vii. 193. '*douts*'; Knight's emendation; Folio 1, '*doubts*'; Quartos, '*drownes*.'

V. i. 36-39, 110-112. '*is this . . . . recoveries*'; 126, 193, omitted in Quartos.

V. i. 81. '*Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder*.' Tradition assigned this implement to Cain, since weapons were not invented until the days of Tubal-cain, Gen. iv. 22. (*Cp.* illustration.)

'*The first murder*.'
From Coverdale's Old Testament, 1535.

V. i. 258. '*treble woe*'; the reading of Quartos 2, 3, 6; Folio 1, '*terrible woer*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*terrible wooer*.'

V. i. 287. '*woo't drink up eisel*'; *vide* Glossary, '*eisel*'; the various emendations '*Weissel*,' '*Yssel*' (a northern branch of the Rhine), '*Nile*,' *Nilus*, are all equally unnecessary.

V. ii. 9. '*pall*'; so Quarto 2; Folio 1, '*parle*'; Pope, '*fail*.'

V. ii. 31. '*they*,' *i.e.* my brains.

V. ii. 57, 68-80. Omitted in Quartos.

V. ii. 78. '*court*'; Rowe's emendation of Folios, '*count*.'

V. ii. 99. '*or*'; Folios read '*for*.'

V. ii. 107-143. These lines are omitted in Folios, which read, '*Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon*.'

V. ii. 126. '*another tongue*'; Johnson conj. '*a mother tongue*'; Heath conj. '*a mother tongue?*' No change is necessary; it is a bit of sarcasm.

V. ii. 155-156. Omitted in Folios.

V. ii. 188, 9. '*many more of the same breed*'; so Quartos; Folio 1 reads, '*mine more of the same Beauy*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*nine more of the same Beavy*.'

V. ii. 195-209. Omitted in Folios.

V. ii. 225-227. '*Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes? Let be*' The reading is taken partly from the Folios and partly from the Quartos; a long list of proposed emendations is given by the Cambridge editors.

V. ii. 243. Omitted in Quartos.

V. ii. 247. '*brother*'; so Quartos; Folios read '*mother*.'

V. ii. 290. '*He's fat and scant of breath*'; *vide* Glossary, '*Fat*.'

V. ii. 339. *Cp.* the accompanying drawing from a cut in the *Dance of Death*.

V. ii. 348. '*live*'; so Folios; Quartos, '*I leave*.'

V. ii. 386. '*forced cause*'; so Folios; Quartos read '*or no cause*.'

'*this fell sergeant, Death*.'

THE TRAGEDY OF KING LEAR.

Preface.

The Early Editions. Two Quarto editions of *King Lear* appeared in the year 1608, with the following title-pages:—(i.) "M. William Shak-speare: | HIS | True Chronicle Historie of the life and | death of King LEAR and his three Daughters. | *With the unfortunate life of* Edgar, *ſonne* | and heire to the Earle of Gloſter, and his | ſullen and assumed humor of | TOM of Bedlam: | *As it was played before the Kings Maieſtie at Whitehall vpon* | *S.* Stephans *night in Chriſtmas Hollidayes.* | By his Maiesties Seruants playing vsually at the Gloabe | on the Bancke-ſide. [Device.] LONDON, | Printed for *Nathaniel Butter*, and are to be sold at his ſhop in *Pauls* | Church-yard at the ſigne of the Pide Bull neere | St. Auſtins Gate, 1608."

(ii.) The title of the Second Quarto is almost identical with that of (i.), but the device is different, and there is no allusion to the shop "at the signe of the Pide Bull."

It is now generally accepted that the "Pide Bull" Quarto is the first edition of the play, but the question of priority depends on the minutest of bibliographical criteria, and the Cambridge editors were for a long time misled in their chronological order of the Quartos (*vide* Cambridge editors' Preface, pp. v.-ix.); the problem is complicated by the fact that no two of the extant six copies of the First Quarto are exactly alike;* they differ in having one, two, three, or four, uncorrected sheets. The Second Quarto was evidently printed from a copy of the First Quarto, having three uncorrected sheets. A reprint of this edition, with many additional errors, appeared in 1655.

The Folio Edition of the play was derived from an independent manuscript, and the text, from a typographical point of view, is much better than that of the earlier editions; but it is noteworthy that some two

* Capell's copy; the Duke of Devonshire's; the British Museum's two copies; the Bodleian two copies.

hundred and twenty lines found in the Quartos are not found in the Folio, while about fifty lines in the Folio are wanting in the Quartos.*

Much has been written on the discrepancies between the two versions; among modern investigations perhaps the most important are those of (i.) Delius and (ii.) Koppel; according to (i.), "in the Quartos we have the play as it was originally performed before King James, and before the audience of the Globe, but sadly marred by misprints, printers' sophistications, and omissions, perhaps due to an imperfect and illegible MS. In the Folio we have a later MS. belonging to the Theatre, and more nearly identical with what Shakespeare wrote. The omissions of the Quartos are the blunders of the printers; the omissions of the Folios are the abridgements of the actors;" according to (ii.), "it was Shakespeare's own hand that cut out many of the passages both in the Quarto text and the Folio text. . . . The *original* form was, essentially, that of the Quarto, then followed a *longer* form, *with the additions in the Folio*, as substantially *our modern editions have again restored them*; then the shortest form, as it is preserved for us in the Folio." †

It seems probable that the quarto represents a badly printed revised version of the original form of the play, specially prepared by the poet for performance at Court, whereas the folio is the actors' abridged version It seems hardly possible to determine the question more definitely.

Tate's Version. For more than a century and a half, from the year 1680 until the restoration of Shakespeare's tragedy at Covent Garden in 1838, Tate's per-version of *Lear* held the stage,‡ delighting audiences with "the Circumstances of Lear's Restoration, and the virtuous Edgar's Alliance with the amiable Cordelia." It was to this acting-edition that Lamb referred in his famous criticism, "Tate has put his hook into the nostrils of this leviathan for Garrick and his followers," *etc.* Garrick, Kemble, Kean, and other great actors were quite content with this travesty, but "the Lear of Shakespeare cannot be acted."

* To the latter class belong I. ii. 119-124; I. iv. 345-356; III. i. 22-29; III. ii. 79-95; to the former, I. iii. 17-23; I. iv. 154-169, 252-256; II. ii. 148-151; III. vi. 18-59, 109-122; III. vii. 98-107; IV. i. 60-66; IV. ii. 31-50, 53-59, 62-69; IV. iii.; IV. vii. 88-95; V. i. 23-28; V. iii. 54-59; V. iii. 204-221. *Vide* Prætorius' facsimiles of Quarto 1 and Quarto 2; Vietor's Parallel Text of Quarto 1 and Folio 1 (Marburg, 1886), Furness' Variorum, *etc.*

† Delius' Essay appeared originally in the German Shakespeare Society Year-Book X.; and was subsequently translated into English (*New. Shak. Soc. Trans.* 1875-6).

Dr Koppel's investigations are to be found in his *Text-Kritische Studien uber Richard III. u. King Lear* (Dresden, 1877). A *resumé* of the various theories is given in Furness' edition, pp. 359-373.

‡ *Vide* Furness, pp. 467-478.

The Date of Composition. The play of *King Lear* may safely be assigned to the year 1605:—(i.) According to an entry in the Stationers' Register, dated 26th November 1607, it was "played before the King's Majesty at Whitehall upon S. Stephens' night at Christmas last," *i.e.* on the twenty-sixth of December 1606; (ii.) the names of Edgar's devils, and many of the allusions in Act III. Sc. iv. were evidently derived from Harsnett's *Declaration of egregrious Popish Impostures*, which was first published in 1603; (iii.) the substitution of "*British man*" for "*Englishman*" in the famous nursery-rhyme (Act III. Sc. iv. 189) seems to point to a time subsequent to the Union of England and Scotland under James I.; the poet Daniel in a congratulatory address to the King (printed in 1603) wrote thus:—

> "O thou mightie state,
> Now thou art all *Great Britain*, and no more,
> No *Scot*, no *English* now, nor no debate;" *

(iv.) the allusions to the "late eclipses" (I. ii. 112, 148, 153) have been most plausibly referred to the great eclipse of the sun, which took place in October 1605, and this supposition is borne out by the fact that John Harvey's *Discoursive Probleme concerning Prophesies*, printed in 1588, actually contains a striking prediction thereof (hence the point of Edmund's comment, "*I am thinking of a prediction I read this other day*," etc.); perhaps, too, there is a reference to the Gunpowder Plot in Gloucester's words, "*machinations*, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves."

The Sources of the Plot. The story of "Leir, the son of Balderd, ruler over the Britaynes, in the year of the world 3105, at what time Joas reigned as yet in Juda," was among the best-known stories of British history. Its origin must be sought for in the dim world of Celtic legend, or in the more remote realm of simple nature-myths,† but its place in literature dates from Geoffrey of Monmouth's Latin history of the Britons, *Historia Britonum*, composed about 1130, based in all probability on an earlier work connected with the famous name of Nennius, though Geoffrey alleges his chief authority was "an ancient British book." To the *Historia Britonum* we owe the stories of Leir, Gorboduc, Locrine; there, too, we find rich treasures of Arthurian romance. Welsh, French,

* It is noteworthy that in IV. vi. 256 the Folio reads "*English*," where the Quartos have "*British*."

† According to some Celtic folk-lorists, "Lir" = Neptune; the two cruel daughters = the rough Winds; Cordelia = the gentle Zephyr. I know no better commentary on the tempestuous character of the play; Shakespeare has unconsciously divined the germ of the myth.

and English histories of Britain were derived, directly or indirectly, from this Latin history. The first to tell these tales in English verse was Layamon, son of Leovenath, priest of Arley Regis, in Worcestershire, on the right bank of the Severn, who flourished at the beginning of the thirteenth century, and whose English *Brut* was based on Wace's French *Geste des Bretons*—a versified translation of Geoffrey's history. At the end of the century the story figures again in Robert of Gloucester's Metrical Chronicle; in the fourteenth century Robert of Brunne, in the fifteenth John Hardyng, re-told in verse these ancient British stories. In the sixteenth century we have Warner's *Albion's England*—the popular metrical history of the period; we have also the prose chronicles of Fabyan, Rastell, Grafton, and over and above all, Holinshed's famous *Historie of England*; * the story of *Leir* is to be found in all these books Three versions of the tale at the end of the sixteenth century show that the poetical possibilities of the subject were recognised before Shakespeare set thereon the stamp of his genius †:—(i.) in the *Mirour for Magistrates* "Queene Cordila" tells her life's "tragedy," how "in dispaire" she slew herself "the year before Christ, 800"; (ii.) Spenser, in Canto X. of the Second Book of the *Faery Queene*, summarises, in half a dozen stanzas, the story of "Cordelia"—this form of the name, used as a variant of "Cordeill" for metrical purposes, occurring here for the first time; the last stanza may be quoted to illustrate the closing of the story in the pre-Shakespearian versions:—

> "*So to his crown she him restor'd again*
> *In which he died, made ripe for death by eld,*
> *And after will'd it should to her remain;*
> *Who peacefully the same long time did weld,*
> *And all men's hearts in due obedience held;*
> *Till that her sister's children woxen strong*
> *Through proud ambition, against her rebell'd,*
> *And overcommen kept in prison long,*
> *Till weary of that wretched life herself she hong*";

(iii.) of special interest, however, is the pre-Shakespearian drama, which was entered in the books of the Stationers' Company as early as 1594 under the title of "*The moste famous Chronicle historye of* LEIRE, *Kinge of England, and his Three Daughters*," but evidently not printed till the year 1605, when perhaps its publication was due to the popularity of the newer Chronicle History on the same subject; "The | True Chronicle Hi | story

* In Camden's *Remains* the "Lear" story is told of the West-Saxon King Ina; in the *Gesta Romanorum* Theodosius takes the place of King Lear.

† The ballad of *King Leir, and his three Daughters* (*vide* Percy's *Reliques*) is, in all probability, later than Shakespeare's play.

of King Leir | and his three | daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella. | As it hath bene divers and sundry | times lately acted. | London | printed | by Simon Stafford for John | Wright, and are to bee sold at his shop at | Christes Church dore, next Newgate- | Market, 1605." *

It is noteworthy that the play was entered in the Registers on the 8th of May as "the *tragicall* historie of Kinge Leir," though the play is anything but a "tragedy"—its ending is a happy one. It looks, indeed, as though the original intention of the publishers was to palm off their "*Leir*" as identical with the great tragedy of the day.

But however worthless it may seem when placed in juxtaposition with "the most perfect specimen of the dramatic art existing in the world,"† yet this less ambitious and humble production is not wholly worthless, if only for "a certain childlike sweetness" in the portraiture of "faire Cordella,"

> "*Myrrour of vertue, Phœnix of our age!*
> *Too kind a daughter for an unkind father!*"

It may be pronounced a very favourable specimen of the popular '*comedies*' of the period to which it belonged (*circa* 1592), with its conventional classicism, its characteristic attempts at humour, its rhyming couplets; like so many of its class, it has caught something of the tenderness of the Greenish drama, and something—rather less—of the aspiration of the Marlowan.‡ "With all its defects," says Dr Ward, "the play seems only to await the touch of a powerful hand to be converted into a tragedy of

* *Vide* "Six Old Plays on which Shakespeare founded his Measure for Measure," *etc.*; Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, etc.; an abstract of the play is given by Furness, pp. 393-401.

† Shelley, *Defence of Poetry*, Essays, etc., 1840, p. 20.

‡ Here are a few lines—perhaps 'the salt of the old play'—by way of specimen:—[the Gallian king is wooing Cordella disguised as a Palmer].

> "*King.* Your birth's too high for any but a king.
> *Cordella.* My mind is low enough to love a palmer,
> Rather than any king upon the earth.
> *King.* O, but you never can endure their life,
> Which is so straight and full of penury.
> *Cordella.* O yes, I can, and happy if I might:
> I'll hold thy palmer's staff within my hand,
> And think it is the sceptre of a queen.
> Sometime I'll set thy bonnet on my head
> And think I wear a rich imperial crown.
> Sometime I'll help thee in thy holy prayers,
> And think I am with thee in Paradise.
> Thus I'll mock fortune, as she mocketh me.
> And never will my lovely choice repent;
> For having thee, I shall have all content."

supreme effectiveness; and while Shakespeare's genius nowhere exerted itself with more transcendent force and marvellous versatility, it nowhere found more promising materials ready to its command."*

Yet Shakespeare's debt to the old play was of the slightest, and some have held that he may not even have read it, but in all probability he derived therefrom at least a valuable hint for the character of Kent, whose prototype Perillus is by no means unskillfully drawn; perhaps, too, the original of the steward Oswald is to be found in the courtier Scaliger; again it is noteworthy that messengers with incriminating letters plav an important part in the earlier as in the later drama; and possibly the first rumblings of the wild storm-scene of '*Lear*' may be heard in the mimic thunder which in '*Leir*' strikes terror in the heart of the assassin hired to murder king and comrade—"the parlosest old men that ere he heard."

There is in the "Chronicle History" no hint of the underplot of *Lear*, the almost parallel story of Gloster and Edmund, whereby Shakespeare subtly emphasies the leading *motif* of the play; the vague original thereof is to be found in Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* (Book II. pp. 133-158, ed. 1598), ("*the pitifull state and story of the Paphlagonian vnkinde king, and his kind sonne, first related by the son, then by the blind father*").

Duration of Action. The time of the play, according to Mr Daniel (*vide Transactions of New Shakespere Soc.*, 1877-79), covers ten days, distributed as follows:—

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i. *Day* 2, Act I. Sc. ii. *An interval of something less than a fortnight.* *Day* 3, Act I. Sc. iii., iv. *Day* 4, Act II. Sc. i., ii. *Day* 5, Act II. Sc. iii., iv.; Act III. Sc. i.-vi. *Day* 6, Act III. Sc. vii.; Act IV. Sc. i. *Day* 7, Act IV. Sc. ii. Perhaps an *interval* of a day or two. *Day* 8, Act IV. Sc. iii. *Day* 9, Act IV. Sc. iv., v., vi. *Day* 10, Act IV. Sc. vii.; Act V. Sc. i.-iii.

"The longest period, including intervals, that can be allowed for this play is one month; though perhaps little more than three weeks is sufficient."

* *History of English Dramatic Literature*, Vol. I., p. 126.

The Lear of Shakespeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery by which they mimic the storm which he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements, than any actor can be to represent Lear: they might more easily propose to personate the Satan of Milton upon a stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures. The greatness of Lear is not in corporal dimension, but in intellectual: the explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano: they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that sea his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his mind which is laid bare. This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on; even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of rage; while we read it, we see not Lear, but we are Lear,—we are in his mind, we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of daughters and storms; in the aberrations of his reason we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodised from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will upon the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks, or tones, to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the *heavens themselves*, when in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that "they themselves are old"? What gestures shall we appropriate to this? What has the voice or the eye to do with such things? But the play is beyond all art, as the tamperings with it show: it is too hard and stony; it must have love scenes, and a happy ending. It is not enough that Cordelia is a daughter, she must shine as a lover too. Tate has put his hook in the nostrils of this Leviathan, for Garrick and his followers, the showmen of scene, to draw the mighty beast about more easily. A happy ending!—as if the living martyrdom that Lear had gone through,—the flaying of his feelings alive, did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after, if he could sustain this world's burden after, why all this pudder and preparation,—why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy? As if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again could tempt him to act over again his misused station,—as if at his years, and with his experience, anything was left but to die.

Charles Lamb.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEAR, *king of Britain.*
KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF CORNWALL.
DUKE OF ALBANY.
EARL OF KENT.
EARL OF GLOUCESTER.
EDGAR, *son to Gloucester.*
EDMUND, *bastard son to Gloucester.*
CURAN, *a courtier.*
Old Man, tenant to Gloucester.
Doctor.
Fool.
OSWALD, *steward to Goneril.*
A captain employed by Edmund.
Gentleman attendant on Cordelia.
Herald.
Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL,
REGAN,
CORDELIA, } *daughters to Lear.*

Knights of Lear's train, Captains, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Britain.*

The Tragedy of King Lear

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

King Lear's palace.

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmund.

Kent. I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glou. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glou. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glou. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glou. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came something

saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glou. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glou. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. The king is coming.

Sennet. Enter one bearing a coronet, King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.

Glou. I shall, my liege. [*Exeunt Gloucester and Edmund.*

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.
Give me the map there. Know we have divided
In three our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall,
And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,

Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, my daughters,
Since now we will divest us both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter,
Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty,
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare,
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour,
As much as child e'er loved or father found;
A love that makes breath poor and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. [*Aside*] What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual. What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short: that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys
Which the most precious square of sense possesses,
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. [*Aside*] Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so, since I am sure my love 's
More ponderous than my tongue.
Lear. To thee and thine hereditary ever
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom,
No less in space, validity and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril. Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least, to whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interess'd, what can you say to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.
Cor. Nothing, my lord.
Lear. Nothing!
Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.
Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more nor less.
Lear. How, how, Cordelia! mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.
Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, loved me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty:
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.
Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.
Lear. So young, and so untender?
Cor. So young, my lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be so; thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operation of the orbs
From whom we do exist and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied and relieved,
As thou my sometime daughter.
Kent. Good my liege,—
Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. Hence, and avoid my sight!
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her! Call France. Who stirs?
Call Burgundy. Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights

By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name and all the additions to a king;
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part betwixt you.

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Loved as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn; make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound,
When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom,
And in thy best consideration check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgement,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thy enemies, nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear, and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,

Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

Alb. } Dear sir, forbear.
Corn. }

Kent. Do;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy doom;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thy allegiance, hear me! 170
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow,
Which we durst never yet, and with strain'd pride
To come between our sentence and our power,
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world,
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if on the tenth day following
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions, 180
The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revoked.

Kent. Fare thee well, king: sith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.
[*To Cordelia*] The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly think'st and hast most rightly said!
[*To Regan and Goneril*] And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love.

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He 'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*

Flourish. Re-enter Gloucester, with France, Burgundy, and Attendants.

Glou. Here 's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.
Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address towards you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter: what, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?
Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than what your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.
Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands:
If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure pieced,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She 's there, and she is yours.
Bur. I know no answer.
Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?
Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.
Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. [*To France*] For you, great king,
I would not from your love make such a stray,

To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange,
That she, that even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall'n into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,—
If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not, since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak,—that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath deprived me of your grace and favour;
But even for want of that for which I am richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
As I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born than not to have pleased me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature
Which often leaves the history unspoke
That it intends to do? My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love's not love

When it is mingled with regards that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself proposed,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then you have so lost a father
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich being poor,
Most choice forsaken, and most loved despised,
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflamed respect.
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Can buy this unprized precious maid of me.
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou losest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine, for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again. Therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish. Exeunt all but France, Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia.*

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.
Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults as they are named. Use well our father:
To your professed bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.
Reg. Prescribe not us our duties.
Gon. Let your study
Be to content your lord, who hath received you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.
Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides:
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!
France. Come, my fair Cordelia.
[*Exeunt France and Cordelia.*
Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think our father will hence to-night.
Reg. That 's most certain, and with you; next month with us.
Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgement he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.
Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.
Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been

but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long ingrafted condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let's hit together: if our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think on't.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The Earl of Gloucester's castle.

Enter Edmund, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who in the lusty stealth of nature take
More composition and fierce quality

Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to the legitimate: fine word, 'legitimate'!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter Gloucester.

Glou. Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscribed his power!
Confined to exhibition! All this done
Upon the gad! Edmund, how now! what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the letter.*

Glou. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glou. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glou. No? What needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking.

Glou. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glou. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glou. [*Reads*] 'This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, EDGAR.'

Hum! Conspiracy!—'Sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue!'—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in? When came this to you? who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glou. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glou. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glou. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: but I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glou. O villain, villain! His very opinion in the letter! Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! Go, sirrah, seek him; ay, apprehend him: abominable villain! Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him that he hath wrote this to feel my affection to your honour and to no further pretence of danger.

Glou. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction, and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glou. He cannot be such a monster—

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glou. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. Heaven and earth! Edmund, seek

him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently, convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glou. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollowness, treachery and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves. Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully. And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty! 'Tis strange. [*Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sick in fortune—often the surfeit of our own behaviour—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine

thrusting on: an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under Ursa major; so that it follows I am rough and lecherous. Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter Edgar.

And pat he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam. O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.

Edg. How now, brother Edmund! what serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself about that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writ of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last!

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower, and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: pray ye, go; there's my key: if you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother!

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best: go armed: I am no honest man if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard; but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it: pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon? 189

Edm. I do serve you in this business. [*Exit Edgar.*

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy. I see the business.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

The Duke of Albany's palace.

Enter Goneril and Oswald, her steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding
of his fool?

Osw. Yes, madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say I am sick:
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Osw. He's coming, madam; I hear him. [*Horns within.*

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'ld have it come to question:
If he distaste it, let him to our sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away! Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again, and must be used
With checks as flatteries, when they are seen abused.
Remember what I tell you.

Osw. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak: I'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my very course. Prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A hall in the same.

Enter Kent, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech defuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I razed my likeness. Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy master whom thou lovest
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now! what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise and says little; to fear judgement; to fight when I cannot choose, and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner! Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Enter Oswald.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Osw. So please you,— [*Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clot-poll back. [*Exit a Knight.*] Where's my fool, ho? I think the world's asleep.

Re-enter Knight.

How now! where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?

Knight. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgement, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! sayst thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged.

Lear. Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into 't. But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well. Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*] Go you, call hither my fool. [*Exit an Attendant.*

Re-enter Oswald.

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir: who am I, sir?

Osw. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Osw. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[*Striking him.*

Osw. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither, you base foot-ball player.

[*Tripping up his heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away! go to; have you wisdom? so. [*Pushes Oswald out.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there 's earnest of thy service. [*Giving Kent money.*

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too: here 's my coxcomb.

[*Offering Kent his cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why, for taking one's part that 's out of favour: nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou 'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb: why, this fellow hath banished two on 's daughters, and done the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb. How now, nuncle! Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'ld keep my cox-

combs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when Lady the brach may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer, you gave me nothing for 't. Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. [*To Kent*] Prithee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear No, lad; teach me.

Fool. That lord that counsell'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me;
Do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all the fool to myself; they'll be snatching. Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg in the middle and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown when thou gavest thy golden one away If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

[*Singing*] Fools had ne'er less wit in a year;
For wise men are grown foppish,
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother: for when thou gavest them the rod and puttest down thine own breeches,

[*Singing*] Then they for sudden joy did weep,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying, and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides and left nothing i' the middle. Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter Goneril.

Lear. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing. [*To Gon.*] Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face bids me, though you say nothing.

Mum, mum:
He that keeps nor crust nor crumb,
Weary of all, shall want some.

[*Pointing to Lear*] That 's a shealed peascod.

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licensed fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
In rank and not to be endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course and put it on
By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep,
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For, you know, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had it head bit off by it young.
So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir,
I would you would make use of that good wisdom
Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away
These dispositions that of late transform you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse? Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Doth any here know me? This is not Lear:
Doth Lear walk thus? speak thus? where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, his discernings
Are lethargied—Ha! waking? 'tis not so.
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Fool. Lear's shadow.

Lear. I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration, sir, is much o' the savour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel
Than a graced palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy: be then desired
By her that else will take the thing she begs
A little to disquantity your train,
And the remainder that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
Which know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!
Saddle my horses; call my train together.
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee:
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people, and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—[*To Alb.*] O, sir, are you come?

Is it your will? Speak, sir. Prepare my horses.
Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child
Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. [*To Gon.*] Detested kite! thou liest.
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name. O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
That, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place, drew from my heart all love
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in
[*Striking his head.*
And thy dear judgement out! Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.
Hear, nature, hear; dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful:
Into her womb convey sterility:
Dry up in her the organs of increase,
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen, that it may live
And be a thwart disnatured torment to her.
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits

To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child! Away, away! [*Exit.*

Alb. Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause,
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter Lear.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap!
Within a fortnight!

Alb. What 's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee. [*To Gon.*] Life and Death! I am ashamed
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon thee!
The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out
And cast you with the waters that you lose
To temper clay. Yea, is it come to this?
Let it be so: yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She 'll flay thy wolvish visage. Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever: thou shalt, I warrant thee.
[*Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants.*

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you, content. What, Oswald, ho!
[*To the Fool*] You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry; take the fool with thee.
A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter:
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*

Gon. This man hath had good counsel: a hundred knights!
'Tis politic and safe to let him keep
At point a hundred knights: yes, that on every dream,
Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers
And hold our lives in mercy. Oswald, I say!

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust too far:
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart.
What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister:
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness,—

Re-enter Oswald.

How now, Oswald!
What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Osw. Yes, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear,
And thereto add such reasons of your own
As may compact it more. Get you gone;

And hasten your return. [*Exit Oswald.*] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness and course of yours
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attask'd for want of wisdom
Than praised for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell:
Striving to better, oft we mar what 's well.

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Court before the same.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloucester with these letters. Acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know than comes from her demand out of the letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brains were in 's heels, were 't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall ne'er go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she 's as like this as a crab 's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on 's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side 's nose, that what a man cannot smell out he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put 's head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father! —Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take 't again perforce! Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I 'ld have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How 's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!

Enter Gentleman.

How now! are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.
Lear. Come, boy.
Fool. She that's a maid now and laughs at my departure
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

The Earl of Gloucester's castle.

Enter Edmund and Curan, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.
Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.
Edm. How comes that?
Cur. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad, I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?
Edm. Not I: pray you, what are they?
Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?
Edm. Not a word.
Cur. You may do then in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*
Edm. The Duke be here to-night? The better! best!
This weaves itself perforce into my business.
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queasy question,
Which I must act: briefness and fortune, work!
Brother, a word; descend: brother, I say!

Enter Edgar.

My father watches: O sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night:
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither, now, i' the night, i' the haste,
And Regan with him: have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming: pardon me:
In cunning I must draw my sword upon you:
Draw: seem to defend yourself: now quit you well.
Yield: come before my father. Light, ho, here!
Fly, brother. Torches, torches! So farewell.
[*Exit Edgar.*
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[*Wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport. Father, father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter Gloucester, and Servants with torches.

Glou. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand's auspicious mistress.

Glou. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glou. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

Glou. Pursue him, ho!—Go after. [*Exeunt some Servants.*]
'By no means' what?
Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend,
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father; sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion
With his prepared sword he charges home
My unprovided body, lanced mine arm:
But when he saw my best alarum'd spirits
Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to the encounter,
Or whether gasted by the noise I made,
Full suddenly he fled.
Glou. Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—dispatch. The noble duke my master,
My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous caitiff to the stake;
He that conceals him, death.
Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him: he replied,
'Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, could the reposure
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny—
As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character—I'ld turn it all

To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it.'

Glou. Strong and fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter? I never got him.
[*Tucket within.*
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes.
All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend! since I came hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard strange news.
Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?
Glou. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!
Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father named? your Edgar?
Glou. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!
Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?
Glou. I know not, madam: 'tis too bad, too bad.
Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.
Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected:
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the waste and spoil of his revenues.

I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them, and with such cautions
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glou. He did bewray his practice, and received
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glou. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please. For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours:
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need:
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glou. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

Reg. Thus out of season, threading dark-eyed night:
Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some poise,
Wherein we must have use of your advice:
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I least thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom, and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,

Which craves the instant use.

Glou. I serve you, madam: your graces are right welcome. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Before Gloucester's castle.

Enter Kent and Oswald, severally.

Osw. Good dawning to thee, friend: art of this house?

Kent. Ay.

Osw. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' the mire.

Osw. Prithee, if thou lovest me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Osw. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Osw. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Osw. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking knave; a whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee!

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days ago since I tripped up thy heels and beat thee before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you: draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw. [*Drawing his sword.*

Osw. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king, and take vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father: draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks: draw, you rascal; come your ways.

Osw. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue; stand, you neat slave, strike. [*Beating him.*

Osw. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter Edmund, with his rapier drawn, Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester, and Servants.

Edm. How now! What 's the matter? [*Parting them.*

Kent. With you, goodman boy, an you please: come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glou. Weapons! arms! What 's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;
He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Osw. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though he had been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel? 60

Osw. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared at suit of his gray beard,—

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter! My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my gray beard, you wagtail?

Corn. Peace, sirrah!
You beastly knave, know you no reverence.

Kent. Yes, sir, but anger hath a privilege. 70

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain
Which are too intrinse to unloose; smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebel;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following. 80
A plague upon your epileptic visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'ld drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?
Glou. How fell you out? say that.
Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave.
Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault?
Kent. His countenance likes me not.
Corn. No more perchance does mine, nor his, nor hers.
Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.
Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he,—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth!
An they will take it, so; if not, he 's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends
Than twenty silly ducking observants
That stretch their duties nicely.
Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your great aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,—
Corn. What mean'st by this?
Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to 't.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?
Osw. I never give him any:
It pleased the king his master very late
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdued,
And in the fleshment of this dread exploit
Drew on me here again.
Kent. None of these rogues and cowards
But Ajax is their fool.
Corn. Fetch forth the stocks!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We 'll teach you—
Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king,
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.
Corn. Fetch forth the stocks! As I have life and honour,
There shall he sit till noon.
Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord, and all night too.
Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.
Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.
Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of. Come, bring away the stocks!
[*Stocks brought out.*
Glou. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:

His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for 't: your purposed low correction
Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches
For pilferings and most common trespasses
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abused, assaulted,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs.

[*Kent is put in the stocks.*

Come, my good lord, away.

[*Exeunt all but Gloucester and Kent.*

Glou. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd and travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

Glou. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken.

[*Exit.*

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw,
Thou out of heaven's benediction comest
To the warm sun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter! Nothing almost sees miracles
But misery: I know 'tis from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; and shall find time

From this enormous state, seeking to give
Losses their remedies. All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night: smile once more; turn thy wheel! [*Sleeps.*

Scene III.

A wood.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escaped the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard and most unusual vigilance
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may 'scape
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That every penury in contempt of man
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth,
Blanket my loins, elf all my hair in knots,
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who with roaring voices
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity. Poor Turlygod! poor Tom!
That 's something yet: Edgar I nothing am. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Before Gloucester's castle. Kent in the stocks.

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.
Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.
Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!
Lear. Ha!
Makest thou this shame thy pastime?
Kent. No, my lord.
Fool. Ha, ha! he wears cruel garters. Horses are tied by the heads, dogs and bears by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men by the legs: when a man's over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.
Lear. What's he that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?
Kent. It is both he and she;
Your son and daughter.
Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No, I say.
Kent. I say, yea.
Lear. No, no, they would not.
Kent. Yes, they have.
Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.
Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.
Lear. They durst not do't;

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage:
Resolve me with all modest haste which way
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceived, had poison'd mine—
Being the very fellow that of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness—
Having more man than wit about me, drew:
He raised the house with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.

Fathers that wear rags
Do make their children blind;
But fathers that bear bags
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours for thy daughter as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart! Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow, Thy element 's below! Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not; stay here. [*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence but what you speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We 'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there 's no labouring i' the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men; and there 's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that 's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learned you this, fool?
Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter Lear, with Gloucester.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?
They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better answer.
Glou. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremoveable and fix'd he is
In his own course.
Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloucester, Gloucester,
I'ld speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.
Glou. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.
Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man?
Glou. Ay, my good lord.
Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood!
'Fiery'? 'the fiery duke'? Tell the hot duke that—
No, but not yet: may be he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves
When nature being oppress'd commands the mind
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indisposed and sickly fit

For the sound man. [*Looking on Kent*] Death on my state! wherefore
Should he sit here? This act persuades me
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.
Go tell the duke and 's wife I 'ld speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber-door I 'll beat the drum
Till it cry sleep to death.

Glou. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart! But down!

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive; she knapped 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried 'Down, wantons, down!' 'Twas her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

Re-enter Gloucester, with Cornwall, Regan, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace!

[*Kent is set at liberty.*

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so: If thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adultress. [*To Kent*] O, are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here:

[*Points to his heart.*

I can scarce speak to thee; thou 'lt not believe

With how depraved a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience: I have hope
You less know how to value her desert
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground and to such wholesome end
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be ruled and led
By some discretion that discerns your state
Better than you yourself. Therefore I pray you
That to our sister you do make return;
Say you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
[*Kneeling*] 'Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg
That you 'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed and food.'

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:
Return you to my sister.

Lear. [*Rising*] Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:
All the stored vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness.

Corn. Fie, sir, fie!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes. Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun
To fall and blast her pride.

Reg. O the blest gods! so will you wish on me,
When the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse:
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And in conclusion to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks? [*Tucket within.*

Corn. What trumpet 's that?

Reg. I know 't; my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.

Enter Oswald.

Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know on't. Who comes here?

Enter Goneril.

O heavens,
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!
[*To Gon.*] Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?
O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence that indiscretion finds
And dotage terms so.
Lear. O sides, you are too tough; 200
Will you yet hold? How came my man i' the stocks?
Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserved much less advancement.
Lear. You! did you?
Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I am now from home and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd? 210
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air,
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch! Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg

To keep base life afoot. Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [*Pointing at Oswald.*
Gon. At your choice, sir.
Lear. I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad:
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.
Reg. Not altogether so:
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.
Lear. Is this well spoken?
Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: what, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How in one house
Should many people under two commands
Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.
Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance

From those that she calls servants or from mine?
Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanced to slack you,
We could control them. If you will come to me,
For now I spy a danger, I entreat you
To bring but five and twenty: to no more
Will I give place or notice.
Lear. I gave you all—
Reg. And in good time you gave it.
Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries,
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number. What, must I come to you
With five and twenty, Regan? said you so?
Reg. And speak't again, my lord; no more with me.
Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise. [*To Gon.*] I'll go with thee:
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.
Gon. Hear me, my lord:
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?
Reg. What need one?
Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life's as cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But for true need,—

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both:
If it be you that stirs these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not, but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep. O fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt Lear, Gloucester, Kent, and Fool.*

Corn. Let us withdraw; 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm and tempest.*

Reg. This house is little: the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; hath put himself from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purposed.
Where is my lord of Gloucester?

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth: he is return'd.

Re-enter Gloucester.

Glou. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glou. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.
Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.
Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.
Glou. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.
Reg. O, sir, to wilful men
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors:
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear.
Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night:
My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A heath.

Storm still. Enter Kent and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who 's there, besides foul weather?
Gent. One minded like the weather, most unquietly.
Kent. I know you. Where 's the king?
Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea.
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or cease; tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;

Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have—as who have not, that their great stars
Throned and set high?—servants, who seem no less,
Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes,
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king, or something deeper,
Whereof perchance these are but furnishings,—
But true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner. Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from some knowledge and assurance offer
This office to you.

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purse and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,—
As fear not but you shall,—show her this ring,
And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand: 50
Have you no more to say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That when we have found the king,—in which your pain
That way, I'll this,—he that first lights on him
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*

Scene II.

Another part of the heath. Storm still.

Enter Lear and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Smite flat the thick rotundity o' the world!

Crack nature's moulds, all germins spill at once
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing: here's a night pities neither wise man nor fool.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription: then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak and despised old man:
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put 's head in has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.

For there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience;
I will say nothing.

Enter Kent.

Kent. Who 's there?

Fool. Marry, here 's grace and a cod-piece; that 's a wise man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjured, and thou simular man of virtue
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practised on man's life: close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest:
Repose you there; while I to this hard house—
More harder than the stones whereof 'tis raised;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in—return, and force
Their scanty courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy: how dost, my boy? art cold?
I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That 's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. [*Singing*]
He that has and a little tiny wit,—
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy. Come, bring us to this hovel.
[*Exeunt Lear and Kent.*

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan. I 'll speak a prophecy ere I go:
When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues,
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field,
And bawds and whores do churches build;
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion:
Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,
That going shall be used with feet.
This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

Gloucester's castle.

Enter Gloucester and Edmund.

Glou. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glou. Go to; say you nothing. There's a division betwixt the dukes, and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night; 'tis dangerous to be spoken; I have locked the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will seek him and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: if he ask for me, I am ill and gone to bed. Though I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know, and of that letter too:
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

The heath. Before a hovel.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
The tyranny of the open night 's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm still.*
Lear. Let me alone.
Kent. Good my lord, enter here.
Lear. Wilt break my heart?
Kent. I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.
Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou 'ldst shun a bear,
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea
Thou 'ldst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind 's free
The body 's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to 't? But I will punish home.
No, I will weep no more. In such a night
To shut me out! Pour on; I will endure.
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave you all,—
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.
Kent. Good my lord, enter here.
Lear. Prithee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in.
[*To the Fool*] In, boy; go first. You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.
[*Fool goes in.*
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within*] Fathom and half, fathom and half!
Poor Tom! [*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here 's a spirit.
Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand. Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit: he says his name 's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw?
Come forth.

Enter Edgar disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!
'Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.'
Hum! go to thy cold bed and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters? and art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through

flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor. Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold. O, do de, do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and there again, and there. [*Storm still.*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass? Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy daughters?

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.
Is it the fashion that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap; served the lust of my mistress' heart and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one that slept in the contriving of lust and waked to do it: wine loved I deeply, dice dearly, and in woman out-paramoured the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.
'Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind.'
Says suum, mun, ha, no, nonny.
Dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa! let him trot by.
[*Storm still.*

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three on's are sophisticated. Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! come, unbutton here. [*Tearing off his clothes.*

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild

field were like an old lecher's heart, a small spark, all the rest on's body cold. Look, here comes a walking fire.

Enter Gloucester, with a torch.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the 'old;
He met the night-mare and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent. How fares your grace?

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glou. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom, that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tithing to tithing, and stock-punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride and weapon to wear;

But mice and rats and such small deer
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin; peace, thou fiend!

Glou. What, hath your grace no better company?
Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman: Modo he 's call'd, and Mahu.
Glou. Our flesh and blood is grown so vile, my lord,
That it doth hate what gets it.
Edg. Poor Tom 's a-cold.
Glou. Go in with me: my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you,
Yet have I ventured to come seek you out
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.
Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher.
What is the cause of thunder?
Kent. Good my lord, take his offer; go into the house.
Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.
What is your study?
Edg. How to prevent the fiend and to kill vermin.
Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.
Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord;
His wits begin to unsettle.
Glou. Canst thou blame him?
[*Storm still.*
His daughters seek his death: ah, that good Kent!
He said it would be thus, poor banish'd man!
Thou say'st the king grows mad: I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late: I loved him, friend,
No father his son dearer: truth to tell thee,
The grief hath crazed my wits. What a night 's this!
I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy, sir.
Noble philosopher, your company.
Edg. Tom's a-cold.
Glou. In, fellow, there, into the hovel: keep thee warm.
Lear. Come, let's in all.
Kent. This way, my lord.
Lear. With him;
I will keep still with my philosopher.
Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.
Glou. Take him you on.
Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.
Lear. Come, good Athenian.
Glou. No words, no words: hush.
Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came:
His word was still 'Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.' [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Gloucester's castle.

Enter Cornwall and Edmund.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.
Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.
Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death, but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.
Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the

advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persever in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee, and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

A chamber in a farmhouse adjoining the castle.

Enter Gloucester, Lear, Kent, Fool, and Edgar.

Glou. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience: the gods reward your kindness! [*Exit Gloucester.*

Edg. Frateretto calls me, and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman.

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his

son, for he's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits
Come hissing in upon 'em,—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.
[*To Edgar*] Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;
[*To the Fool*] Thou, sapient sir, sit here. Now, you she foxes!

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares! Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?
Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me.

Fool. Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak
Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amazed:
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first. Bring in the evidence.
[*To Edgar*] Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;
[*To the Fool*] And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his side. [*To Kent*] You are o' the commission;
Sit you too.

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;
And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.
Pur! the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made on. Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. [*Aside*] My tears begin to take his part so much,
They 'll mar my counterfeiting.

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them. Avaunt, you curs!
Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym,
Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail,
Tom will make them weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes and fairs and market-towns. Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan; see what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts? [*To Edgar*] You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments. You will say they are Persian attire; but let them be changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: so, so, so. We 'll go to supper i' the morning. So, so, so.

Fool. And I 'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter Gloucester.

Glou. Come hither, friend: where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not: his wits are gone.

Glou. Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms;
I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready; lay him in 't,
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:
If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up,
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppressed nature sleeps.
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken sinews,

Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure. [*To the Fool*] Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind.

Glou. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt all but Edgar.*

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind,
Leaving free things and happy shows behind:
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend makes the king bow,
He childed as I father'd! Tom, away!
Mark the high noises, and thyself bewray
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king!
Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*

Scene VII.

Gloucester's castle.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Edmund, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter: the army of France is landed. Seek out the traitor Gloucester.

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. Edmund, keep

you our sister company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister: farewell, my lord of Gloucester.

Enter Oswald.

How now! where's the king?

Osw. My lord of Gloucester hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lords dependants,
Are gone with him toward Dover; where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

Corn. Edmund, farewell.

[*Exeunt Goneril, Edmund, and Oswald.*

Go seek the traitor Gloucester.
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

[*Exeunt other Servants.*

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame but not control. Who's there? the traitor?

Enter Gloucester, brought in by two or three.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glou. What mean your graces? Good my friends, consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.
Corn. Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*
Reg. Hard, hard. O filthy traitor!
Glou. Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.
Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt find—
[*Regan plucks his beard.*
Glou. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.
Reg. So white, and such a traitor!
Glou. Naughty lady,
These hairs which thou dost ravish from my chin
Will quicken and accuse thee: I am your host:
With robbers' hands my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?
Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?
Reg. Be simple answerer, for we know the truth.
Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?
Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?
Speak.
Glou. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one opposed.
Corn. Cunning.
Reg. And false.
Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?
Glou. To Dover.
Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charged at peril—
Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.
Glou. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.
Reg. Wherefore to Dover, sir?

Glou. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes, nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endured, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires:
Yet, poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou shouldst have said, 'Good porter, turn the key,'
All cruels else subscribed: but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.
Corn. See 't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.
Upon these eyes of thine I 'll set my foot.
Glou. He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help! O cruel! O you gods!
Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.
Corn. If you see vengeance—
First Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:
I have served you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you
Than now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dog!
First Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I 'ld shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?
Corn. My villain! [*They draw and fight.*
First Serv. Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger.
Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus!
[*Takes a sword and runs at him behind.*
First Serv. O, I am slain! My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him. O! [*Dies.*
Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?

Glou. All dark and comfortless. Where 's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.
Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.
Glou. O my follies! Then Edgar was abused.
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!
Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover. [*Exit one with Gloucester.*] How
is 't, my lord? how look you?
Corn. I have received a hurt: follow me, lady.
Turn out that eyeless villain: throw this slave
Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt: give me your arm.
[*Exit Cornwall, led by Regan.*
Sec. Serv. I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.
Third Serv. If she live long,
And in the end meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.
Sec. Serv. Let 's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would: his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.
Third Serv. Go thou: I'll fetch some flax and whites of
eggs
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help
him! [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

The heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts. But who comes here?

Enter Gloucester, led by an Old Man.

My father, poorly led? World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.
Old Man. O, my good lord, I have been your tenant,
and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.
Glou. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do no good at all;
Thee they may hurt.
Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.
Glou. I have no way and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw: full oft 'tis seen,
Our means secure us, and our mere defects
Prove our commodities. Ah, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,

I'ld say I had eyes again!
Old Man. How now! Who 's there?
Edg. [*Aside*] O gods! Who is't can say 'I am at the worst'?
I am worse than e'er I was.
Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.
Edg. [*Aside*] And worse I may be yet: the worst is not
So long as we can say 'This is the worst.'
Old Man. Fellow, where goest?
Glou. Is it a beggar-man?
Old Man. Madman and beggar too.
Glou. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,
Which made me think a man a worm: my son
Came then into my mind, and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since.
As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.
Edg. [*Aside*] How should this be?
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others. Bless thee, master!
Glou. Is that the naked fellow?
Old Man. Ay, my lord.
Glou. Then, prithee, get thee gone: if for my sake
Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Who I'll entreat to lead me.
Old Man. Alack, sir, he is mad.
Glou. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;

Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*

Glou. Sirrah, naked fellow,—

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold. [*Aside*] I cannot daub it further.

Glou. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. [*Aside*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glou. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits. Bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididence, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chambermaids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

Glou. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched Makes thee the happier. Heavens, deal so still! Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man, That slaves your ordinance, that will not see Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly; So distribution should undo excess And each man have enough. Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glou. There is a cliff whose high and bending head Looks fearfully in the confined deep: Bring me but to the very brim of it, And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear

With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm:
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Before the Duke of Albany's palace.

Enter Goneril and Edmund.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel our mild husband
Not met us on the way.

Enter Oswald.

Now, where's your master?

Osw. Madam, within; but never man so changed.
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smiled at it: I told him you were coming;
His answer was, 'The worse': of Gloucester's treachery
And of the loyal service of his son
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:
What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

Gon. [*To Edm.*] Then shall you go no further.
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he 'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Hasten his musters and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant

Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[*Giving a favour.*
Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloucester!
[*Exit Edmund.*
O, the difference of man and man!
To thee a woman's services are due:
My fool usurps my body.

Osw. Madam, here comes my lord.
[*Exit.*

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril!
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face. I fear your disposition:
That nature which contemns it origin
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.

Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited!
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
It will come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man! 50
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st
Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where 's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land,
With plumed helm thy state begins to threat,
Whiles thou, a moral fool, sit'st still and criest
'Alack, why does he so?'

Alb. See thyself, devil! 60
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature. Were 't my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones: howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood! mew!

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mess. O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead,

Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloucester.
Alb. Gloucester's eyes!
Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Opposed against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who thereat enraged
Flew on him and amongst them fell'd him dead,
But not without that harmful stroke which since
Hath pluck'd him after.
Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge. But, O poor Gloucester!
Lost he his other eye?
Mess. Both, both, my lord.
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.
Gon. [*Aside*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloucester with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer.
[*Exit.*
Alb. Where was his son when they did take his eyes?
Mess. Come with my lady hither.
Alb. He is not here.
Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.
Alb. Knows he the wickedness?
Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him,
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.
Alb. Gloucester, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,

And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend:
Tell me what more thou know'st. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The French camp near Dover.

Enter Kent and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state which since his coming forth is thought of, which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger that his personal return was most required and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Marshal of France, Monsieur La Far.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence,
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion, who most rebel-like
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it moved her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better way: those happy smilets
That play'd on her ripe lip seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd. In brief,

Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved,
If all could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. Faith, once or twice she heaved the name of 'father'
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried 'Sisters! sisters! Shame of ladies! sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What, i' the storm? i' the night?
Let pity not be believed!' There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd: then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir, the poor distress'd Lear's i' the town;
Who sometime in his better tune remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own unkindness
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters: these things sting
His mind so venomously that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis so; they are afoot.
Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

The same. A tent.

Enter, with drum and colours, Cordelia, Doctor, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he: why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter and furrow-weeds,
With bur-docks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer*] What can man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him take all my outward worth.
Doct. There is means, madam:
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks: that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.
Cor. All blest secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate

In the good man's distress! Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam;
The British powers are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning and important tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's right:
Soon may I hear and see him! [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Gloucester's castle.

Enter Regan and Oswald.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?
Osw. Ay, madam.
Reg. Himself in person there?
Osw. Madam, with much ado:
Your sister is the better soldier.
Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?
Osw. No, madam.
Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?
Osw. I know not, lady.
Reg. Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being out,
To let him live: where he arrives he moves
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,

In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.

Osw. I may not, madam:
My lady charged my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what: I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.

Osw. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that: and at her late being here
She gave strange œillades and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.

Osw. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding: you are; I know't:
Therefore I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your lady's: you may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Osw. Would I could meet him, madam! I should show
What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Fields near Dover.

Enter Gloucester, and Edgar dressed like a peasant.

Glou. When shall we come to the top of that same hill?
Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.
Glou. Methinks the ground is even.
Edg. Horrible steep.
Hark, do you hear the sea?
Glou. No, truly.
Edg. Why then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.
Glou. So may it be indeed:
Methinks thy voice is alter'd, and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.
Edg. You're much deceived: in nothing am I changed
But in my garments.
Glou. Methinks you're better spoken.
Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still. How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,

Lest my brain turn and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.
Glou. Set me where you stand.
Edg. Give me your hand: you are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.
Glou. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies and gods
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.
Glou. With all my heart
Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair
Is done to cure it.
Glou. [*Kneeling*] O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff and loathed part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O bless him!
Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He falls forward.*
Edg. Gone, sir: farewell.
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft: had he been where he thought,
By this had thought been past. Alive or dead?
Ho, you sir! friend! Hear you, sir! speak!
Thus might he pass indeed: yet he revives.
What are you, sir?
Glou. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou 'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:
Thy life 's a miracle. Speak yet again.
Glou. But have I fall'n, or no?
Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.
Look up a-height; the shrill-gorged lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.
Glou. Alack, I have no eyes,
Is wretchedness deprived that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage
And frustrate his proud will.
Edg. Give me your arm:
Up: so. How is 't? Feel you your legs? You stand.
Glou. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?
Glou. A poor unfortunate beggar.
Edg. As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd and waved like the enridged sea:
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee.
Glou. I do remember now: henceforth I 'll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself

'Enough, enough,' and die. That thing you speak of
I took it for a man; often 'twould say
'The fiend, the fiend': he led me to that place.
Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts. But who comes here?

Enter Lear, fantastically dressed with wild flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.
Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself.
Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!
Lear. Nature's above art in that respect. There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper; draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace; this piece of toasted cheese will do't. There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, bird! i' the clout, i' the clout: hewgh! Give the word.
Edg. Sweet marjoram.
Lear. Pass.
Glou. I know that voice.
Lear. Ha! Goneril, with a white beard! They flattered me like a dog, and told me I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there. To say 'ay' and 'no' to every thing that I said! 'Ay' and 'no' too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their

words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

Glou. The trick of that voice I do well remember: Is 't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause?
Adultery?
Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive; for Gloucester's bastard son
Was kinder to his father than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To 't, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers.
Behold yond simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presages snow,
That minces virtue and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to 't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are Centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends';
There 's hell, there 's darkness, there 's the sulphurous pit,
Burning, scalding, stench, consumption; fie, fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there 's money for thee.

Glou. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.
Glou. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought. Dost thou know me?
Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou
squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love. Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning on't.
Glou. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.
Edg. I would not take this from report: it is,
And my heart breaks at it.
Lear. Read.
Glou. What, with the case of eyes?
Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: yet you see how this world goes.
Glou. I see it feelingly.
Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places, and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?
Glou. Ay, sir.
Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.
Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind

For which thou whip'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I 'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes,
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.
Now, now, now, now: pull off my boots: harder harder, so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl and cry. I will preach to thee: mark.

Glou. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools. This 's a good block.
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I 'll put 't in proof;
And when I have stol'n upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is: lay hand upon him. Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even

The natural fool of fortune. Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon;
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? all myself?
Why, this would make a man a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Aye, and laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a smug bridegroom. What!
I will be jovial: come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that.

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Nay, an you get it,
you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.
[*Exit running; Attendants follow.*

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,
Past speaking of in a king! Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is moved on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gent.*
Glou. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!
Edg. Well pray you, father.
Glou. Now, good sir, what are you?
Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.
Glou. Hearty thanks;
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Oswald.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh
To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember: the sword is out
That must destroy thee.
Glou. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to't. [*Edgar interposes.*
Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Darest thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence!
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.
Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.
Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest!
Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. An chud ha' been zwaggered out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th' old man; keep out, che

vor ye, or I'se try whether your costard or my
ballow be the harder: chill be plain with you.
Osw. Out, dunghill! [*They fight.*
Edg. Chill pick your teeth, zir: come; no matter vor
your foins. [*Oswald falls.*
Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me. Villain take my purse:
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters which thou find'st about me
To Edmund earl of Gloucester; seek him out
Upon the British party. O, untimely death!
Death! [*Dies.*
Edg. I know thee well: a serviceable villain,
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire.
Glou. What, is he dead?
Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.
Let's see these pockets: the letters that he speaks of
May be my friends. He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other deathsman. Let us see:
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'ld rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful.
[*Reads*] 'Let our reciprocal vows be remembered.
You have many opportunities to cut him off; if
your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return
the conqueror: then am I the prisoner, and his
bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof
deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.
'Your—wife, so I would say—
'affectionate servant,
'Goneril.'

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange my brother! Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers; and in the mature time
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practised duke: for him 'tis well
That of thy death and business I can tell,

Glou. The king is mad: how stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
And woes by wrong imaginations lose
The knowledge of themselves. [*Drum afar off.*

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum:
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

A tent in the French camp. Lear on a bed asleep, soft music playing; Gentlemen, and others attending.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Doctor.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledged, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:
These weeds are memories of those worser hours:
I prithee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;
Yet to be known shortens my made intent:
My boon I make it, that you know me not
Till time and I think meet.
Cor. Then be 't so, my good lord. [*To the Doctor*] How does the king?
Doct. Madam, sleeps still.
Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!
Doct. So please your majesty
That we may wake the king: he hath slept long.
Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?
Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep
We put fresh garments on him.
Doct. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.
Cor. Very well.
Doct. Please you, draw near. Louder the music there!
Cor. O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!
Kent. Kind and dear princess!
Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face
To be opposed against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch—poor perdu!—

With this thine helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes; speak to him.

Doct. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave:
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know: when did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Doct. He's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?
I am mightily abused. I should e'en die with pity,
To see another thus. I know not what to say.
I will not swear these are my hands: let's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured
Of my condition!

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you and know this man;

Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments, nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Doct. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is kill'd in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further settling.

Cor. Will 't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me.
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish. [*Exeunt all but Kent and Gentleman.*

Gent. Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloucester.

Gent. They say Edgar, his banished son, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about; the powers of the kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought, Or well or ill, as this day's battle 's fought. [*Exit.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

The British camp near Dover.

Enter, with drum and colours, Edmund, Regan, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Edm. Know of the duke if his last purpose hold, Or whether since he is advised by aught To change the course: he 's full of alteration And self-reproving: bring his constant pleasure. [*To a Gentleman, who goes out.*

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord, You know the goodness I intend upon you: Tell me, but truly, but then speak the truth, Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way To the forfended place? 10

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her: dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.
Edm. Fear me not.—
She and the duke her husband!

Enter, with drum and colours, Albany, Goneril, and Soldiers.

Gon. [*Aside*] I had rather lose the battle than that sister
Should loosen him and me.
Alb. Our very loving sister, well be-met.
Sir, this I hear; the king is come to his daughter,
With others whom the rigour of our state
Forced to cry out. Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king, with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.
Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.
Reg. Why is this reason'd?
Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not the question here.
Alb. Let's then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.
Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.
Reg. Sister, you 'll go with us?
Gon. No.
Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.
Gon. [*Aside*] O, ho, I know the riddle.—I will go.

As they are going out, enter Edgar disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I 'll overtake you. Speak.
[*Exeunt all but Albany and Edgar.*

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I 'll appear again.

Alb. Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook thy paper.
[*Exit Edgar.*

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The enemy 's in view: draw up your powers.
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery; but your haste
Is now urged on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: to take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then we 'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy

Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

A field between the two camps.

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Soldiers, over the stage; and exeunt.

Enter Edgar and Gloucester.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glou. Grace go with you, sir! [*Exit Edgar.*

Alarum and retreat within. Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man; give me thy hand; away!
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand; come on.

Glou. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all: come on.

Glou. And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The British camp near Dover.

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, Edmund; Lear and Cordelia, as prisoners; Captain, Soldiers, &c.

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first
Who with best meaning have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let 's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I 'll kneel down
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we 'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we 'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins, who 's in, who 's out;
And take upon 's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we 'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;

The good-years shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep; we 'll see 'em starve first.
Come. [*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded.*

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note: go follow them to prison:
One step I have advanced thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword: thy great employment
Will not bear question; either say thou 'lt do 't,
Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I 'll do 't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy when thou hast done.
Mark; I say, instantly, and carry it so
As I have set it down.

Capt. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work, I 'll do 't. [*Exit.*

Flourish. Enter Albany, Goneril, Regan, another Captain, and Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well: you have the captives
That were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you, so to use them
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,

To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen:
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow or at further space to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time
We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cursed
By those that feel their sharpness.
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That 's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself
More than in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach. General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;

Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.
Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?
Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.
Edm. Nor in thine, lord.
Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.
Reg. [*To Edmund*] Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.
Alb. Stay yet; hear reason. Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and in thine attaint
This gilded serpent [*pointing to Gon.*]. For your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife;
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your loves to me;
My lady is bespoke.
Gon. An interlude!
Alb. Thou art arm'd Gloucester: let the trumpet sound:
If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge [*throwing down a glove*]: I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.
Reg. Sick, O, sick!
Gon. [*Aside*] If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.
Edm. [*Throwing down a glove*] There 's my exchange: what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,

On him, on you,—who not?—I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.

Reg. My sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.
[*Exit Regan, led.*

Enter a Herald.

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

Capt. Sound, trumpet! [*A trumpet sounds.*

Her. [*Reads*] 'If any man of quality or degree within the lists of the army will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloucester, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet: he is bold in his defence.'

Edm. Sound! [*First trumpet.*

Her. Again! [*Second trumpet.*

Her. Again! [*Third trumpet.*

[*Trumpet answers within.*

Enter Edgar, at the third sound, armed, with a trumpet before him.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;

By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund, Earl of Gloucester?

Edm. Himself: what say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword,
That if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession: I protest,
Maugre thy strength, youth, place and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour and thy heart, thou art a traitor,
False to thy gods, thy brother and thy father,
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince,
And from the extremest upward of thy head
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou 'No,'
This sword, this arm and my best spirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom I should ask thy name,
But since thy outside looks so fair and warlike
And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which for they yet glance by and scarcely bruise,
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,

Where they shall rest for ever. Trumpets, speak!
[*Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls.*

Alb. Save him, save him!

Gon. This is practice, Gloucester:
By the law of arms thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguiled.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it. Hold, sir;
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil.
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

Gon. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine:
Who can arraign me for 't?

Alb. Most monstrous!
Know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know.
[*Exit.*

Alb. Go after her: she 's desperate; govern her.

Edm. What you have charged me with, that have I done;
And more, much more; the time will bring it out:
'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? If thou 'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let 's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;

The wheel is come full circle; I am here.
Alb. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness: I must embrace thee:
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father!
Edg. Worthy prince, I know 't.
Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?
Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale,
And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!
The bloody proclamation to escape
That follow'd me so near,—O, our lives' sweetness!
That we the pain of death would hourly die
Rather than die at once!—taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags, to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, saved him from despair;
Never—O fault!—reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd;
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,—
Alack, too weak the conflict to support!—
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.
Edm. This speech of yours hath moved me,
And shall perchance do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.
Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,

Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there in a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endured, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he 'ld burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
That ever ear received: which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranced.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help, help, O, help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means this bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;
It came even from the heart of—O, she 's dead!

Alb. Who dead? speak, man.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poisoned; she hath confess'd it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both: all three

Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead.

[*Exit Gentleman.*

This judgement of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity.

Enter Kent.

O, is this he?
The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night:
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia?
See'st thou this object, Kent?

[*The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.*

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was beloved:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so. Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life: some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,
Be brief in it, to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia:
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run!

Edg. To who, my lord? Who hath the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on: take my sword,
Give it the captain.
Alb. Haste thee, for thy life.
[*Exit Edgar.*
Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.
Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.
[*Edmund is borne off.*

Re-enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms; Edgar, Captain, and others following.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of stones:
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'ld use them so
That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone for ever!
I know when one is dead and when one lives;
She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.
Kent. Is this the promised end?
Edg. Or image of that horror?
Alb. Fall and cease.
Lear. This feather stirs; she lives. If it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.
Kent. [*Kneeling*] O my good master!
Lear. Prithee, away.
Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.
Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all
I might have saved her; now she's gone for ever!

Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st? Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.
Capt. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.
Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best: I'll tell you straight.
Kent. If fortune brag of two she loved and hated,
One of them we behold.
Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?
Kent. The same,
Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?
Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too: he's dead and rotten.
Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man—
Lear. I'll see that straight.
Kent. That from your first of difference and decay
Have follow'd your sad steps.
Lear. You are welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no man else: all's cheerless, dark and deadly.
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.
Lear. Ay, so I think.
Alb. He knows not what he says, and vain is it
That we present us to him.
Edg. Very bootless.

Enter a Captain.

Capt. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That 's but a trifle here.
You lords and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come
Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power: [*To Edgar and Kent*] you,
to your rights;
With boot, and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited. All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings. O, see, see!
Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life!
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou 'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!
Pray you, undo this button: thank you, sir.
Do you see this? Look on her, look, her lips,
Look there, look there! [*Dies.*
Edg. He faints. My lord, my lord!
Kent. Break, heart; I prithee, break!
Edg. Look up, my lord.
Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.
Edg. He is gone indeed.
Kent. The wonder is he hath endured so long
He but usurp'd his life.
Alb. Bear them from hence. Our present business
Is general woe. [*To Kent and Edgar*] Friends of my
soul, you twain
Rule in this realm and the gored state sustain.
Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;

My master calls me, I must not say no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey,
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*

Glossary.

Abated, diminished, deprived; II. iv. 160.
Able, uphold, answer for; IV. vi. 172.
Abused, deceived; IV. i. 23.
Action-taking, "resenting an injury by a law-suit, instead of fighting it out like a man of honour" (Schmidt); II. ii. 16.
Addition, distinction, title; II. ii. 26; V. iii. 301. "Your a.," the title you have given him; V. iii. 68.
Additions, outward honour, titles; I. i. 137.
Address, address ourselves; I. i. 192.
Admiration, amazement, astonishment; I. iv. 244.
Advise yourself, consider; II. i. 28.
Affected; "had more a.," had better liked, been more partial to; I. i. 1.
After, afterwards; V. iii. 241.
A-height, aloft, to the height; IV. vi. 58.
Aidant, helpful; IV. iv. 17.
Ajax, taken as a typical boaster (according to some, a plain, blunt, brave fellow); II. ii. 126.
Alarum'd; "best a. spirits," spirits thoroughly aroused to the combat; II. i. 54.
All, altogether; I. i. 105.
Allay, be allayed; I. ii. 175.
Allow, approve of; II. iv. 193.
Allowance, countenance, permission; I. iv. 214.
Alms; "at fortune's a.," as an alms of Fortune; I. i. 280.
Amity, friendship; II. iv. 244
An, if; I. iv. 185.
Ancient of war, experienced officers; V. i. 32.
Answer; "a. my life," let my life answer for; I. i. 152.
Apollo; "by Apollo," an oath; I. i. 161.
Appear; "wilt a.," dost wish to seem; I. i. 182.
Approve, prove; II. ii. 161.
Approves, confirms; II. iv. 185.
——, proves; III. v 11.
Arbitrement, contest, decision; IV. vii. 94.
Arch, chief; II. i. 60.
Argument, subject; I. i. 217.
Aroint thee, make room, away with thee (Quartos, "*arint thee*"); III. iv. 129.
As, as if; III. iv. 15.
Assured loss, certainty of loss; III. vi. 98.
Attaint, impeachment; V. iii. 83.
Attask'd for, blamed for (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*at task for*"; some copies of Quarto 1, "*attaskt for*"; Quartos 2, 3, "*alapt*"); I. iv. 366.
Attend, await; II. i. 126.
——, watch, wait; II. iii. 5.
Auricular, got by hearing (Quartos, "*aurigular*"); I. ii. 98.
Avert, turn; I. i. 213.
Avouch, own, acknowledge; II. iv. 239.
Avouched, asserted; V. i. 44.

Back, on his way back; IV. ii. 90.
Ballow, cudgel (Quarto 2, "*bat*"); IV. vi. 246.
Balm'd, cured, healed; III. vi. 101

Bandy, beat to and fro (a term in tennis); I. iv. 87.
Bans, curses; II. iii. 19.
Bar, shut; II. i. 81.
——, debar, exclude; V. iii. 85.
Barber-monger, frequenter of barbers' shops, fop; II. ii. 33.
Bearing, suffering; III. vi. 110.
Becomes, suits, agrees with; II. iv. 154.
Bedlam, lunatic; III. vii. 103.
Bedlam beggars, mad beggars; II. iii. 14. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From a sketch by Inigo Jones of the Palmer's dress worn by Romeo in the Masquerade Scene.

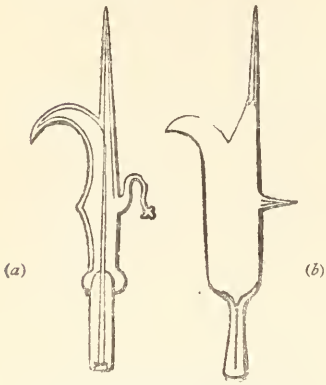
Beguiled, deceived; II. ii. 111.
Belike, it may be, perhaps; IV. v 20.
Bemadding, maddening; III. i. 38
Be-met, met; V. i. 20.
Bench, sit on the judgment-seat; III. vi. 39.
Bending, directing, raising; IV. ii. 74.
Benison, blessing; I. i. 267.
Besort, become; I. iv. 259.
Best; "were b.," had better; I. iv. 100.
Bethought; "am b.," have decided; II. iii. 6.
Bestow, place, lodge; IV. vi. 293.
Bestow'd, housed, lodged; II. iv. 291.
Betwixt, between; I. i. 139.
Bewray, betray, reveal (Quartos, "*betray*"); II. i. 108.
Bias of nature, natural direction, tendency; I. ii. 120.
Bide, bear; III. iv. 29.
Biding, abiding place; IV. vi. 228.
Big, loud; V. iii. 208.
Blame, fault; II. iv. 292.
Blank, the white mark in the centre of the butt at which the arrow is aimed; I. i. 161.
Block, fashion of a hat; IV. vi. 187.
Blood, nature; III. v. 23.
——, impulse, passion (Theobald, "*boiling blood*"); IV. ii. 64.
Blown, ambitious, inflated; IV. iv. 27.
Boil, inflamed tumour (Quartos, Folios, "*bile*," "*byle*"); II. iv. 225.
Bolds, encourages; V. i. 26.
Bond, duty, obligation; I i. 94.
Bones; "young b.," *i.e.* unborn infant; II. iv. 164.
Boot; "to b., and b.," for your reward (? "over and above my thanks"); IV. vi. 230.
Bootless, useless; V. iii. 294.
Border'd, limited, confined; IV. ii. 33.
Bosom; "of her b.," in her confidence; IV. v. 26.
——, "common b.," affection of the people; V. iii. 49.
Bosom'd, in her confidence; V. i. 13.
Bound, ready; III. vii. 11.
Bourn, brook; III. vi. 27.
——, limit, boundary; IV. vi. 57.
Brach, a female hound (Folios, "*the Lady Brach*"; Quartos, "*Lady oth'e brach*"; A. Smith, "*Lye the brach*"); I. iv. 116
Brazed, brazened, hardened; I. i. 11.

Brief; "be b. in it," be quick about it; V. iii. 245.

British (Folios, "*English*"); IV. vi. 254.

Brow of youth, youthful brow; I. iv. 292.

Brown bills, browned halberds used by foot-soldiers; IV. vi. 91. (*Cp.* illustration.)



From original specimens (*a*) XVIth century, (*b*) later.

Buoy'd, lifted itself (Quarto 1, Mus. per. and Bodl. 2, "*bod*"; Quarto 1, Cap. Dev. Mus. imp. and Bodl. 1, "*layd*"; Quartos, 2, 3, "*laid*"); III. vii. 60.

Bur-docks, the plant *Arctrum Lappa* (Hanmer's emendation; Quartos, "*hordocks*"; Folios 1, 2, "*Hardokes*"; Folios 3, 4, "*Hardocks*"; Farmer conj. 1778, "*harlocks*"; Collier, Steevens conj., "*hoar-docks*"; IV. iv. 4.

But, only; IV. vi. 128.

Buzz, whisper; I. iv. 334.

By, from (Folios, "*on*"); I. ii. 132.

Cadent, falling (Quartos 1, 2, "*accent*"; Quarto 3, "*accient*"); I. iv. 293.

Caitiff, wretch (Folios, "*coward*"); II. i. 63.

Camelot, "I'd drive ye cackling home to C."; probably a proverb not yet satisfactorily explained; it is said that near Cadbury in Somersetshire, the supposed site of Camelot, there are large pools, upon which many geese are bred; II. ii. 84.

Can, can do; IV. iv. 8.

Canker-bit, canker-bitten; V. iii. 122.

Capable, capable of inheriting; II. i. 85.

Carbonado, cut across like a piece of meat for broiling or grilling; II. ii. 38.

Carry, bear; III. ii. 49.

——, carry out, contrive; V. iii. 36.

Carry out my side, "be a winner in the game" (Schmidt); V. i. 61.

Case, empty socket; IV. vi. 126.

Cat, civet cat; III. iv. 109.

Cataracts, water-spouts (Quarto 1, "*catericks*"); III. ii. 2.

Censure, judge, pass sentence upon; V. iii. 3.

Centaurs, fabulous monsters, half man, half horse; IV. vi. 126.

Century, troop of a hundred men; IV. iv. 6.

Challenge, claim as due; I. i. 54.

Challenged, claimed; IV. vii. 31.

Champains, plains, open country; I. i. 65.

Chance, chances it; II. iv. 63.

Character, handwriting; I. ii. 66.

Charge, expense, cost; II. iv. 242.

Check, censure, rebuke; II. ii. 149.

Che vor ye, I warn you; IV. vi. 244.

Child-changed, changed by children's conduct; IV. vii. 17.

Child Rowland (*v* Note); III. iv. 184

Chill, I will (Somerset or south-country dialect); IV. vi. 239.

Chud, I should, or I would (*cp.* "*chill*"); IV. vi. 242

Clearest, most pure, most glorious; IV. vi. 73.

Clipp'd, curtailed; IV. vii. 6.
Closet, room, chamber; I. ii. 65.
Clothier's yard, cloth-yard-shaft, arrow; IV. vi. 88.
Clotpoll, blockhead (Folios, "*Clot-pole*"; Quartos, "*clat-pole*"); I. iv. 50.
Clout, the white mark in the centre of the target; IV. vi. 92.
Cock, cockcrow; III. iv. 121.
——, cockboat; IV. vi. 19.
Cockney, a cook's assistant (originally a person connected with the Kitchen; later, a pampered child); II. iv. 123.
Cocks, weathercocks; III. ii. 3.
Cod-piece, a part of the male attire; III. ii. 27.
Cold; "catch c.," be turned out of doors; I. iv. 113.
Colour, kind (Quartos, "*nature*"); II. ii. 145.
Comfortable, able to comfort; I. iv. 328.
——, comforting; II. ii. 171.
Comforting, "giving aid and comfort to" (used in a technical legal sense); III. v. 21.
Commend, deliver; II. iv. 28.
Commission, warrant to act as representative; V. iii. 64.
Commodities, advantages; IV. i. 23.
Compact, put together; I. ii. 7.
——, give consistency to; I. iv. 362.
Compeers, is equal with; V. iii. 69.
Conceit, imagination; IV. vi. 42.
Conceive, understand; IV. ii. 24.
Concluded; "had not c. all," had not come to an end altogether; IV. vii. 42.
Condition, character, habit; I. i. 301.
Conditions, character, temper; IV. iii. 35.
Confine, limit, boundary; II. iv. 150.
Confined, restricted, limited; I. ii. 25.
Conjunct, in concert with (Folios, "*compact*"); II. ii. 125.
——, closely united; V. i. 12.
Conjuring, employing incantations; II. i. 41.
Consort, company; II. i. 99.
Conspirant, conspirator; V. iii. 135.
Constant pleasure, fixed resolve; V. i. 4.
Constrains, forces; II. ii. 103.
Contemned'st, most despised (Quartos, "*temnest*"; Pope, "*the meanest*"); II. ii. 150.
Continent, restraining; I. ii. 181.
Continents, that which contains or encloses; III. ii. 58.
Convenient, proper; V. i. 36.
Converse, associate, have intercourse; I. iv. 16.
Convey, manage with secrecy; I. ii. 109.
Cope, cope with; V. iii. 124.
Corky, withered, dry; III. vii. 29.
Coronet, crown; I. i. 141.
Costard, head; IV. vi. 247.
Couch, lie close and hidden; III. i. 12.
Course, way of life; II. ii. 175.
——, "my very c.," the same course as I do (Folios, "*my course*"); I. iii. 26.
——, "gentleness and c. of yours," gentleness of your course; I. iv. 364.
——, "the old c. of death," a natural death; III. vii. 101.
Court holy-water, flattery ("Ray, among his proverbial phrases, mentions *court holy-water* meaning *fair words*. The French have the same phrase: *Eau benite de Cour*," Steevens); III. ii. 10.
Courtesy; "do a c. to"; yield, give way to; III. vii. 26.
Cover, hide; I. i. 284.
Cowish, "cowish terror," cowardly terror [Quarto 1 (some copies), "*cowish curre*"; Wright conj. "*currish terror*"]; IV. ii. 12.

Coxcomb, fool's cap ; I iv. 105. (*Cp.* illustration.)

From the *Troyes Dance of Death*, 1499.

Coxcombs, heads ; II. iv. 125.
Cozen'd, cheated, deceived ; V.iii.154.
Cozener, cheater ; IV. vi. 167.
Crab, crab-apple ; I. v. 15.
Craves, demands ; II. i. 130.
Crow-keeper, one who scares crows away from a field ; IV. vi. 88.
Cruel, a play upon crewel *i.e.* worsted, of which garters were made (Quartos 1, 2, "*crewell*"; Quarto 3, "*crewill*"; Folios 3, 4, "*crewel*"); II. iv. 7. (*Cp.* illustration.)

'*Cruel garters.*'

Cruels ; "all c. else," "all their other cruelties" (*v.* Note) ; III. vii. 65.
Cry ; "till it c. sleep to death," till its clamour murders sleep ; II. iv. 120.
Cry grace, cry for pardon ; III. ii. 58.
Cub-drawn, sucked dry by cubs, famished ; III. i. 12.
Cuckoo-flowers, cowslips ; IV. iv. 4.
Cue, catch-word ; I. ii. 147.
Cullionly, wretched ; II. ii. 36.
Cunning, dissimulation ; II. i. 31.
Curiosity, minute scrutiny ; I. i. 6.
——, suspicious watchfulness, scrupulousness ; I. iv. 75.
——, over-nice scrupulousness (Theobald, Warburton conj., "*curtesie*") ; I. ii. 4.
Curious, nice, elegant ; I. iv. 35
Curst, shrewish ; II. i. 67.

Darkling, in the dark ; I. iv. 237.
Daub it, keep up my disguise (Quartos, "*dance it*") ; IV. i. 54.
Dawning, morning (Quartos, "*euen*" ; Pope, "*evening*") ; II. ii. 1.
Day and night, an oath ; I. iii. 4.
Dear, precious, valued ; I. iv. 294.
——, important ; III. i. 19.
Death-practised ; "the d. duke," *i.e.* whose death is plotted ; IV. vi. 284.
Deathsman, executioner ; IV. vi. 263.
Debosh'd, debauched (Quartos, "*deboyst*") ; I. iv. 263.
Decline, bend ; IV. ii. 22.
Declining, becoming feeble (Folios, "*declin'd*") ; I. ii. 78.
Deed ; "my very d. of love," my love in very deed ; I. i. 72.
Deer, game ; III. iv. 144.
Deficient, defective ; IV. vi. 23.
Difuse, disorder, disguise ; I. iv. 2.
Dejected ; "d. thing of fortune," thing dejected by fortune ; IV. i. 3.
Demanding, asking, enquiring ; III. ii. 65.

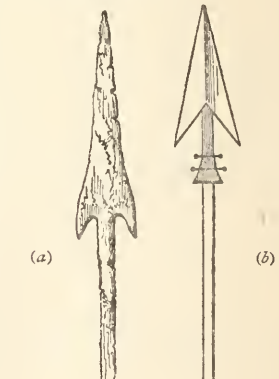
Deny, refuse; II. iv. 88.
Depart, depart from; III. v. 1.
Depend, be dependent, remain; I. iv. 271.
Deprive, "disinherit"; I. ii. 4.
Derogate, degraded; I. iv. 302.
Descry; "main d.," full view of the main body; IV. vi. 217.
——, spy out, discover; IV. v. 13.
Deserving, desert; III. iii. 24.
Desperately, in despair; V. iii. 292.
Detested, detestable; I. ii. 81.
Difference; "your first of d.," the first reverse of your fortune; V. iii. 288.
Differences, dissensions; II. i. 125.
Diffidences, suspicions; I. ii. 161.
Digest, dispose of, use, enjoy; I. i. 130.
Dimensions, parts of the body; I. ii. 7.
Disasters (used perhaps in its original astrological sense); I. ii. 131.
Disbranch, slip, tear off from the tree; IV. ii. 34.
Disclaims in, disowns; II. ii. 59.
Discommend, disapprove; II. ii. 115.
Discovery, reconnoitring; V. i. 53.
Discretion, common sense, wisdom, = discreet person; II. iv. 151.
Diseases, discomforts (Folios, "*disasters*"); I. i. 177.
Disnatured, unnatural; I. iv. 305.
Display'd so saucily, made so saucy a display; II. iv. 41.
Dispositions, moods, humours; I. iv. 242.
Disquantity, diminish; I. iv. 270.
Disquietly, causing disquiet; I. ii. 124.
Distaff, spinning wheel; IV. ii. 17.
Distaste, dislike (Quartos, "*dislike*"); I. iii. 15.
Distract, distracted; IV. vi. 288.
Dolours, used with a play upon "dollars" (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Dolors*"); II. iv. 54.
Dolphin my boy, probably a fragment of an old song; III. iv. 104.
Doom, sentence (Folio 1, "*guift*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*gift*"); I. i. 167.
Doubted, feared; V. i. 6.
Doubtful, fearful; V. i. 12.
Drew, I drew my sword; II. iv. 42.
Ducking, bowing, fawning; II. ii. 109.
Dullard, idiot; II. i. 76.

Each; "at e.," fastened each to each; IV. vi. 53.
Ear-kissing, whispered in the ear (Quartos, "*eare-bussing*"); II. i. 9.
Earnest, earnest money, money paid beforehand as a pledge; I. iv. 104.
Effects, outward show; I. i. 133.
——, actions, manifestations; II. iv. 182.
——; "prove e.," be realised; IV. ii. 15.
Elbows, stands at his elbow; IV. iii. 44.
Elements, air and sky (Quartos, "*element*"); III. i. 4.
Elf all my hair, tangle, mat my hair (supposed to be the work of elves or fairies); II. iii. 10.
Embossed, protuberant, swollen; II. iv. 227.
End, end of the world; V. iii. 263.
Engine, rack; I. iv. 290.
Enguard, guard; I. iv. 349.
Enormous, abnormal; II. ii. 176.
Enridged, formed into ridges; IV. vi. 71.
Entertain, engage; III. vi. 83.
Entire, main; I. i. 243.
Epileptic, "distorted by grinning"; II. ii. 87.
Equalities, equal conditions (Folios, "*qualities*"); I. i. 5.
Esperance, hope; IV. i. 4.
Essay, assay, trial; I. ii. 47.
Estate, condition; V. iii. 209.
Even; "even o'er," pass over in his memory; IV. vii. 80.
Event; "the e.," *i.e.* the result will prove; I. iv. 371.
Evidence, witnesses; III. vi. 37.
Exhibition, allowance; I. ii. 25.
Eyeless, blind; III. i. 8.

Fain, gladly; I. iv. 196
Faint, slight; I. iv. 73.
Faith'd, believed; II. i. 72.
Fall, cause to fall; II. iv. 170.

Fast, firm, fixed (Quartos, "*first*"); I. i. 39.
Fault, mistake; V. iii. 192.
Favours; "my hospitable f.," the features of me your host; III. vii. 40.
Fear, am afraid of; IV. ii. 31.
Fears, frightens; III. v. 4.
Feature, outward form; IV. ii. 63.
Feeling, heartfelt; IV. vi. 226.
Felicitate, made happy; I. i. 76.
Fellow, companion; III. i. 48.
Fellows, comrades; I. iii. 14.
Fetch, bring (Folios 3, 4, "*fet*"; Pope, "*bring*"); II. iv. 92.
Fetches, pretexts, excuses; II. iv. 90.
Fire; "f. us like foxes," alluding to the practice of smoking foxes out of their holes; V. iii. 23.
Fire-new, brand new, fresh from the mint; V. iii. 132.
Fish; "eat no f.," *i.e.* be a Protestant (alluding to the Papist custom of eating fish on Fridays); I. iv. 18.
Fitchew, polecat; IV. vi. 124.
Fitness; "my f.," a thing becoming me; IV. ii. 63.
Flaw'd, shattered, broken; V. iii. 196.
Flaws, shivers, particles; II. iv. 288.
Flesh, "feed with flesh for the first time, initiate" (Schmidt); (Quartos, "*fleash*"); II. ii. 49.
Flesh and fell, flesh and skin; V. iii. 24.
Fleshment; "in the f. of," being fleshed with (Quartos 1, 2, "*flechuent*"; Quarto 3, "*flechvent*"); II. ii. 130.
Flibbertigibbet, the name of a friend; III. iv. 120.
Flying off, desertion; II. iv. 91.
Foins, thrusts in fencing; IV. vi. 251.
Fond, foolish; I. ii. 52; I. iv. 323; IV. vii. 60.
Fool; "poor fool," used as a term of endearment (addressed to Cordelia); V. iii. 305.
——; "their f.," a fool to them; II. ii. 132.
Foot-ball; I. iv. 89. *Cp.* the annexed illustration copied from a French etching dated 1647.

Footed, landed; III. iii. 14.
Foppish, foolish; I. iv. 182.
For, because; I. i. 227.
——, as for; II. i. 114; V. i. 24.
Forbid, forbidden; III. iii. 22.
Fordid, destroyed; V. iii. 255.
Fordone, destroyed; V. iii. 291.
Fore-vouch'd, affirmed before; I. i. 223.
Forfended, forbidden; V. i. 11.
Forgot, forgotten; V. iii. 236.
Fork, barbed arrow head; I. i. 146. (*Cp.* illustration.)



(*a*) From a specimen found in a tumulus.
(*b*) From the Cotton MS., Tib. C. 6 (Xth century).

Forked, "man is . . . a poor, bare, forked animal"; III. iv. 112. *Cp.* the Chinese character for man.

For that, because; I. ii. v.
Fortune, success; V. iii. 165.
Frame, manage; I. ii. 107.
France, King of France; II. iv. 215.
Frateretto, the name of one of Harsnet's fiends; III. vi. 7.
Fraught, filled; I. iv. 241.
Free, sound, not diseased; IV. vi. 80.
Fret, wear; I. iv. 307.
From, away from; II. i. 126.
Frontlet, frown; I. iv. 207.
Fruitfully, fully; IV. vi. 270.
Full, fully; I. iv. 360.
Full-flowing, "freely venting its passion"; V. iii. 74.
Fumiter, fumitory; IV. iv. 3.
Furnishings, pretences, outward shows; III. i. 29.
Furrow-weeds, weeds growing on ploughed land; IV. iv. 3.

Gad; "upon the g.," on the spur of the moment, suddenly; I. ii. 26.
Gait, way; IV. vi. 242.
——, bearing; V. iii. 175.
Gallow, frighten, terrify; III. ii. 44.
Garb, manner of speech; II. ii. 103.
Garden water-pots; IV. vi. 200. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Gasted, frightened; II. i. 57.
Gate; "at g.," at the gate; III. vii. 17.
Generation, offspring; I. i. 119.
Germins, germs, seeds (Theobald's emendation; Quartos, "*Germains*"; Folios 1, 2, "*germaines*"; Folios 3, 4, "*germanes*"; Capell, "*germens*"); III. ii. 8.
Give you good morrow, God give you good morning; II. ii. 165.
Glass-gazing, contemplating himself in a mirror, vain, foppish; II. ii. 19.
Gloves; "wore g. in my cap," *i.e.* as favours of my mistress; III. iv. 88.
Good; "made g.," maintained, asserted; I. i. 175.
Goodman boy, a contemptuous mode of address; II. ii. 48.
Good-years, supposed to be corrupted from *goujère*, the French disease (Quartos, "*good*"; Theobald, "*goodjers*"; Hanmer, "*goujeres*"); V. iii. 24.
Got, begot; II. i. 80.
Go to, an exclamation; III. iii. 8.
Govern, restrain; V. iii. 161.
Graced, dignified (Quartos, "*great*"); I. iv. 267.
Greet the time, "be ready to greet the occasion"; V. i. 54.
Gross, large; IV. vi. 14.
Grossly, "palpably, evidently"; I. i. 295.
Grow out at heels, reduced to poor condition (*cp.* "out at elbows"); II. ii. 164.

Garden water-pot.
From a specimen exhumed in Goodman's Fields, Whitechapel.

Guardians; "my g.," the guardians under me of my realm; II. iv. 254.

Habit, dress, garb; V. iii. 188.

Halcyon, kingfisher ("a lytle byrde called the King's Fysher, being hanged up in the ayre by the neck, his nebbe or byll wyll be alwayes dyrect or straygh against ye winde" — Thomas Lupton, *Notable Things*, B. x.); II. ii. 84.

Half-blooded, partly of noble, partly of mean birth; V. iii. 80.

Handy-dandy, the children's game; "which hand will you have?"; IV. vi. 157.

Hap; "what will h.," let what will happen; III. vi. 121.

Haply, perhaps; I. i. 102.

Happy, fortunate; II. iii. 2.

Hatch, half-door; III. vi. 76.

Headier; "more h.," more headstrong, impetuous; II. iv. 111.

Head-lugg'd, led by the head; IV. ii. 42.

Heat; "i' the heat," a reference probably to the proverb, "Strike the iron while it is hot"; I. i. 312.

Hecate (dissyllabic); (Quartos and Folio 1, "*Heccat*"; Folio 2, "*Hecat*"); I. i. 112.

Hell-hated, "abhorred like hell"; V. iii. 147.

Helps, heals, cures; IV. iv. 10.

Here (used substantively); I. i. 264.

High-engender'd, engendered on high, in the heavens; III. ii. 23.

Him, himself; V. iii. 213.

Hit, agree, be of one mind (Folios, "*sit*"); I. i. 307.

Hold, keep, maintain; II. iv. 245.

Holp, helped; III. vii. 62.

Home, thoroughly, vitally; III. iii. 13.

Honour'd, honourable; V. i. 9.

Hopdance, the name of a fiend (probably "*Hoberdidance*"); (Quartos, "*Hoppedance*"; Capell, "*Hopdance*"); III. vi. 32.

Horn; "Poor Tom, thy horn is dry"; III. vi. 79. (*Cp.* illustration and see Notes.)

From the portrait of the knave, Mull'd Sack.

Horse's health, alluding to the belief that "a horse is above all other animals subject to disease" (Johnson); III. vi. 20.

Hot-blooded, passionate; II. iv. 215.

House; "the h.," *i.e.* "the order of families, the duties of relation"; (Theobald, "*the use?*"; Collier MS., "*the mouth?*"); II. iv. 155.

Howe'er, although; IV. ii. 66.

Hundred-pound, used as a term of reproach for a person who had saved just enough to pose as a gentleman); II. ii. 17.

Hurricanoes, water-spouts (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*Hurricano's*"; Folio 1, "*Hyrricano's*"; Quartos 1, 2, "*Hircanios*"; Quarto 3, "*Hercantos*"); III. ii. 2.

Hysterica passio, hysteria (Quartos, Folios 1, 2, "*Historica passio*"; Folio 3, "*Hystorica passio*"); II. iv. 56.

Idle, foolish, silly; I. iii. 17.
——, worthless; IV. iv. 5.
Ill affected, evilly disposed; II. i. 100.
Images, signs; II. iv. 91.
Immediacy, being immediately next in authority; V. iii. 65.
Impertinency, that which is not to the point; IV. vi. 179.
Important, importunate; IV. iv. 26.
Impossibilities; "men's i.," things impossible to man; IV. vi. 74.
Impress'd, pressed into our service; V. iii. 50.
In, at, I. iv. 350; into, IV. i. 77.
Incense, incite, instigate; II. iv. 309.
Incite, impel; IV. iv. 27.
Infect, pollute, poison; II. iv. 168.
Influence (used as astrological term); I. ii. 136.
Ingenious, intelligent, conscious; IV. vi. 287.
Ingrateful, ungrateful; II. iv. 165.
Innocent, idiot (addressed to the fool); III. vi. 8.
Intelligent, bearing intelligence; (Quartos, "*intelligence*"); III. vii. 12.
Intend upon, *i.e.* intend to confer upon; V. i. 7.
Intent, intention; I. i. 39.
Intent; "made i.," intention, plan I had formed (Collier MS., "*main i.*"); IV. vii. 9.
Interess'd, interested (Folios, "*interest*"); I. i. 87.
Interlude; properly, a short play performed during a banquet; used loosely for a comedy or farce; V. iii. 89.
Intrinse, tightly drawn; II. ii. 81.
Invade, pierce, penetrate into; I. i. 146.
Invades, penetrates; III. iv. 7.
It, its; I. iv. 236.
It is, it is true; IV. vi. 144.

Jakes, privy; II. ii. 72.
Jealous, suspicious; V. i. 56.
Joint-stool, a folding-chair (used in proverbial expression, "I took you for a joint-stool"); III. vi. 54.
Judicious, judicial; III. iv. 76.
Justicer, justice (Theobald's emendation; Quartos, "*iustice*"); III. vi. 23.

Knapped, cracked, tapped (Quartos, "*rapt*"); II. iv. 125.
Knee, kneel down before; II. iv 217.

Lag of, later than; I. ii. 6.
Lanced, cut (Theobald's emendation; Quartos, "*launcht*" and "*lancht*"; Folios, "*latch'd*"); II. i. 54.
Lances, *i.e.* soldiers carrying lances, lancers; V. iii. 50.
Late, lately; I. iv. 226, III. iv. 173.
——, "of l.," lately; II. iv. 40.
Least, "in the l.," at the least; I. i. 194.
Leave, with your permission; IV. vi. 264.
Light of ear, foolishly credulous; III. iv. 95.
Lights on, comes across his path; III. i. 54.
Like, please; I. i. 203.
——, likely; I. i. 304.
Likes, pleases; II. ii. 96.
Lily-livered, white-livered, cowardly; II. ii. 18.
Lipsbury pinfold; perhaps a coined name = the teeth, as being the pinfold, or pound, within the lips (Nares); II. ii. 9.
List, please; V. iii. 61.
——, listen to; V. iii. 181.
Litter, couch for carrying sick persons and ladies when travelling; III. vi. 97.
Living, possessions; I. iv. 120.

Loathly, with abhorrence; II. i. 51.
Look'd for, expected; II. iv. 235.
Loop'd, full of holes (loop-holes); III. iv. 31.
Luxury, lust; IV. vi. 119.
Lym, bloodhound led in a line of leash (Hanmer's correction; Quartos 1, 3, "*him*"; Quarto 2, "*Him*"; Folios, "*Hym*"; Collier MS., "*Trim*"); III. vi. 72.

Madded, maddened; IV. ii. 43.
Mahu, a name in Harsnet's category of devils; III. iv. 149.
Main, sea, ocean (? mainland); III. i. 6.
Mainly, mightily; IV. vii. 65.
Make from, get out of the way of; I. i. 145.
Makes up, decides; I. i. 209.
Mate; "one self m. and m.," the same husband and wife, one and the same pair; IV. iii. 36.
Material, forming the substance (Theobald, "*maternal*"; Collier conj. "*natural*"); IV. ii. 35.
Matter, cause of quarrel; II. ii. 47.
——, meaning, good sense; IV. vi. 179.
——; "no m.," does not matter; I. iii. 23.
Maugre, in spite of; V. iii. 131.
Means, resources; IV. i. 22.
Meet, good, fit; I. ii. 97.
Meiny, household, retinue (Folios 1, 2. "*meiney*"; Quartos "*men*"); II. iv. 35.
Memories, memorials; IV. vii. 7.
Merit. = desert, in a bad sense; III. v. 8.
Merlin, the ancient magician of the Arthurian romance; III. ii. 95.
Mew, (*v.* note); IV. ii. 68.
Milk-livered, faint-hearted; IV. ii. 50.
Minikin; "m. mouth," *i.e.* pretty little mouth; III. vi. 45.
Miscarried, lost; V. i. 5.
Miscarry, lose; V. i. 44.
Mischief; "with the m. of your person," with harm to your life (Hanmer, "*without*"; Johnson conj. "*but with*"); I. ii. 178.
Misconstruction; "upon his m.," through his misunderstanding me; II. ii. 124.
Miscreant, vile wretch, (?) misbeliever (Quartos, "*recreant*"); I. i. 163.
Modest, becoming; II. iv. 25.
——, moderate; IV. vii. 5.
Modo, a name from Harsnet's category of devils; III. iv. 148.
Moiety, share, portion; I. i. 7.
Monsters, makes monstrous; I. i. 223.
Moonshines, months; I. ii. 5.
Mopping and mowing, *i.e.* making grimaces (Theobald's emendation; Quartos, "*Mobing, and mohing*"); IV. i. 64.
Moral, moralizing; IV. ii. 58.
Mortified, insensible; II. iii. 15.
Mother, *i.e.* Hysterica passio, hysteria; II. iv. 56.
Motion, thrust, impulse; II. i. 52.
Motley, the parti-coloured dress of the fool or jester; I. iv. 160.
Mouths; "made m.," made grimaces; III. ii. 36.
Much, great; II. ii. 148.
Mumbling of, mumbling (Quartos, "*warbling*"); II. i. 41.

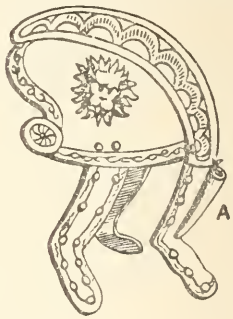
Natural, used in the two senses of the word; II. i. 86.
Naught, naughty, wicked; II. iv. 136.
Naughty, bad; III. iv. 115.
Neat, finical, foppish, spruce; II. ii. 45.
Need of, have need of, need; II. iv. 241.
Nero (Upton conj. "*Trajan*," because, according to Rabelais, Nero is a fiddler in hell, and Trajan a fisher of frogs); III. vi. 7.
Nether, committed on earth; IV. ii. 79.

Nether-stocks, short stockings (Quarto 2, "*neather-stockes*"); II. iv. 11.
Nicely, with the greatest exactness; II. ii. 110.
Nighted, darkened; IV. v. 13.
Nine-fold, "nine imps" (?=nine foals); III. iv. 126.
Noiseless, devoid of noise betokening preparations for war; IV. ii. 56.
Nor, neither; III. ii. 15.
Note: "take this n.," take note of this, observe this; IV. v. 29.
——, notice; II. i. 85.
Noted, noticed; I. iv. 81.
Nothing; "I n. am," I cease to be; II. iii. 21.
"*Nothing will come of nothing*," an allusion to the old proverb, "*Ex nihilo nihil fit*"; I. i. 92.
Notice, attention, countenance; II. iv. 252.
Notion, intellectual power, mind; I. iv. 248.
Nuncle, "the customary address of a licensed fool to his superiors"; I. iv. 117.
Nursery, nursing; I. i. 126.

Object; "your best o.," the "delight of your eye"; I. i. 217.
Obscured, disguised; II. ii. 175.
Observants, obsequious courtiers; II. ii. 109.
Occasions, causes; II. i. 122.
Œillades, glances of the eye (Quartos, "*aliads*"; Folio 1, "*Eliads*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*Iliads*"); IV. v. 25.
O'erlook, read over; V. i. 50.
O'er-looking, looking over; I. ii. 40.
O'erpaid, to be overpaid; IV. vii. 4.
O'er-read, read over; I. ii. 38.
O'er-watch'd, worn out, exhausted with watching; II. ii. 177.
Of, from; IV. vii. 31.
Offend, injure; I. i. 310.
Office, duty, service; II. iv. 107.
'Old, wold; III. iv. 125.
Oldness, old age; I. ii. 50.
On, of, I. i. 144; III. vi. 57; V. iii. 250.
——, at; II. ii. 28.
——, "our wishes on the way," *i.e.* expressed to each other on the way hither; IV. ii. 14.
On't, of it; II. i. 29.
Ope, open; V. i. 40.
Operative, effective; IV. iv. 14.
Oppose; "make o.," compel to fight against us; V. i. 27.
Opposeless, not to be opposed, irresistible; IV. vi. 38.
Opposite, adverse, hostile; II. i. 51.
Opposites, opponents; V. iii. 42.
Ordinance, divine law; IV. i. 71.
Or ere, before; II iv. 289.
Other, others; I. iv. 221.
Out, abroad; I. i. 33.
Out-wall, outward appearance; III. i. 45.
Overture, opening, disclosure; III. vii. 89.
O, well flown, bird! a phrase taken from falconry, here used figuratively for an arrow; IV. vi. 92.
Owes, possesses; I. i. 205.
Owest, dost own; I. iv. 133.

Pack, make off; II. iv. 81.
Packings, plottings; III. i. 26.
Packs, confederacies; V. iii. 18.
Pain, pains, labour, lies; III. i. 53.
'Parel, apparel; IV. i. 51.
Particular; "for his p.," as regards himself personally; II. iv. 295.
——, personal; V. i. 30.
Party, side (Quartos, "*Lady*"); IV. v. 40.
Party; "intelligent p.," party intelligent to; III. v. 12.
——; "upon his p.," on his side; II. i. 28.
Pass, pass away, die; IV. vi. 47.
Pass upon, pass sentence upon; III. vii. 24.
Pat, just to the purpose, in the nick of time; I. ii. 146.

Pawn, a stake hazarded in a wager; I. i. 157.
Pawn down, pledge; I. ii. 92.
Peace, hold its peace; IV. vi. 104.
Pelican; the pelican is supposed to feed her young with her own blood; III. iv. 77.
Pelting, paltry; II. iii. 18.
Pendulous, hanging, impending; III. iv. 69.
Perdu, lost one; IV. vii. 35.
Perdy, a corruption of Fr. *par Dieu;* II. iv. 85.
Perfect, mature; I. ii. 77.
Perforce, of necessity; IV. ii. 49.
Period, end, termination; V. iii. 204.
Perséver, the older pronunciation of the word *persevere;* III. v. 21.
Plague; "stand in the p. of," perhaps, be plagued by (Warburton, "*plage*" = place; Simpson conj. "*place*," etc.); I. ii. 3.
Plain, complain; III. i. 39.
Plaited, folded (Quartos 1, 2, "*pleated*"; Folios, "*plighted*"); I. i. 283.
Plate, "clothe in plate armour" (Folios, "*place*"; corrected by Theobald); IV. vi. 169.
Plight, troth-plight; I. i. 103.
Plumed helm; IV. ii. 57. *Cp.* the annexed cut from a print depicting the triumph of the Emperor Maximilian I., c. 1519. The second illustration shows the socket (A) in which the plume was held, and is from a specimen in the Londesborough collection.



Persian attire, alluding to the gorgeous robes of the East (used ironically); (Folios, "*Persian*"); III. vi. 85.
Piece, master-piece, model; IV. vi. 137.
Pieced, rdded; I. i. 202.
Pight, firmly resolved; II. i. 67.
Pillicock, properly a term of endearment used in old nursery rhymes; suggested by "pelican"; III. iv. 78.
Plackets, part of a woman's attire; III. iv. 100.
Point; "at p.," ready for any emergency; I. iv. 347.
——, "at p.," on the point of, prepared; III. i. 33.
Poise, moment (Quartos 2, 3, Folios, "*prize*"; Hanmer, "*peize*"); II. i. 122.
Policy and reverence, "policy of holding in reverence" (Schmidt); I. ii. 48.
Port, harbour; II. iii. 3.
Portalle, bearable; III. vi. 115.

Ports, gates, (?) harbours; II. i. 82.
Potency, power; I. i. 175.
Potential, powerful; II. i. 78.
Pother, turmoil; III. ii. 50.
Power, armed force; III. i. 30.
Practice, plotting, stratagem; II. i. 75.
——, stratagem, artifice; II. iv. 116.
Practices, plots; I. ii. 198.
Practised on, plotted against; III. ii. 57.
Predominance, influence; I. ii. 134.
Prefer, recommend; I. i. 277.
Pregnant, ready, easily moved; II. i. 78; IV. vi. 227.
Presently, immediately; I. ii. 109.
Press-money, money given to a soldier when pressed into service; IV. vi. 87.
Pretence, intention, purpose; I. ii. 95.
——, "very p.," deliberate intention; I. iv. 75.
Prevent, to anticipate and checkmate; III. iv. 164.
Proceedings, course of action; V. i. 32.
Profess, pretend; (?) with play upon "profess"="to set up for"; I. iv. 14.
——; "what dost thou p.," what is thy trade, profession; I. iv. 12.
Professed, full of professions; I. i. 275.
Proper, handsome; I. i. 18.
——; "p. deformity," moral depravity which is natural to him (*i.e.* the fiend); IV. ii. 60.
Puissant, powerful, masterful; V. iii. 216.
Puppet, used perhaps contemptuously for a wanton; II. ii. 39.
Pur, imitation of the noise made by a cat (but "Purre" also the name of a devil in Harsnet); III. vi. 47.
Put on, encourage; I. iv. 227.
——, incited to; II. i. 101.

Quality, nature, disposition; II. iv. 93; II. iv. 139.
Quality, rank; V. iii. 110, 120.
Queasy, ticklish; II. i. 19.
Question, matter, cause; V. iii. 58.
——, "bear q.," bear to be argued about; V. iii. 33.
Questrists, searchers; III. vii. 17.
Quicken, come to life; III. vii. 39.
Quit, requite, revenge; III. vii. 87.
Quit you, acquit yourself; II. i. 32.

Raging, angry, furious (Folios, "*roaring*"); III. iv. 10.
Rake up, cover with earth; IV. vi. 281.
Rank, gross, flagrant; I. iv. 223.
Razed, erased; I. iv. 4.
Reason, argue; II. iv. 267.
Reason'd, argued, talked about; V. i. 28.
Regards, considerations (Quartos, "*respects*"); I. i. 242.
Remediate, healing; IV. iv. 17.
Remember; "r. thyself," confess thy sins; IV. vi. 233.
Rememberest, remindest; I. iv. 72.
Remorse, compassion, pity; IV. ii. 73.
Remotion, removal; II. iv. 115.
Remove, removal; II. iv. 4.
Renege, deny (Folio 1, "*Reuenge*"; Schmidt, "*Renegue*"); II. ii. 84.
Repeals, recalls; III. vi. 120.
Reposure, attributing; the act of reposing (Quartos, "*could the reposure*"; Folios, "*would the reposal*"); II. i. 70.
Reproveable, blameable; III. v. 9.
Resolution; "due r.," freedom from doubt; I. ii. 108.
Resolve me, tell me, satisfy me; II iv. 25.
Respect; "do r.," show respect, reverence (Folios, "*respects*"); II. ii. 137.
——, "upon r.," deliberately; II. iv. 24.
Respects, consideration, motive; I. i. 251.

Rest; "set my r.," repose myself (derived probably from the game of cards = to stand upon the cards in one's hand); I. i. 125

Retention, custody; V. iii. 47.

Return; "make r.," return; II. iv. 153.

Revenging, avenging, taking vengeance (Quartos, "*reuengiue*"); II. i. 47.

Reverbs, reverberates, re-echoes; I. i. 156.

Reverend, old (Quarto 2, "*vnreuerent*"); II. ii. 133.

Rich'd, enriched; I. i. 65.

Rings, sockets; V. iii. 189.

Ripeness, readiness; V. ii. 11.

Rivall'd; "hath r.," hath been a rival; I. i. 194.

Roundest, most direct, plainest; I. iv. 58.

Rubb'd, hindered (a term in the game of bowls); II. ii. 161.

Ruffle; "do r.," are boisterous (Quartos, "*russel*," "*russell*"; Capell, "*rustle*"); II. iv. 304.

Safer, sounder, more sober; IV. vi. 81.

Saint Withold, a corruption of Saint Vitalis, who was supposed to protect from nightmare (Quartos, "*swithald*"; Folios, "*swithold*"); III. iv. 125.

Sallets, sallads; III. iv. 137.

Salt; "a man of s.," a man of tears; IV. vi. 199.

Samphire, sea-fennel; IV. vi. 15.

Save thee, God save thee; II. i. 1.

Savour but, have only a relish for; IV. ii. 39.

Saw, saying, proverb; II. ii. 167.

Say, assay, proof (Pope, "*'say*"); V. iii. 143.

Scant, fall short in; II. iv. 142.

——, diminish; II. iv. 178.

Scanted, grudged; I. i. 281.

Scatter'd, disunited; III. i. 31.

Scythian, considered as a type of cruelty; I. i. 118.

Sea-monster, perhaps an allusion to the hippopotamus or the whale; I. iv. 283.

Sectary, disciple; I. ii. 164.

Secure, make careless; IV. i. 22.

Seeming, hypocrisy; III. ii. 56.

——, "little seeming," seemingly small, little in appearance; I. i. 201.

Self, self-same; I. i. 70.

Self-cover'd, "thou s. thing," thou who a woman hast disguised thyself in this diabolical shape (Theobald, "*self-converted*"; Crosby, "*sex-cover'd*"); IV. ii. 62.

Sennet, a set of notes on the cornet or trumpet; I. i. 34-35, Stage Direc.

Sequent, consequent, following; I. ii. 115.

Servant, lover; IV. vi. 275.

Sessa, onward! (probably a hunting term); III. vi. 77.

Set, stake, wager; I. iv. 136.

Settling; "till further s.," till his mind is more composed; IV. vii. 82.

Seven stars, the Pleiades; I. v. 38.

Shadowy, shady (Quartos, "*shady*"); I. i. 65.

Shealed peascod, shelled pea-pod; I. iv. 219.

Shows, seems, appears; I. iv. 265.

Shrill-gorged, shrill-throated; IV. vi. 58.

Simple; "simple answerer," simply answerer (Folios, "*simple answer'd*"); III. vii. 43.

Simples, medicinal herbs; IV. iv. 14.

Simular; "s. man of virtue," man who counterfeitest virtue; III. ii. 54.

Sir, man ("that sir which," Folio 4, "*that, sir, which*"); II. iv. 78.

Sith, since (Quartos, "*since*"); I. i. 183.

Sizes, allowance; II. iv. 178.

Slack you, neglect their duty to you; II. iv. 248.

Slaves, treats as a slave ("by making it subservient to his views of pleasure or interest"); IV. i. 71.

Sleep out, sleep away (Quarto 1, "*sleep ont*"); II. ii. 163.
Sliver, tear off like a branch from a tree; IV. ii. 34.
Smile, smile at, laugh to scorn (Folios and Quartos, "*smoile*" or "*smoyle*"); II. ii. 88.
Smilets, smiles; IV. iii. 21.
Smooth, flatter, humour; II. ii. 81.
Smug, trim, spruce; IV. vi. 202
Smulking, a fiend's name, borrowed from Harsnet's category of devils (Quartos, "*snulbug*"; Theobald, "*Smolkin*"); III. iv. 146.
Snuff, flickering old age; IV. vi. 39.
Snuffs, quarrels, "huffs"; III. i. 26.
So, so be it; II. ii. 106.
Soiled; "s. horse," said of "a horse turned out in the spring to take the first flush of grass"; IV. vi. 124.
Something, somewhat; I. i. 21.
Some, someone; III. i. 37.
Sometime, once, former; I. i. 122.
——, sometimes (Folios, "*sometimes*"); II. iii. 19.
Soothe, humour; III. iv. 182.
Sophisticated, adulterated, not genuine; III. iv. 110.
Sop o' the Moonshine; probably alluding to the dish called *eggs in moonshine*, *i.e.* "eggs broken and boiled in salad-oil till the yolks became hard; they were eaten with slices of onion fried in oil, butter, verjuice, nutmeg, and salt"; II. ii. 34.
Sot, blockhead; IV. ii. 8.
Space, *i.e.* "space in general, the world"; I. i. 57.
Speak for, call for; I. iv. 267.
Speculations, scouts (Johnson, "*speculators*"; Collier MS., "*spectators*"); III. i. 24.
Speed you, God speed you; IV. vi. 212.
Spherical, planetary (Quartos, "*spiritual*"); I. ii. 134.
Spill, destroy; III. ii. 8.
Spite of intermission, in spite of interruption; II. iv. 33.
Spoil, wasting, ruining; II. i. 102.
Spurs, incentives, incitements (Folios, "*spirits*"); II. i. 78.
Square; "the most precious s. of sense," *i.e.* "the most delicately sensitive part" (Wright); I. i. 75.
Squints, makes to squint; III. iv. 122.
Squire-like, like a squire, attendant; II. iv. 217.
Squiny, squint; IV. vi. 140.
Stands; "s. on the hourly thought," is hourly expected; IV. vi. 218.
Stand's, stands his (Quartos 2, 3, "*stand his*"; Folios, "*stand*"); II. i. 42.
Stands on, it becomes, is incumbent on; V. i. 69.
Star-blasting, blighting by the influence of the stars; III. iv. 60.
Stelled, starry; III. vii. 61.
Still, continually, always; III. iv. 181.
Still-soliciting, ever begging; I. i. 234.
Stirs; "who s.?" does no one stir?; I. i. 128.
Stock'd, put in the stocks (Folios, "*stockt*"; Quarto 1, "*struck*"; Quartos 2, 3, "*strucke*"); II. iv. 191.
Stocking, putting in the stocks (Quartos, "*Stopping*"); II. ii. 139.
Stock-punished, punished by being set in the stocks (Folios, "*stockt, punish'd*"); III. iv. 140.
Stomach, anger, resentment; V. iii. 74.
Stone, crystal; V. iii. 262.
Straight, straightway, immediately; II. iv. 35.
Strain, descent, race; V. iii. 40.
Strain'd, excessive (Quartos, "*straied*"); I. i. 172.
Stranger'd, estranged; I. i. 207.
Stray; "make such a s.," go so far astray; I. i. 212.

Strength; "in my s.," with power from me, with my authority; II. i. 114.
Strings of life, heart-strings; V. iii. 216.
Strong and fasten'd, determined and hardened (so Quartos; Folios, "*O strange and fast'ned*"); II. i. 79.
Subscribed, surrendered (Folios, "*Prescrib'd*"); I. ii. 24.
——, forgiven; III. vii. 65
Subscription, submission; III. ii. 18.
Succeed, come true, follow; I. ii. 156.
Success; "good s.," favourable result, issue; V. iii. 194.
Sufferance, suffering; III. vi. 113.
Suggestion, prompting, tempting; II. i. 75.
Suited, clad, dressed; IV. vii. 6.
Sumpter, pack-horse, hence a drudge; II. iv. 219.
Superfluous, having too much; IV. i. 70.
Superflux, superfluity; III. iv. 35.
Superserviceable, one who is above his work (Folios, "*superserviceable, finical*"; Quartos, "*superfinicall*"); II. ii. 19.
Supposed, pretended; V. iii. 113.
Sustain, support; V. iii. 320.
Sustaining, nourishing; IV. iv. 6.
Swear'st, swearest by; I. i. 163.

Taint, disgrace; I. i. 224.
Taken, overtaken; I. iv. 353.
Taking, infection; III. iv. 61.
——; "my t.," to capture me; II. iii. 5.
——, bewitching, blasting; II. iv. 166.
Taking off, slaughter, death; V. i. 65.
Taste, test, trial; I. ii. 47.
Tell, count, recount; II. iv. 55.
Temperance, self-restraint, calmness; IV. vii. 24.
Tend, wait on; II. iv. 266.
Tend upon, wait upon; II. i. 97
Tender, regard, care for; I. iv. 230.
Tender-hefted, tenderly framed; II. iv. 174.
Terrible, terrified, affrighted; I. ii. 32.
That, in that; I. i. 73.
There; "are you there with me?" is that what you mean?; IV. vi. 148.
This, this time forth; I. i. 118.
This's = this is (Quartos, Folios, "*this*"); IV. vi. 187.
Thought-executing, "doing execution with rapidity equal to thought"; III. ii. 4.
Threading, passing through (like a thread through the eye of a needle); (Folios, "*thredding*"; Quartos, "*threatning*"; Theobald conj. "*treading*"); II. i. 121.
Three-suited, used contemptuously for a beggarly person; probably, having three suits of apparel a year; or the allowance from a master to his servant; II. ii. 16.
Throughly, thoroughly; IV. vii. 97.
Thwart, perverse, (Quartos "*thourt*"); I. iv. 305.
Tike, a small dog; III. vi 73.
Time, life; I. i. 298.
Times; "best of our t.," best part of our lives; I. ii. 49.
Tithing; district, ward; III. iv. 140.
To, as to; III. i. 52.
——, against; IV. ii. 75.
——, into; II. iv. 120.
Toad-spotted, "tainted and polluted with venom like the toad"; V iii. 138.
Tom o' Bedlam, "the common name of vagabond beggars, either mad or feigning to be so"; I. ii. 148.
Took, taken; V. iii. 105.
Top, head; II. iv. 165.
——, overtop, surpass; V. iii. 207.
Toward, at hand; IV. vi. 213.
Towards, to; I. i. 193.
Train, retinue, (Folios, "*number*"); II. iv. 63.
Tranced, entranced; V. iii. 218.

Treachers, traitors (Quartos, "*Trecherers*"); I. ii. 133.
Trick, peculiarity, characteristic; IV. vi. 108.
Trifle; "on every tr.," on every trifling opportunity; I. iii. 8.
Trill'd, trickled; IV. iii. 14.
Troop with, accompany, follow in the train of; I. i. 134.
Trowest, knowest; I. iv. 135.
Trumpet, trumpeter (Folio 1, "*Trumper*"); V. iii. 107.
Trundle-tail, a curly-tailed dog; III. vi. 73.
Trust, reliance; II. i. 117.
Tucket, a set of notes played on the trumpet or cornet; II. i. 80-81.
Tune, humour; IV. iii. 41.
Turlygod, a name given to mad beggars; possibly a corruption of "Turlupin," the name of a fraternity of naked beggars in the 14th century (Quarto 1, "*Tuelygod*"; Theobald, "*Turlygood*"; Warburton conj. "*Turlupin*"); II. iii. 20
Turns; "by due t.," in turn; I. i. 137.

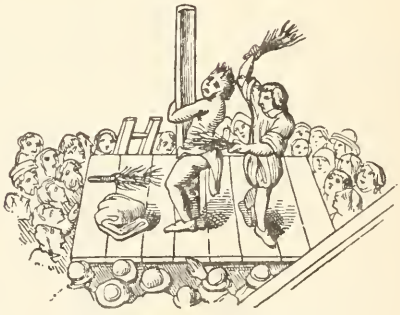
Unaccommodated, unsupplied with necessaries; III. iv. 111.
Unbolted, unsifted, coarse; II ii. 71.
Unbonneted, with uncovered head; III. i. 14.
Unconstant, inconstant, fickle; I. i. 304.
Undistinguish'd, indistinguishable; boundless; IV. vi. 278.
Unkind, unnatural, I. i. 263; III. iv. 73.
Unnumber'd, innumerable; IV. vi. 21.
Unpossessing, landless; II. i. 69.
Unprized, not appreciated, or, perhaps, priceless; I. i. 262.
Unremoveable, immovable; II. iv. 94.
Unsanctified, wicked; IV. vi. 281.
Unspoke, unspoken; I. i. 239.
Unstate, deprive of estate; I. ii. 108.
Untented, incurable; I. iv. 322.
Untimely, inopportunely; III. vii. 98.
Upon, against; III. vi. 96.
Upward, top; V. iii. 136.
Usage, treatment; II. iv. 26.

Validity, value; I. i. 83.
Vanity the Puppet's Part, "alluding to the old moralities or allegorical plays, in which Vanity, Iniquity, and other vices were personified" (Johnson); II. ii. 39.
Varlet, rascal; II. ii. 30.
Vary, change; II. ii. 85.
Vaunt-couriers, forerunners (Quartos, "*vaunt-currers*"; Folios, "*Vaunt-curriors*"; Capell, "*Vant-couriers*"); III. ii. 5.
Venge, avenge; IV. ii. 80.
Villain, serf, servant; III. vii. 78.
Virtue, valour; V. iii. 103.
Vulgar, commonly known; IV. vi. 214.

Wage, wage war, struggle, II. iv. 212; stake, I. i. 158.
Wagtail, the name of a bird; II. ii. 73.
Wake, waking; III. ii. 34.
Wall-newt, lizard; III. iv. 135.
Wash'd; "w. eyes," eyes washed with tears; I. i. 271.
Waste, wasting, squandering; II. i. 102.
Water, water-newt; III. iv. 135.
Waterish, abounding with rivers (used contemptuously); I. i. 261.
Wawl, cry, wail; IV. vi. 184.
Ways; "come your w.," come on; II. ii. 42.
Weal; "wholesome w.," healthy commonwealth; I. iv. 230.
Web and the Pin, a disease of the eye, cataract; III. iv. 122.
Weeds, garments, dress; IV. vii. 7.
Well-favour'd, handsome, good-looking; II. iv. 259.
What, who; V. iii. 119.
Wheel, the wheel of fortune; V. iii. 174.

Whelk'd, swollen, protruding like whelks; IV. vi. 71.
Where (used substantively); I. i. 264.
——, whereas; I. ii. 89.
Which, who; IV. vi. 215.
White Herring, fresh herrings (? pickled herring, as in Northern dialects); III. vi. 33.
Who, which; I. ii. 53.
Whoop, Jug! I love thee, probably a line from an old song; I. iv. 232.
Wield, manage, express; I. i. 56.
Wind; "w. me into him," *i.e.* worm yourself into his confidence ("*me*," used redundantly); I. ii. 106.
Windowed, holes forming windows; III. iv. 31.
Wisdom of nature, natural philosophy; I. ii. 113.
With, by; II. iv. 256.
Wits; "five w.," the five intellectual powers (common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory); III. iv. 59.
Wont, accustomed to be; I. iv. 64.
Wooden pricks, skewers; II. iii. 16.
Word, pass-word; IV. vi. 93.
——, word of mouth; IV. v. 20.
Worships, dignity; I. iv. 288.
Worsted-stocking, worn by the lower classes and serving-men in distinction to silk ones which were worn by the gentry; II. ii. 15.
Worth; "are w.," deserve; I. i. 282.
Worthied him, won him reputation; II. ii. 128.
Would, should; II. i. 70.
Writ, warrant; V. iii. 245.
Write happy, consider yourself fortunate; V. iii. 35.
Wrote, written; I. ii. 93.

Yeoman, a freeholder not advanced to the rank of a gentleman; III. vi. 11.
Yoke-fellow, companion; III. vi. 39.



Unwhipp'd of Justice (III. ii. 53).
From an engraving by H. Cock, c. 1550.

Notes.

I. i. 40. '*from our age*'; so Folios; Quartos, '*of our state.*'

I. i. 41-46. ('*while we . . . now*'); 50-51, 164; I. ii. 18 ('*fine word, legitimate*'); 48 ('*and reverence*'); 118-124; I. iv. 6 ('*so may it come*'); 282; 331-342; omitted in Quartos.

I. i. 54. '*Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril*'; so Folios; Quartos read, '*Where merit doth most challenge it.*'

I. i. 63. '*do*'; so Quartos; Folios read, '*speak.*'

I. i. 79. '*Ponderous*'; so Folios; Quartos, '*richer.*'

I. i. 85. '*the last, not least*'; so Quartos; Folios read, '*our last and least.*'

I. i. 106; I. ii. 102-104; ii. 155-163 ('*as of unnaturalness . . . come*'); 182 ('*go armed*'); I. iii. 17-21; 24-25; I. iv. 154-169; 239; 252-256; omitted in Folios.

I. i. 112. '*mysteries,*' the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Quartos, '*mistresse*'; Folio 1, '*miseries.*'

I. i. 148. '*What wouldst thou do, old man?*'; "This is spoken on seeing his master put his hand to his sword" (Capell); Folios 1, 2, 3, '*wouldest*'; Quartos, '*wilt.*'

I. i. 151. '*stoops to folly*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*falls to folly*' (Folio 3, '*fall to folly*'): '*Reverse thy doom*'; so Quartos; Folios read, '*reserue thy state.*'

I. i. 169. '*recreant*'; omitted in Quartos.

I. i. 176. '*fiue*'; so Folios; Quartos, '*Foure.*'

I. i. 178. '*sixth*'; so Folios; Quartos, '*fift.*'

I. i. 191. This line is given to Cordelia in Folios.

I. i. 236. '*Better*'; so Folios; Quartos, '*go to, go to, better.*'

I. i. 251. '*respects of fortune*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*respect and fortunes.*'

I. i. 282. '*want*'; Quartos, '*worth.*' Theobald explains the Folio reading, "You well deserve to meet with that *want* of love from your husband, which you have professed to want for our Father."

I. i. 284. '*shame them derides*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*with shame derides*'; Warburton, '*with shame abides,*' etc.

I. i. 292. '*hath not been*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*hath been.*'

I. ii. 10. so Folios; Quartos read, '*with base, base bastardie.*'

I. ii. 21. '*top the*'; Edward's conj. of Quartos 1, 2, '*tooth*''; Quarto 3, '*too h*'; Folios 1, 2, '*to'th*'; Folios, 3, 4, '*to th*', etc.

I. ii. 68. '*that*,' *i.e.* the matter, contents.

I. ii. 111. '*These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good*'; v. Preface.

I. ii. 129. '*surfeit*'; so Quarto 1; Quartos 2, 3, '*surfet*'; Folios 1, 2, 3; '*surfets*'; Folio 4, '*surfeits*'; Collier conj. '*forfeit.*'

I. ii. 177-183. *That's my fear . . . Brother*,' so Folios; Quartos read, '*That's my feare brother*,' omitting rest of speech.

I. iii. 21. '*With checks as flatteries, when they are seen abused*'; Tyrwhitt's explanation seems the most plausible, "with checks, as well as flatterers, when they (*i.e.* flatterers) are seen to be abused." The emendators have been busy with the line without much success.

I. iv. 101. '*Kent. Why, fool?*'; the reading of Quartos; Folios read '*Lear. Why my Boy?*'

I. iv. 158. '*Ladies*'; Capell's emendation; Quartos '*lodes*'; Collier, '*loads.*'

I. iv. 165. '*Thou borest thine ass on thy back.*' *Cp.* the annexed cut from Hans Sachs's rhyming paraphrase of the well-known Æsopian fable, c. 1550.

I. iv. 236. '*Ha! waking?*' Quartos read '*sleeping or waking*; *ha! sure.*'

II. i. 11-13. Omitted in Quartos 2, 3.

II. i. 48. '*their thunders*'; so the Quartos; Folios, '*the thunder*'; Johnson, '*their thunder.*'

II. i. 60. '*dispatch*'; *i.e.* 'dispatch him'; or perhaps, 'dispatch is the word.'

II. i. 72. '*what I should deny*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*What should I deny*'; Rowe, '*by what I should deny*'; Hanmer, '*what I'd deny*'; Warburton, '*when I should deny*'; Schmidt, '*what, should I deny.*'

II. i. 80. '*I never got him*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*said he?*'

II. i. 99. '*of that consort*'; so Folios; omitted in Quartos.

II. i. 102. '*the waste and spoil of his*'; Quarto 1, '*the wast and spoyle of his*'; Quartos 2, 3, '*these—and waste of this his*'; Quarto 1 (Dev. and Cap.) '*these —and waste of this his*'; Folio 1, '*th' expence and wast of his*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*th' expence and wast of.*'

II. ii. 59. '*hours*'; Folios, '*years.*'

II. ii. 75. *Which are too intrinse to unloose*'; Folio 1, '*are t' intrince*'; Folios 2, 3, 4, '*art t'intrince*'; Quartos, '*are to intrench*'; Pope, '*Too intricate*'; Theobald, '*Too 'intrinsecate*'; Hanmer, '*too intrinsick*': '*to unloose*'; Folios, '*t'unloose*'; Quartos, '*to inloose*'; Seymour conj. '*to enloose.*'

II. ii. 142-146. '*His fault . . . punish'd with*'; omitted in Folios.

II. ii. 146. '*the king must take it ill*'; Folios read, '*the King his Master, needs must take it ill.*'

II. ii. 151. Omitted in Folios.

II. ii. 162-163. '*out of heaven's benediction comest To the warm sun*'; *cp.* Heywood's *Dialogues on Proverbs*'; '*In your rennyng from hym to me, ye runne out of God's blessing into the warm sunne*'; *i.e.* from good to worse. Professor Skeat suggests to me that the proverb refers to the haste of the congregation to leave the shelter of the church, immediately after the priest's benediction, running from God's blessing into the warm sun. This explanation seems by far the best that has been suggested.

II. ii. 166. '*miracles*'; so Folios; Quartos 1, 2, 3, '*my wracke*'; Quarto 1 (Bodl.), '*my rackles.*'

II. ii. 169-171. '*and shall . . remedies*'; many emendations have been proposed to remove the obscurity of the lines, but none can be considered satisfactory. Kent, it must be remembered, is 'all weary and o'erwatched.' Jennens suggested that Kent is reading disjointed fragments of Cordelia's letter. '*From this enormous state*' seems to mean 'in this abnormal state of affairs.'

II. iv. 19-20. Omitted in Folios.

II. iv. 99-100; 142-147. Omitted in Quartos.

II. iv. 103. '*commands her service*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*commands, tends, service.*'

II. iv. 170. '*and blast her pride*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*and blister*'; Collier MS. and S. Walker conj. '*and blast her*'; Schmidt conj. '*and blister pride.*'

II. iv. 174. '*tender-hefted*'; so Folios; Quarto 2, '*tender hested*'; Quarto 1, '*tẽder hested*'; Quarto 3, '*tender hasted*'; Rowe (Ed. 2) and Pope, '*tender-hearted*'; etc.

II. iv. 303. '*bleak*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*high.*'

III. i. 7-15; vi. 18-59; 104-108 ('*oppressed . . . behind*'); 109-122; vii. 99-107; omitted in the Folios.

III. i. 22-29; ii. 79-96; iv. 17-18; 26-27; 37-38; vi. 13-16; 92; omitted in the Quartos.

III. ii. 7. '*smite*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*strike.*'

III. ii. 9. '*make*'; Folios, '*makes.*'

III. ii. 22. '*have . . . join'd*'; the reading of Quartos; Folios read, '*will . . . join*.'

III. ii. 37. '*No, I will be the pattern of all patience*'; *cp.* the description of Leir by Perillus in the old play :—'*But he, the myrrour of mild patience, Puts up all wrongs, and never gives reply*.'

III. ii. 64. '*More harder than the stones*'; so Folios; Quartos, '*More hard then is the stone*.'

III. ii. 73. '*That's sorry*'; so Folios; Quartos, '*That sorrowes*.'

III. ii. 74-77. *Cp.* Clown's song in *Twelfth Night*, V. vi. 398.

III. ii. 95. '*I live before his time*'; according to the legend, Lear was contemporary with Joash, King of Judah. The whole prophecy, which does not occur in the Quartos, was probably an interpolation, tacked on by the actor who played the fool. The passage is an imitation of some lines formerly attributed to Chaucer, called '*Chaucer's Prophecy*.'

III. iv. 6. '*contentious*'; so Folios; Quarto 1 (some copies), '*tempestious*'; Quartos 2, 3, and Quarto 1 (some copies), '*crulentious*.'

III. iv. 29. '*storm*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*night*.'

III. iv. 47. '*Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind*,' probably the burden of an old song.

III. iv. 54-55. '*knives under his pillow and halters in his pew*' (to tempt him to suicide). Theobald pointed out that the allusion is to an incident mentioned in Harsnet's *Declaration*.

III. iv. 81. '*thy word justly*'; Pope's emendation; Quartos read, '*thy words justly*'; Folio 1, '*thy words Iustice*.'

III. iv. 102. '*sessa*'; Malone's emendation; Folio 1, '*Sesey*'; Quarto 1, '*caese*'; Quarto 2, '*cease*'; Capell, '*sesse*'; etc.

III. iv. 141-142. *Cp.* '*The Romance of Sir Bevis of Hamptoun*':—

> "*Rattes and myce and suche small dere,*
> *Was his meate that seuen yere.*"

III. iv. 184-186. '*Child Rowland to the dark tower came*,' etc. Jamieson, in his *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities* (1814) has preserved the story as told him by a tailor in his youth; this Scottish Version has since been reprinted and studied (*Cp.* Childs' *English and Scottish Ballads*, and Jacob's *English Fairy Tales*).

III. iv. 185. '*His word was still*' refers, of course, to the giant, and not to Childe Rowland. The same story (with the refrain *Fee fo fum, Here is the Englishman*) is alluded to in Peele's *Old Wives Tale*, and it is just possible that it may be the ultimate original of the plot of Milton's *Comus* (*v.* Preface, on *British* for *English*).

III. vi. 27. '*Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me*.' Mr Chappell (Popular

Music of the Olden Time, p. 305, note) says, "The allusion is to an English ballad by William Birch, entitled, 'A Songe betwene the Quene's Majestie and England,' a copy of which is in the library of the Society of Antiquaries. England commences the dialogue, inviting Queen Elizabeth in the following words:—

"*Come over the born, Bessy, come over the born, Bessy,*
Swete Bessy, come over to me."

The date of Birch's song is 1558, and it is printed in full in the *Harleian Miscellany*, X. 260.

III. vi. 43-46. Put into verse by Theobald. Steevens quotes a line from an old song,

"*Sleepeyst thou, wakyst thou, Jeffery Coke,*"

found in '*The Interlude of the Four Elements*' (1519).

III. vi. 79. '*Thy horn is dry.*' "A horn was usually carried about by every Tom of Bedlam, to receive such drink as the charitable might afford him, with whatever scraps of food they might give him" (Malone), etc.

III. vi. 97-110. "Every editor from Theobald downwards," as the Cambridge editors observe, "except Hanmer, has reprinted this speech from the Quartos. In deference to this consensus of authority we have retained it, though, as it seems to us, internal evidence is conclusive against the supposition that the lines were written by Shakespeare."

III. vii. 58. '*stick*,' the reading of Folios; Quartos, '*rash*.'

III. vii. 63. '*howl'd that stern*'; Quartos, '*heard that dearne*'; Capell, '*howl'd that dearn*' ('dearn'=obscure, dark, gloomy).

III. vii. 65. '*All cruels else subscribed*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*subscribe*.' The passage has been variously interpreted; the weight of authority favouring the Folio reading, Schmidt's explanation being perhaps the most plausible:—"Everything which is at other times cruel, shows feeling of regard; you alone have not done so." Furness makes the words part of the speech addressed to the porter, "acknowledge the claims of all creatures, however cruel they may be at other times"; or "give up all cruel things else; *i.e.* forget that they are cruel." This approximates to the interpretation given by Mr Wright to the reading in the text, "all their other cruelties being yielded or forgiven."

IV. i. 6-9. '*Welcome . . . blasts*'; vi. 169-174 ('*Plate . lips*'); vii. 61; omitted in the Quartos.

IV. i. 12. '*Life would not yield to age*,' *i.e.* life would not gladly lapse into old age and death.

IV. i. 38. '*Kill*'; Quarto 1, '*bitt*'; Quartos 2, 3, '*bit*' (probably an error for '*hit*').

IV. i. 60-65; ii. 31-50, 53-59, 62-68, 69; iii. (the whole scene); vii. 24-25, 33-36, 79-80, 85-98, omitted in the Folios.

IV. ii. 28. '*My fool usurps my body*'; so Folios; Quarto 1, '*A foole usurps my bed*'; Quarto 2, '*My foote usurps my head*'; Malone, '*My fool usurps my bed.*'

IV. ii. 47. '*tame these vile offences*'; Schmidt conj. '*take the vild offenders*'; Heath conj. '*these vile*'; Quarto 1, '*this vild*'; Pope, '*the vile.*'

IV. ii. 57. '*thy state begins to threat*'; Jennens conj.; Quarto 1, '*thy state begins thereat*'; Quartos 2, 3, '*thy slaier begins threats*'; Theobald, '*thy slayer begins his threats*,' etc.

IV. ii. 68. '*your manhood! mew!*'; some copies of Quarto 1 read '*manhood mew*'; others '*manhood now*'; so the later Quartos; according to the present reading '*mew*' is evidently a cat-like interjection of contempt.

IV. iii. 20. '*like a better way*'; so Quartos; the passage seems to mean that her smiles and tears resembled sunshine and rain, but in a more beautiful manner; many emendations have been proposed—'*like a wetter May*' (Warburton); '*like a better May*' (Malone); '*like;—a better way*' (Boaden), etc.

IV. iii. 30. '*Let pity not be believed*'; Pope, '*Let pity ne'er believe it*'; Capell, '*Let it not be believed*' (but '*believed*' = 'believed to exist').

IV. iii. 32. '*clamour moisten'd*'; Capell's reading; Quartos, '*And clamour moistened her*'; Theobald, '*And, clamour-motion'd*'; Grant White, '*And, clamour-moisten'd,*' etc.

IV. v. 4. '*lord*'; so Folios; Quartos read '*lady.*'

IV. vi. 98-99. '*I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there*'; *i.e.* "I had the wisdom of age before I had attained to that of youth" (Capell).

IV. vi. 225. '*tame to,*' so Folios; Quartos, '*lame by.*'

IV. vii. 32. '*opposed against the warring winds*'; Quartos, '*Exposd*'; Folios, '*jarring.*'

IV. vii. 36. '*Mine enemy's*'; Folios, '*Mine Enemies*'; Quartos 1, 2, '*Mine iniurious*'; Quarto 2, '*Mine injurious*'; Theobald, '*My very enemy's,*' etc.

IV. vii. 79. '*kill'd*'; so Folios; Quartos, '*cured*'; Collier conj. '*quell'd.*'

V. i. 11-13, 18-19, 23-28, 33; iii. 38-39, 47, 54-59, 102, 109, 204-221, omitted in the Folios.

V. i. 46. '*and . . . ceases*'; iii. 76, 90, 144, 282, omitted in the Quartos.

V. i. 25-26. Mason's conj. '*Not the old king*' for '*not bolds the king*' is worthy of mention. Albany's point is that the invading enemy is France and not the wronged king, together with others whom heavy causes compel to fight against them; otherwise '*not bolds the king*' = 'not as it emboldens the king,' an awkward and harsh construction.

V. ii. 5. Mr Spedding (*New Shak. Soc. Trans.*, Part I.) plausibly suggested that the Fifth Act really begins here, and that the battle takes place between Edgar's exit and re-entrance, the imagination having leisure to fill with anxiety for the issue.

V. iii. 76. '*the walls are thine*'; Theobald conj. '*they all are thine*' (but perhaps the castle-walls are referred to).

V. iii. 93. '*prove it*'; so Quartos; Folios, '*make it*'; Anon. conj. '*mark it*'; Collier MS., '*make good.*'

V. iii. 96. '*medicine*,' Folios; Quartos, '*poyson.*'

V. iii. 129-130. '*the privilege of mine honours*'; Pope's reading; Quartos read '*the priuiledge of my tongue*'; Folios, '*my priuiledge, The priuiledge of mine Honours.*' Edgar refers to '*the right of bringing the charge*' as the privilege of his profession as knight.

V. iii. 146. Omitted in Quarto 2; Quarto 1 reads '*Heere do I tosse those treasons to thy head.*'

V. iii. 156. '*name*'; Quartos read '*thing.*'

V. iii. 159. '*Most monstrous! know'st*" Steevens' emendation; Quarto 1 reads '*Most monstrous knowst*'; Quartos 2, 3, '*Monster, knowst*'; Folios, '*Most monstrous! O know'st*'; Capell, '*most monsterous! know'st*'; Edd. Globe Ed., '*Most monstrous! O! know'st.*'

V. iii. 160. '*Ask me not what I know*'; the Folios give this line to Edmund; the Quartos to Goneril.

V. iii. 170-171. '*vices . . . plague us*'; so Folios; Quartos read '*vertues . . . scourge us*'; Hanmer, '*vices . . . plague and punish us*'; Keightley, '*vices . . . plague us in their time*'; Anon. conj. '*vices . . . scourge us and to plague us*'; *cp.* 'Wherewith a man sinneth, by the same also shall he be punished,' *Wisdom*, xi. 16.

V. iii. 205. '*but another*,' *etc.*, *i.e.* "one more such circumstance only, by amplifying what is already too much, would add to it, and so exceed what seemed to be the limit of sorrow" (Wright).

V. iii. 281. '*One of them we behold*,' *i.e.* each beholding the other sees one of fortune's two notable objects of love and hate; (? for '*we*' read '*ye*,' as has been suggested).

V. iii. 310. '*Look on her, look, her lips*'; Johnson's emendation; Folio 1 reads '*Looke her lips*'; Folios, '*looke* (or *look*) *on her lips.*'

V. iii. 323. This speech is given in the Folios to Edgar, and probably it was so intended by the poet. It has been suggested that the first two lines should be given to Edgar, the last two to Albany

EDINBURGH
COLSTON AND COY. LIMITED
PRINTERS

University of California Library
Los Angeles
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

Phone Renewals
310/825-9183

WK MAY 11 1996

LD-URL

APR 18 1996

University Of California Los Angeles
L 006 867 205 4

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA 000 335 309 1